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DOWN SOUTH;

OR,

AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE

AT THE SEAT OF

THE AMERICAN WAR.

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BY

SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "MORNING HERALD."

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DOWN SOUTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE OF THE BULL RUN.

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THE battle of the 18th July, was but the precursor of one far greater in magnitude. The Battle of Manassas, or the Bull Run, which took place on the Sunday following (July 21st), is the most remarkable in the records of American history, and doubtless will furnish the future historian with interesting material. Never was a victory so triumphant, never a defeat so disgraceful. The

"Grand Army of the North," so long in formation and preparation — who came into the field with a flourish of trumpets, and equipped and furnished such as no army on American soil had ever been before—have been defeated and put to ignominious flight, and by an antagonist far inferior in numbers and resources—in fact, in everything but valour. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon!"

The intended attack of the Federal forces was ascertained a few days previous. Accordingly, General Johnston—who had command of the army of the Shenandoah, posted at Winchester—arrived at Manassas on Friday the 19th, with 4,000 of his division, in order to reinforce the army of the Potomac, of which he was appointed Commander-in-Chief. This new arrangement, however, did not interfere with the plans of General Beauregard, who was left to carry out his previously-prepared designs, assured, meanwhile of the cordial co-operation of General Johnston. The night before the battle, as may well be conceived, was one of much interest and occupation. The military orders for the forthcoming day were prepared, and expectation was on tip-toe until the morning dawned. Oh! how many manly hearts throbbed wildly that night, thinking how the fortunes of war would turn on the ensuing day!

How many fixed their thoughts on home and its endearments, and recalled wife, children, and relatives with a sigh and a prayer! How many brave, noble fellows, hale in body and strong of soul, gazed from out their tents upon the pale star-light, and beheld the sun rise in the heavens for the last time!

Shortly after daybreak the presence of the enemy was made known by a heavy cannonade from several batteries of rifled pieces in the direction of Mitchell's Ford, on the road to Centreville. These guns continued to play without intermission upon the Confederate forces occupying the Bull Run until after 11 o'clock, but without producing any reply, or doing any material injury to our men. The objects of the enemy in keeping up this constant fire were to force our troops from their position, to ascertain their strength, and withdraw attention from the main point of attack. The *ruse* was perceived, and the danger to which it would manifestly lead thereby averted. The Federal forces occupied the Run from Stone Bridge to Union Mills, where the road to Fairfax branches off, and, upon the best authority, were not less than 100,000 strong. Our troops, which only numbered some 45,000 men, or 50,000 at the most, took up positions on one side of the Bull Run, tolerably well supported by artillery. Three wings

were formed—the right being under command of General Ewell, the centre under General Bonham, and the extreme left under General Jackson. And here I must observe, that, owing to the non-arrival of an order sent from head-quarters to General Ewell—the courier having been shot—the entire plan of the battle had to be not only remodelled, but radically changed; a circumstance which tells favourably for the military and strategic genius of General Beauregard. The order alluded to directed General Ewell to form a junction with other brigade officers stationed at Blackford's and Mitchell's Fords, etc.; and as similar instructions were forwarded by couriers to these posts, a concentration of the several forces was to have been effected, when the enemy's centre would have been attacked at the Turnpike, in his movement from Centreville to Stone Bridge. This manœuvre, had it been carried out, General Beauregard was confident, would in a few hours have decided the glory of the day, and have placed thousands of prisoners in his hands. As it was, the whole plan had to undergo alteration, which led to difficulties that might have proved serious, if not irremediable.

About six miles to the left of Manassas, in a north-westerly direction, is Stone Bridge, a rather rude-looking and primitive construction, having

merely two arches of narrow span. The principal battle-ground occupied an area of nearly seven miles in the immediate vicinity of the creek, although sundry engagements on a small scale occurred at a few adjacent fords during the day—sometimes our troops, and sometimes the enemy, being repulsed. At noon, Generals Beauregard and Johnston assumed command of the main body at the above-mentioned place. The fact is, that the enemy, taking advantage of the woody country, had outflanked our left without being perceived—a movement which, according to military science, was highly perilous.

At eleven o'clock our artillery were first to open fire. Half an hour afterwards the infantry engaged, and then it was that the battle began to rage. The dusky columns which had thus far marked the approach of the two armies now mingled with great clouds of smoke, as it rose from the flashing guns below, and the two shot up together like a huge pyramid of red and blue. The shock was tremendous, as were the odds between the rival forces. With what anxious hearts was that pyramid of smoke and dust observed! When it moved to the right it was known that the enemy were giving way; and when it moved to the left, it plainly indicated that the Southerners were receding.

Twice this pyramid moved to the right, and as often returned; and thus it continued to move for two mortal hours. The enemy was endeavouring to turn our left flank, and to reach the railroad leading hence in the direction of Winchester. To this he extended his lines, which he was enabled to do by reason of his vast resources. This happened unfortunately, as it required a corresponding extension of our lines to prevent his extreme right from out-flanking us—a movement which weakened the force of our resistance along the whole line of battle, and which finally extended over a space of two miles. It likewise increased the difficulty of bringing up reinforcements, as the further the enemy extended his right, the greater the distance our reserves had to travel to counteract the movement. This effort to turn our flank was pressed with great determination for five weary hours, during which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed along the entire line, with alternate fortunes. At one time during the day General Johnston took the flag of a regiment, in order to rally the men, who were drooping. The enemy's column continued to stretch away to the left like a huge anaconda, seeking to envelope us within its mighty folds, and crush us to death; and at one time it really looked as if it would have succeeded,

General Evans, of South Carolina, was the first to lead his brigade into action at Stone Bridge, which was ably sustained by that of General Cooke, and the troops under command of Colonels Withers and Preston. These brave fellows, together with the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments, commanded by General Bartow, had to sustain the brunt of the action; and, as a heavy, constant, and concentric fire from Sherman's battery was showered upon them, the wonder is how so many escaped unharmed. For several hours, under the fierce rays of a burning sun, the fight raged terribly; the enemy meanwhile pressing our left flank with formidable effect.

The Federal infantry kept up a well-sustained and well-directed fire of musketry, which, together with the enemy's numerous field-pieces of heavy calibre, already began to tell with fatal and fearful effect upon our ranks. About two, P.M., a number of our men had to be removed from the field wounded or exhausted; and the fortune of the day appeared to tremble in the balance! Here Beauregard proved himself a military genius of the first order, and able to cope with the difficulties and dangers of the hour. Several leading general officers, such as Bee, of South Carolina; Bartow; Kirby Smith, of Florida; and Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the Hampton Legion, had

already fallen; others were wounded, while hundreds of our men had been placed *hors de combat.* With Colonel Johnson I had been speaking on the previous Friday evening, when Prince Polignac, (now a Colonel in Beauregard's Staff), myself, and a party of ladies paid a visit to his quarters. His parting words to me were ominous—

"Sir, we must not all expect to return."

The effect of such serious disasters was anything but supporting or encouraging to the jaded, and, indeed, gloomy spirits of the volunteers, fairly worn out by fatigue, and positively sinking from exhaustion; men who, for the most part, had hitherto been accustomed to every comfort, and even luxury—to whom suffering was unknown, and toil a stranger. In this hour of trial and danger, when the enemy was on the point of proving triumphant, General Beauregard headed his troops, urging them on to victory and glory, and sustaining them by his presence and promises of support. Advancing his column step by step, at various intervals of time—for he dare not suffer his command to fall back—he held out assurances of timely reinforcements; although at the moment he was very dubious of any such aid being accessible or available. Bravely did the Southerners, with few exceptions, maintain their ground against such fearful odds. Even when our artillery were

diminished, Lieutenants Harman and Imboden worked at the guns, to relieve the few men that had been left. While the latter held the handspike directing his piece, one of its rings was shot off the trail by the explosion of a shell.

The enemy had now three batteries employed, supported by vast columns of men, numbering at least 30,000. Just as the critical moment had arrived, and after General Johnston was heard to exclaim, "Oh! for four regiments!" General Kirby Smith, formerly of the United States' army, was observed approaching to the rescue with 4,000 men of General Johnston's division, who had just arrived from Winchester. They should have reached the day before, but were prevented by an accident on the railroad. They dashed on with loud shouts, and in the most gallant style. About the same time, Major Elsey, (formerly of the Augusta Arsenal,) coming down the railroad from Winchester, with the last of Johnston's column, and hearing the firing, immediately quitted the train and marched across the country; and, as fortune would have it, he encountered the extreme right of the enemy, as he was feeling his way around our flank, and with his brigade struck him, like a thunderbolt, full into the face! Finding he was about to be out-flanked himself, the enemy gave way after the second fire.

Meanwhile, Beauregard rallied the centre and dashed in the very thickest of the fight; while after him rushed the Southern boys, with a shout that seemed to shake the very earth. Elsey's brigade, although fatigued from a long journey, a quick march of some miles in the scorching sun, and the absence of food for several hours, entered into the engagement with great spirit. No wonder that Beauregard should have exclaimed, when their leader arrived on the field—

"Elsey, you are the Blucher of the day!"

Their presence struck sudden terror into the hearts of the enemy, who, seized by some unaccountable panic, retreated in the utmost disorder along the Turnpike-road, through Centreville, placing the four remaining guns they had left on the brow of a neighbouring hill to guard their retreat. These guns were quickly charged by a body of cavalry, taken, and turned upon the retreating battalions, so that the enemy had no resource left but hasty flight.

I believe that the annals of military warfare may be searched in vain for such an utter, ignominious routing as the "Grand Army of the North" sustained on this occasion. For miles along the road, as well as in the immediate neighbourhood of the battle-ground, guns, caissons, medicine chests, waggons, horses, stores,

ambulances, flags, rifles, canteens, over-coats, blankets, and even the mail-bags, were to be seen. Some positively left their clothes and rations behind; while numbers, in order to accelerate their escape, took off their shoes and stockings! The dead and wounded lay scattered in every direction, although, judging from the huge mounds of earth that rose up here and there, many must have been interred—in some instances, I have reason to think, *alive!* for one man's arms were observed rising out of his grave. Thus did a force of under 15,000 men, supported by only 18 field-pieces, put to flight an army of nearly 60,000 men, with 90 pieces of cannon. The Confederate forces, including those occupied in the right and centre wings, and the reserves, did not, as I have stated, exceed 30,000; while the Federal troops engaged in the action fully amounted to 35,000. President Davis arrived from Richmond just in time to witness the retreat of the invading army—which began at half-past four o'clock—although he did not take any command. The loss on the Confederate side was about 2,000 killed and wounded. That of the enemy was estimated at nearly three times this number. Considerably over a thousand prisoners were taken.

The Northern army evidently meant to have entered Richmond without much trouble, imagi-

ning that their huge Parrot gun, drawn by ten horses, and large and efficient batteries, together with their vast armed host, would have made the "rebels" quail before them. That they fully expected to have had a pic-nic party at Manassas or Richmond is evident, for they brought with them abundant stores of the most *recherché* description, and even hampers of champagne! Ladies and members of Congress came along in carriages to witness the brilliant fête of that day; and from letters found it appears that instructions were given to friends at Washington to address their correspondents "at the post-office, Richmond." Was ever expectation so disappointed? Was ever pride, boasting, and self-confidence so utterly prostrated in the dust? Generals who had entered the field like princes during the morning of Sunday, surrounded with every display, retreated at nightfall unnoticed, like the humblest private in their command. Alas! for the pride, glory, and the pomp of war! The enemy was pursued beyond Fairfax, where the Confederate flag was hoisted amid the most jubilant shouts of the soldiery. The approach of night only prevented further pursuit.

And here I must observe, that General Beauregard had for some time previous been planning and preparing the attack. Before his arrange-

ments had become fully matured, the presence of the enemy in large force was ascertained, and consequently he had to act on the defensive. That the enemy knew the ground well was plain from the fact, that he had selected the best and most commanding positions. Indeed, several finely-executed and elaborate plans of the locality were picked up on the field after the retreat, two of which I have myself seen. Amongst the enormous quantity of material left behind, was a handsome chair intended for General Scott; and large boxes of handcuffs, one of which was marked "for officers!" General Beauregard promised to present me with a pair. Certainly, handcuffs had hitherto been unknown in modern warfare, and savour so much of the spirit of barbarism that it is only proper to give European publicity to the circumstance.

During this sanguinary encounter, Beauregard exhibited the greatest courage and coolest demeanour. Covered with dust, and the perspiration falling in big drops from his brow, he might be observed in the thickest of the fight, the presiding genius of war, urging on his command, and dashing along the lines, directing and sustaining the somewhat unwieldy mass of volunteers, who had to do battle with a better disciplined foe. While leading the final charge, the

General's horse was shot from under him, but he mounted another with the utmost composure, as if nothing had happened.

"If my life," he observed to me, "be of service to my country, I am prepared to lay it down!"

Amid the commotion of the day a few mishaps occurred to the Confederate troops. One or two regiments, the Alabamians and Mississippians, mistaking one another for the foe, fired volley after volley of musketry into each other's ranks. In this way the Mississippians lost some eighty men in killed and wounded.

Pendleton's Battery did very effectual service during the engagement. Having marched four miles in the short space of thirty minutes, it came into action at half-past twelve, P.M., when it attacked and dismounted Rickett's, (otherwise Sherman's) Battery, killing forty-five horses, and either wounding or killing all the artillerists and drivers. Captain Pendleton is a minister of the Gospel, from the Valley of Virginia, and his command consisted of 105 men. Upon making the attack on the enemy's famous battery, this brave officer first said to his gunners—

"Reserve your fire!" then, "Ready—fire!"

The aim was unerring; not a man but was either killed or disabled. At the second fire the same happened to the horses attached to

the battery. One officer informed me that, in giving the orders for the first volley, which took such tremendous effect, he addressed his men thus:—

"The Lord have mercy on their souls!—but fire!"

The enemy resorted to very unwarlike and unwarrantable practices in order to gain advantage over the Southern troops. For example, they not only in some instances adopted the Confederate badges, but positively carried the Confederate colours. There is also reason to believe that they have killed wounded men, as well as fired into hospitals, signalized by the usual yellow flag!

The news of this important and remarkable victory was telegraphed to the Seat of Government, where the greatest excitement prevailed. All the male population turned out into the streets and surrounded the hôtels, awaiting further intelligence. At a late hour the President sent the following telegram from the field of battle to Richmond, which was read by General Waul from one of the windows of the Spotswood House, to an immense assemblage of persons, who gave "three cheers for Jeff. Davis and Beauregard." The message is guarded in its statement, and falls far short of the facts as they afterwards became developed. It was dated "July 21st, at night."

"*To General S. Cooper.*

"Night has closed on a hard-fought field. Our forces have won a glorious victory. The enemy was routed and fled precipitately, abandoning a very large amount of arms, munitions, knapsacks, and baggage. The ground was strewn with their killed for miles, and the farm-houses and grounds around were filled with their wounded. The pursuit was continued along several routes toward Leesburg and Centreville, until darkness covered the fugitives. We have captured several field-batteries and regimental standards, and one United States' flag. Many prisoners have been taken. Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for the skill of the principal officers, or for the gallantry of all the troops. The battle was mainly fought on our left, several miles from our field-works—our force engaged there not exceeding fifteen thousand: that of the enemy estimated at thirty-five thousand.

"JEFF. DAVIS."

The morning after the battle, Brigadier-General Beauregard received an autograph letter from the President of the Confederate States, promoting him to the full rank of General, as a reward for his valiant services. The intelligence was received with cheers at mess, when Beauregard essayed a

neat speech on the occasion. The army had suffered severely, as, owing to imperfect commissariat arrangements, supplies had run short, and the men had no food since the previous day. It was late on Monday before they could break their fast; but they seemed patient under the privation. Their victory over the enemy doubtlessly helped to appease the cravings of appetite and sustain their spirits.

So soon as Congress had assembled at Richmond, on the day after the battle, the Hon. Mr. Memminger of South Carolina, Secretary of the Treasury, submitted the annexed resolutions for the adoption of that body, which were passed unanimously :—

"1. Resolved,—That we recognize the hand of the Most High God, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, in the glorious victory with which he has crowned our arms at Manassas, and that the people of the Confederate States are invited, by appropriate services on the ensuing Sabbath, to offer up their united thanksgivings and prayers for this mighty deliverance.

"2. Resolved,—That we deeply deplore the necessity which has washed the soil of our country with the blood of so many of our noble sons, and that we offer to their respective families and friends our warmest and most cordial sympathies,

assuring them that the sacrifice made will be consecrated in the hearts of our people, and will then enshrine the names of the gallant dead as the champions of free and Constitutional government.

".3. Resolved,—That we approve the prompt and patriotic efforts of the Mayor of the city of Richmond to make provision for the wounded, and that a committee of one member for each State be appointed to co-operate in the plan.

" Resolved,—That Congress do now adjourn."

The recommendation of Congress was universally complied with. At St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, Bishop Magill delivered a very suitable and impressive discourse. He took the Divine Providence for his theme, drawing his arguments and illustrations from the events preceding and attending the battles of the 18th and 21st. The venerable church was filled with pious worshippers, some three hundred soldiers forming part of the congregation. When the bishop adverted, with marked pathos, to the vast preparations made in order to subdue the South—the vile emblems of degradation captured on the field (two thousand handcuffs)—and recounted some of the trying and thrilling incidents of the battle, an evident but suppressed sensation was perceptible throughout the crowded cathedral.

Shortly after the memorable victory a patriotic and stirring address was issued to the army by Generals Johnston and Beauregard, which I introduce. A manuscript copy was furnished to me by the Adjutant-General, Colonel Jordan, to whom I am indebted for further marks of attention and courtesy :—

"Head-quarters, Potomac Army,
"Manassas, July 29, 1861.

"Soldiers of the Confederate States, — One week ago a countless host of men, organized into an army, with all the appointments which modern art and practised skill could devise, invaded the soil of Virginia. Their people sounded their approach with triumphant displays of anticipated victory; their Generals came in almost Royal state; their great Ministers, Senators, and women came to witness the immolation of our army and subjugation of our people, and to celebrate the result with wild revelry.

"It is with the profoundest emotions of gratitude to an overruling God, whose hand is manifest in protecting our homes and liberties, that we, your Generals commanding, are enabled, in the name of our whole country, to thank you for that patriotic courage, that heroic gallantry, that devoted daring, exhibited by you in the actions of the 18th and 21st, by which the hosts of the

enemy were scattered, and a signal and glorious victory obtained.

"The two affairs of the 18th and 21st were but the sustained and continued effort of your patriotism against the constantly-recurring columns of an enemy fully treble your numbers; and these efforts were crowned, on the evening of the 21st, with a victory so complete, that the invaders were driven disgracefully from the field, and made to fly in disorderly rout back to their entrenchments —a distance of over thirty miles.

"They left upon the field nearly every piece of their artillery, a large portion of their arms, equipments, baggage, stores, etc., etc., and almost every one of their wounded and dead, amounting, together with the prisoners, to many thousands. And thus the Northern hosts were driven from Virginia.

"Soldiers! we congratulate you on an event which ensures the liberty of our country. We congratulate every man of you whose glorious privilege it was to participate in this triumph of courage and truth—to fight in the battle of Manassas. You have created an epoch in the history of liberty, and unborn nations will rise up and call you 'blessed.'"

"Continue this noble devotion, looking always to the protection of a just God, and before time

grows much older, we will be hailed as the deliverers of a nation of ten millions of people.

"Comrades! our brothers who have fallen have earned undying renown upon earth; and their blood shed in our holy cause is a precious and acceptable sacrifice to the Father of Truth and of Right.

"Their graves are beside the tomb of Washington; their spirits have joined with his in eternal communion.

"We will hold fast to the soil in which the dust of Washington is thus mingled with the dust of our brothers. We will transmit this land free to our children, or we will fall into the fresh graves of our brothers in arms. We drop one tear on their laurels, and move forward to avenge them.

"Soldiers! we congratulate you on a glorious, triumphant, and complete victory; and we thank you for doing your *whole duty* in the service of your country.

"J. E. JOHNSTON, *General C. S. A.*

"G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General C. S. A.*"

"T. Jordan, Adj.-General.

The reader will be better enabled to judge of the position of the battle-field, and of the route taken by the Northern army, from the subjoined brief topographical sketch.

From Alexandria it is twenty-two miles, by a turnpike road, to Dranesville, and thirty-six miles to Leesburg.

From Alexandria to Anandale, by turnpike, is eight miles; to Fairfax Court-house fourteen miles; to Centreville, twenty-one; to the battle-ground, twenty-six; to Gainesville, thirty-two; and to Warrenton forty-two miles. Pursuing the Little River turnpike, it is forty miles from Alexandria to Middleburg. A turnpike road, known as the "Columbia," leads south-westerly from the Long Bridge to the Warrenton turnpike, intersecting the Leesburg and Alexandria turnpike at Bayley's Cross Roads. This point is about five miles from the Long Bridge, and six from Alexandria. From Alexandria to Dumfries is twenty-eight miles. Acquia Creek is twelve miles lower down the Potomac.

From Alexandria to Manassas Junction, by railroad, is twenty-seven miles. The distances of the successive stations are — Springfield, nine miles; Burke's, fourteen miles; Fairfax, eighteen miles; Sangster's, twenty miles; Union Mills, twenty-three; and Manassas, twenty-seven miles. From Alexandria, by the Alexandria, Loudon, and Hampshire railroad to Leesburg, the stations and distances are as follows: — Alexandria to Arlington, six miles; Fall's Church, eleven;

Vienna, fifteen; Hunter's Mills, eighteen; Thornton, twenty-one; Herndon, twenty-three; Guildford, twenty-seven; Farmwell, thirty-one; and Leesburg, thirty-eight miles. From Manassas Junction, by the Manassas railroad, the distance to Gainsville is eight miles, to the Thoroughfare fourteen miles, to Plains Station nineteen miles, to Strasburg (beyond the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah) sixty-one miles.

There are now no bridges across the Potomac of the east Blue Ridge, except the "Chain Bridge" and the "Long Bridge." The former is so called, because it was formerly a suspension bridge, supported by two vast chain cables. It is now supported by piers and abutments, but retains the old cognomen. The "Long Bridge" is about a mile in length. Half of it is a solid causeway, built upon the bar or mud flat in the centre of the river. At each end, the bridge is a wooden structure, supported on wooden piles, and is in a very rickety condition. Besides these bridges, and between them, there is a canal aqueduct, which may afford transit for men and horses. It is a decayed wooden structure, supported on stone piers.

The road from Centreville to Warrenton, at about two miles from the former, crosses Cut Run. Here is the "Cut Run Bridge," where

the Federal army sustained such loss in its flight.

Two miles further on the road crosses Bull Run by the "Stone Bridge," and a short distance beyond conduots to the battle-field of the 21st. Immediately after crossing "Cut Run Bridge," a road curves off to the north-west, and intersects the one leading from the battle-ground to Leesburg. It was by this route, which crosses Bull Run at Sudley Mills, that the enemy advanced to the attack.

The Southern army was thus approached from the north, and upon its left flank. The Confederates were spread along the south-west side of Bull Run, from the Stone Bridge to the Union Mills. The road from Centreville to Manassas crosses Bull Run at Mitchell's Ford, where the centre of Beauregard's forces was posted. Lower down Bull Run is Blackburn's Ford, the scene of the battle of the 18th, which took place on the right wing.

The day after the battle of Bull Run, some relatives of Colonel Cameron—who fell in the action—made application to General Beauregard for his body; when the following correspondence ensued between the military authorities and Mr. Arnold Harris, a Northern subject:—

"*To General Beauregard, or Commanding Officer, Confederate Army.*

"July 22, 1861.

"SIR,—I send this by a friend and trusty servant, who is well known to many officers in your army. He is sent for the purpose of obtaining from you a permit for Mr. H. S. M'Graw and myself, to pass your lines to obtain the body of Colonel Cameron, who fell in the action of yesterday. My solicitude in this matter is an impulse of private character. The rigid rules established in Washington, with reference to flags of truce, prevent me from carrying out my wishes without proceeding as I am now doing. I believe General B. will recollect me while a resident in New Orleans; but if President Davis, General Lee, General Johnson, General Wigfall, Colonels Miles, Keitt, or Withers, are present, they will not hesitate to vouch for me. General Bonham, and, in fact, nearly all the officers, know me. In addition to the gratification of performing a sacred duty, I would be highly delighted to meet in your camp many of my most valued friends. It is proper for me to add, that I have not been in any manner connected with the Government here, and that I am a neutral.

"Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

(Signed) "ARNOLD HARRIS.

"Please make the passport for A. Harris, H. S. M'Graw, and two servants. I have not named my friend or servant for prudential reasons, but either of the gentlemen above-named can vouch for them."

To this communication General Beauregard replied through his "aide," Governor Manning:—

"Head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac,
Manassas Junction, July 23, 1861.

"SIR,—I am instructed by General Beauregard, commanding the First Corps, Army of the Potomac, to say that he has received your note of the 22nd, and to reply thereto.

"The General declines giving an informal permit to anyone residing beyond his advanced lines, for any purpose which may be accomplished by those formal proceedings known to and practised by civilized belligerent nations. By no act of his will he lower the dignity of the Confederate States as a nation, by permitting that to be done indirectly which the usages of civilized warfare accomplish directly.

"The arbitrary and unusual course adopted in such cases as you refer to, by the United States' Government, will be the guide of the General's conduct in return. Anyone, therefore, coming within his lines without the proper flag will be sent

under an escort to the Confederate Government for examination.

"The General deems it proper for me to add, that humanity should teach an enemy to care for its wounded, and Christianity to bury its dead.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN L. MANNING,
"*Aide-de-Camp.*

"To Arnold Harris."

The above correspondence produced some degree of interest, and Beauregard was highly praised in the Southern journals for the calm but yet firm dignity he displayed in refusing the very unusual and unofficial request made of him.

For some time General Beauregard deferred preparing his official report of the battle of Manassas. Indeed, I was led to believe, from information received by the late Secretary-at-War, that as the leading Generals (Johnston and Beauregard) could not quite agree, it was arranged to decline furnishing to the War Office any report. Beauregard, however, prepared a prolix account of the affair, a portion of which has only been made public. This circumstance occasioned animadversions and insinuations on the part of some, to which Beauregard replied in a letter to one of the Richmond journals. It runs as follows :—

"Centreville, within hearing of the
Enemy's Guns, Nov. 3, 1861.

"GENTLEMEN,—My attention has just been called to an unfortunate controversy now going on relative to the publication of a synopsis of my report of the battle of Manassas. None can regret this more than I do, from a knowledge that, by authority, the President is the sole judge of when and what part of the Commanding Officer's report shall be made public. I, individually, do not object delaying its publication as long as the War Department thinks proper and necessary for the success of our cause. Meanwhile, I entreat my friends not to trouble themselves about refuting the slanders and calumnies aimed against me. Alcibiades, on a certain occasion, resorted to an extraordinary method to occupy the minds of his traducers—let, then, that synopsis answer the same purpose for me, in this instance. If certain minds cannot understand the difference between patriotism (the highest civic virtue), and office-seekers (the lowest civic occupation), I pity them from the bottom of my heart. Suffice it to say, that I prefer the respect and esteem of my countrymen to the admiration and envy of the world. I hope, for the sake of our cause and country, to be able, with the assistance of kind Providence, to answer my

calumniators with new victories over our national enemies; but I have nothing to ask of the country, Government, or any friends, except to afford me all the aid they can in the great struggle we are now engaged. I am not either a candidate, nor do I desire to be a candidate, for any civil office in the gift of the people or Executive. The aim of my ambition—after having cast my mite in the defence of our sacred cause, and assisting to the best of my ability in securing our rights and independence as a nation —is to retire into private life: my means then permitting, never again to leave my home, unless to fight anew the battles of my country.

"Respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"G. T. BEAUREGARD."

Shortly after the engagement at Bull Run, the Federal troops met with another disaster. An Indiana regiment, 700 strong, were taken prisoners by some Confederate cavalry at Fall's Church, within three miles of their fortifications on Arlington Heights. That regiment took part in the recent battle, and suffered severely. Being unacquainted with the country, the troops got lost during the "stampede," and wandered about for several days, when, utterly exhausted, they reached Fall's Church. Upon the scouts getting

intelligence of the affair, a courier was at once dispatched to Manassas, and a strong detachment of troops was speedily on the way. The result was the capture of the entire regiment, with such arms and ammunition as they possessed. They were finally removed to Richmond.

I shall wind up the account of the greatest and most sanguinary battle ever fought on American soil with an admirable satire, written and furnished to me by a personal friend, upon the Federal disaster. As illustrative of American modern history, and as a specimen of Southern literature, it may not be uninteresting:—

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

AFTER SOUTHEY'S "MARCH TO MOSCOW."

Major-General Scott
An order had got
    To push on the column to Richmond;
For loudly went forth,
From all parts of the North,
The cry that an end of the war must be made
In time for the regular yearly Fall Trade;
Mr. Greeley spoke freely about the delay,
The Yankees "to hum" were all hot for the fray;
The chivalrous Grow
Declared they were slow,
And therefore the order,
To march from the border
    And make an excursion to Richmond.

Major-General Scott
Most likely was not
Very loth to obey this instruction, I wot;
In his private opinion
The Ancient Dominion
Deserved to be pillaged, her sons to be shot,
And the reason is easily noted;
Though this part of the earth
Had given him birth,
And medals and swords,
Inscribed with fine words,
It never for Winfield had voted.
Besides you must know that our First of Commanders,
Had sworn, quite as hard as the army in Flanders,
With his finest of armies and proudest of navies,
To wreak his old grudge against Jefferson Davis.
Then "forward the column," he said to McDowell,
And the Zouaves, with a shout,
Most fiercely cried out,
"To Richmond or h—ll," (I omit here the vowel);
And Winfield, he ordered his carriage and four,
A dashing turn-out, to be brought to the door,
For a pleasant excursion to Richmond.

Major-General Scott
Had there on the spot
A splendid array
To plunder and slay;
In the camp he might boast
Such a numerous host,
As he never had yet
In the battle-field set;
Every class and condition of Northern society
Were in for the trip—a most varied variety:
In the camp he might hear every lingo in vogue,
"The sweet German accent, the rich Irish brogue."

The "buthiful boy
From the banks of the Shannon"
Was there to employ
His excellent cannon,
And besides the long files of dragoons and artillery,
The Zouaves and Hussars,
All the children of Mars,
There were barbers and cooks,
And writers of books,—
The *chef de cuisine* with his French bills of fare,
And the artist to dress the young officers' hair,
And the scribblers all ready at once to prepare
An eloquent story
Of conquest and glory;
And servants with numberless baskets of sillery,
Though Wilson, the Senator, followed the train,
At a distance quite safe, to "conduct the *champagne*:"
While the fields were so green and the sky was so blue,
There was certainly nothing more pleasant to do
On this pleasant excursion to Richmond.

In Congress the talk, as I said, was of action,
To crush out *instanter* the traitorous faction.
In the press, and the mess,
They would hear nothing less
Than to make the advance, spite of rhyme or of reason,
And at once put an end to the insolent treason.
There was Greeley,
And Ely,
The blood-thirsty Grow,
And Hickman, (the rowdy, not Hickman, the beau),
And that terrible Baker
Who would seize on the South every acre,
And Webb, who would drive us all into the Gulf, or
Some nameless locality smelling of sulphur;

And with all this bold crew
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green and the sky was so blue,
But to march on directly to Richmond.

Then the gallant McDowell
Drove madly the rowel
Of spur that had never been "won" by him,
In the flank of his steed,
To accomplish a deed,
Such as never before had been done by him;
And the battery called Sherman's
Was wheeled into line,
While the beer-drinking Germans,
From Neckar and Rhine,
With Minié and Yager,
Came on with a swagger,
Full of fury and lager,
(The day and the pageant were equally fine.)
Oh! the fields were so green and the sky was so blue,
Indeed 'twas a spectacle pleasant to view,
As the column pushed onward to Richmond.

Ere the march was begun,
In a spirit of fun,
General Scott, in a speech,
Said this army should teach
The Southrons the lesson the laws to obey,
And just before dusk of the third or fourth day,
Should joyfully march into Richmond.
He spoke of their drill,
And their courage and skill,
And declared that the ladies of Richmond would rave
O'er such matchless perfection, and gracefully wave
In rapture their delicate 'kerchiefs in air
At their morning parades on the Capitol Square.

But alack! and alas!
Mark what soon came to pass,
When this army, in spite of his flatteries,
Amid war's loudest thunder
Must stupidly blunder
Upon those accursed "masked batteries."
Then Beauregard came,
Like a tempest of flame,
To consume them in wrath
On their perilous path;
And Johnston bore down in a whirlwind to sweep
Their ranks from the field
Where their doom had been sealed,
As the storm rushed over the face of the deep;
While swift on the centre our President prest,
And the foe might descry
In the glance of his eye
The light that once blazed upon Diomed's crest.
McDowell! McDowell! weep, weep for the day
When the Southrons you met in their battle array;
To your confident hosts with their bullets and steel
'Twas worse than Culloden to luckless Lochiel!
Oh, the Generals were green, and old Scott is now blue,
And a terrible business, McDowell, to you
Was that pleasant excursion to Richmond.

The capture of Richmond was the elixir for a long time held out to revive the drooping spirits of the Northern people, to sustain the national credit, and attract gold to the Executive coffers. The retreat to Washington has, I fear, produced a collapse so serious that the body politic is threatened with imminent danger; so much so,

indeed, as to necessitate a new batch of State physicians to meet the emergency, and, if possible, ward off the last throes of dissolution.

"As a spectacle," remarks a Southern periodical, "the battle of Manassas was as grand as any that has been fought; but we must include in that spectacle the defeat, the retreat, the flight, the rout, the panic, the confusion, the hot and murderous pursuit, the heat, the thirst, the hunger, and the fear and trembling in high places in Washington as the news of the disastrous result took the place of falsely-reported victory. All America was spectator of the combat. Ere the pursuit and the slaughter were ended, the electric spark had borne the news to every corner of America, filling each honest Southern heart with pride, gratitude, and exultation; and striking terror, dismay, and self-abasement into every Northern bosom."

CHAPTER II.

OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A Metamorphosed Sailor—Terpsichorean Amusements—A Negro Girl—Visit to Major Walton—Arrival at Head-quarters—The Captured Mail Bag—The Sublime and the Ridiculous—Venus *versus* Mars—The "Cow" and the "Chickings"—A Facetious Wife—The Camp Bedstead—Equestrianizing—Dead left on the Field—A Wounded Prisoner—Vandalism—Abandoned Stores—Desecration of Centreville Church—Defences at Manassas.

I LEFT Richmond to return to Manassas at 6 o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday, the 24th of July; and, as early rising is one of the "ills of life" which I cannot well brook, had no slight difficulty in accomplishing the feat. I often wish that the world were more disinterested and generous, and less interested and scrupulous, in meting out honours to heroes; for why should not the man who has gained a victory over him-

self be as great as a Cæsar, and be reverenced accordingly? I am, of course, glad to find that Solomon was of my opinion,—and think him a very wise man in consequence.

My fellow-passengers consisted of soldiers and civilians—the former going to join their respective regiments, having been either sick or on furlough; the latter bent on errands of mercy or duty, although I am inclined to think that several were actuated by no higher impulse than that of gratifying a morbid curiosity. One man, who had been a sailor in the United States' service, particularly amused me. He had now become metamorphosed into a soldier, and appeared proud of the change, for he observed:—

"You can make a soldier out of a sailor; but shiver my timbers if you can make a sailor out of a soldier!"

He at one time addressed his comrades in a hoarse voice, meant, doubtless, as innocently ironical of a certain gallant general, who had lost his voice after a few hours' campaigning at Manassas on the Sunday previous, although he had taken no active part in the engagement. In palliation, I must observe that the offender was what is jocularly termed "half-seas over," and evidently thought it no harm to burlesque the man for whom he was going to fight.

The journey, although disagreeably protracted, went on well enough until the train reached Gordonsville, a distance of seventy miles, where I was detained nearly an hour. Meanwhile, a number of people had congregated in the immediate vicinity of the station, intent upon the same journey. Some of them did not possess the necessary "pass" from the Governor of the State or the Secretary-at-War; and I undertook to intercede with General Beauregard on behalf of a clergyman and his young daughter (who intended ministering spiritual consolation to the wounded) should they meet with any difficulty upon their arrival at Manassas. Devotion evidently actuated me in this proffer of friendship, but it partook more of gallantry than religion, although I trust I am not wanting in the latter respect at suitable times and on proper occasions. Where is the man who will not put himself out of the way when a lady is in the way?

While awaiting the "cars," I took a cursory view of some wounded men just brought in, whom the enemy had left on the field in their hasty flight during the previous Sunday. The wounded were in a pitiful condition—so much so, indeed, that the miserable objects were almost unapproachable. They were stretched in "cars," upon blankets furnished to them by those very "rebels"

whose land they so lately came to invade and dishonour, and were only awaiting transit to hospitals at Culpepper Court House and Richmond.

After having my patience pretty well tested, the train for Manassas at length arrived. A general rush was immediately made for the "cars," which happened, however, to be already full. Nevertheless, groups of people ascended the steps both front and rear, and, after blocking up the intermediate passages, took up positions outside, some even being so adventurous as to mount on to the roofs, thereby endangering their necks and limbs. Here, elated by the success of Sunday's victory, some volunteers—who were not in the affray—commenced a series of Terpsichorean amusements, until I positively thought they would come through the roof, to the manifest peril of their less jubilant fellow-travellers pent up inside. To avert such a calamity, I knocked up powerfully with my umbrella—a thing for which I have a peculiar attachment, and a worse might be formed—but it was of no avail. On they danced, the fragile timbers yielding and creaking beneath their lusty tread, which was anything but a manifestation of the "light fantastic toe" business. Worn out by exertion — for pleasure is often a pain — they finally desisted, to my infinite composure and gratification.

Meanwhile I had been undergoing the horrors of suffocation, and it afforded me no relief to know that others were similarly situated. Feeling anything but comfortable, and somewhat apprehensive of continuing in so confined a position, I made a desperate effort to regain the front of the "car." Had I a corpulent *physique* I dare not have attempted such a struggle; indeed, as it was, my poor *corpus* got nearly squeezed to nothing. "Thank Heaven!" I involuntarily ejaculated, on accomplishing my purpose, "I now breathe freely at last!" Here, in front of the "car," having scarcely room to stand erect, I continued for nearly an hour, holding on by an iron rod, with some half dozen or more persons, who had sought the same refuge, for companions. By-and-bye an additional "car" was attached to the train, which but slightly relieved the over-crowding. We jogged on slowly—very slowly—half-baked from the sun, which sent his piercing rays right through the frail timber-work, until the heat was almost unendurable.

Occasionally the train would play the most pertinacious pranks, and cut the most cabalistic capers. While jogging along on the "even tenour of its way"—which it seldom kept for any considerable time—suddenly it would take an unaccountable retrograde movement, then bound

forward with a jerk that lifted me from my feet. One moment it would halt without any assignable reason, and the next roll backward with a very un-euphoneous sound—just, for all the world, as if the railroad were a chess-board and the train provokingly bent upon playing a game! These violent and repeated movements hither and thither, anywhere and nowhere, coupled with the oppressive heat, brought on exhaustion, which necessarily created thirst. But the temporary relief of water was not available—a most unusual circumstance in American railway travelling. Some of the cisterns (usually attached to the "cars") had been broken; all the others had run dry, and seemed in a wretched condition of drought themselves. In vain was the faucet turned, re-turned, and manœuvred in various ways. Not one drop of liquid would reward the toil of the most persevering and delicate operator! At length, after much weary waiting, the train arrived at an intermediate station, where cries of

"Water!" "Water!" "Bring us some water!" resounded from every "car."

A little negro girl who had been present rushed to the rescue; and having procured, at a neighbouring cottage, a bucket of this refrigerative drink, reached it to one of the soldiers, who, after slaking his own thirst, sent it round from hand to

hand until the contents were exhausted, when it was replenished again and again. In this manner were all the thirsty souls supplied. The little negro girl to whom I refer had "done the State some service" by her attention to the volunteers that day; and I see no reason why such a meritorious act should go unrewarded. I love to see "virtue" (even in the dark race) "in humble life," more especially when, as in the present instance, it was "its own reward!"

Finally, after much fumbling and grumbling, the train arrived at Manassas Junction, rather late in the afternoon. Here a scene of confusion ensued, more easily imagined than described; in fact, it baffles description. Soldiers were vainly inquiring the way to their regiments, which they could not find; relatives were as fruitlessly seeking the whereabouts of their friends; while others (spectators, I suppose) did not know where to go, or what to do. I never beheld such looks of utter discomfiture as I witnessed on many countenances. The tiny hôtel at the Junction, where a few days before one might, perchance, have got a trifle to eat, and perhaps a bed on the boards, was now turned into a hospital, and its stout, lusty, good-natured host gone—Heaven knows where! The young lady (and her papa), whom I had taken under my protection, and to whom I had proffered

my friendly offices, was nowhere to be found. I looked for her in vain; but it appeared to me as if the earth had swallowed her up; so I had to abandon further pursuit of the interesting creature —rendered interesting solely, good reader, I assure you, on account of the praiseworthy mission upon which she was bent; for who does not love and admire a woman when she becomes a messenger of mercy?

As time was advancing, and the shades of evening were fast closing over the busy scene, it was urgent that I should make a move. First of all, I started for General Beauregard's head-quarters, but, to my surprise, was informed that he had removed, with his Staff, to another house about two miles distant. Weak, and indeed hungry, for I had partaken of no solid food during the day, I wandered for awhile listlessly about. While observing the newly-erected breastworks and fortifications, I met with my friend Dr. Cullen, of General Longstreet's brigade. To him I detailed my position.

"Oh!" observed he, "Major Walton, whom I have lately parted from, has a marquée yonder. You will be sure to obtain some refreshment there, before you proceed to head-quarters."

After much difficulty and endless inquiries, I discovered the gallant Major, who happened to be

temporarily separated from his battalion. Having warmly interchanged courtesies—for I had not seen him since before the actions of the 18th and 21st, in which his artillery took an active and dangerous part—I observed,

"Major, let me have a biscuit and even a glass of water, for I feel exhausted."

"I have neither, I regret to say," was the response; "I am literally 'used up;' and am awaiting supplies. As for the water, the wells have nearly run dry, and there is scarcely any to be had."

"When I see a poor devil worse off than myself, I pity him," I continued, at the same time draining the last drop of brandy that remained in a flask which I carried, and handing the cup to the Major.

He accepted the same with good grace, and swallowed its contents with avidity.

After bidding my worthy friend "good evening," and wishing him "better luck shortly," I sallied forth, carpet-bag in hand, for the General's quarters. From the fact of being frequently misdirected, I got entangled in a wood, and almost lost my way. The trees had been extensively cut down, to form an *abatis*; so I found the obstruction considerable. These impediments having been designed to harass and annoy the

invading enemy, should he approach near enough to the Confederate entrenchments, I thought it hard that one of her Britannic Majesty's subjects —very far, indeed, from being a foe—should experience the inconveniences designed for others of less friendly intentions. However, I summoned up courage and fought my way manfully through the thicket, receiving only a few slight scratches during the rencounter.

"Heaven be praised!" I exclaimed, upon getting clear of the dusky wood, and alighting upon a road. Fortunately, I discovered an ambulance moving forward; so having made the driver draw up, I scrambled my way in, and jogged along upon my knees—anything but a luxurious mode of travelling, especially in a heavy vehicle and over a rough highway. In a short time I was brought in front of General Beauregard's recent head-quarters, at Ware's House, on the Centreville Road, and felt relieved, for I knew I should meet with the needful hospitality there. Having passed the sentry at the lodge gate—who at first seemed rather unwilling to admit me, but whose qualms of soldierly conscience quickly subsided upon showing my authority, although he "had positive orders to let nobody pass the gate"—I duly announced myself, and was received with the same urbanity, and, indeed, cordiality, that I

had hitherto experienced, both from the General and his Staff. After congratulating General Beauregard upon the remarkable victory of Sunday, and his miraculous escape, I was politely ushered into "supper;" and I verily believe that never before in my life did I enjoy a meal with such *gusto*.

During and after the evening's repast, much desultory conversation took place. The General looked remarkably well, and in unusually high spirits, although one would naturally imagine that the excessive fatigue he underwent but three days before would have utterly prostrated him. Of course the recent battle, and the chief incidents connected therewith, were the leading topics of interest and conversation. In this respect the contest was fought over again, with, evidently, renewed delight. With what pleasurable, if not ecstatic feeling, did Wellington and Washington, and even Napoleon in his bleak exile, recall their hard-won victories? So will it one day be with Beauregard—for the battle of Manassas was pre-eminently *his* battle, having been planned, re-planned, and carried out by him. I make this remark without any invidious object, or in the least wishing to abstract one justly-earned laurel from the brow of General Johnston, now the Commander-in-chief of the army of the Potomac.

I simply desire to uphold the apophthegm, "Honour to whom honour is due!"

THE CAPTURED MAIL-BAG.

During a rather discursive conversation, enlivened by occasional sallies of wit and humour, the captured mail-bag of the "Grand Army" came upon the *tapis*. So, after hearing some epistles read, and perusing others, I adjourned to my friend Colonel Chisolm's tent (where I was to be quartered), in company with another Staff officer, to be entertained by similar effusions until "the clock told the hour for retiring"—to bed. Some of those letters are not only racy but rabid; while others again exhibit the low moral *status* that is, I fear, too frequently found among Northern soldiers, and the little patriotism that, in many instances, sustains their valour. The following extracts may be taken as fair specimens of the general style and sentiment that pervade the entire correspondence, comprising five hundred letters.

One epistle, dated "Berlin, Conn., July 19," is particularly indicative of Northern feeling towards the Secessionists. It is addressed by a father to his son. After a somewhat prosy exordium with reference to the haying season, and the condition of grass, potatoes, and corn crops generally, *paterfamilias* grows warm, romantic, and

even patriotic. Thus he handles the Federal military leaders:—

"Lyon and M'Clellan are Conn." (Connecticut) "boys—the only ones who have done much. We are getting out of patience with Scott. We like the spirit of Congress. We want the rebellion crushed, and the traitors hung; and the sooner the better. Brag has been plenty at the South; pluck is lacking. We want it understood that we acknowledge no inferiority at the North. . . . . I still hope you will move on and CONQUER RICHMOND before you return—*but the hope is faint.*"

I must give this old man some credit for kindly feeling; for he only wishes that the Tories in the House of Representatives were "at Weathersfield working for a living."

The young soldier apparently must have grown tired even of his short service, for he consults his father respecting his chance of obtaining a situation of an easier and more lucrative kind under Government. His father replies with characteristic sagacity:—

"I hope there will be a clearing out of the Augean Stable soon. Congress seems determined to sweep out Secessionists, as they ought. If so, your application should be made immediately. The Government, and others, would write Mr.

Welles. If no application, or very few, have come from the eastern part of the State, you would be likely to succeed."

A correspondent at Wilton waxes warm, and even wroth, perhaps having imbibed too much during "the glorious 4th of July," which he tells his friend had just passed over. Then, as if to "improve the occasion,"—after the manner of dissenting preachers,—he dashes off into declamatory eloquence, and puts a number of interrogatives, to which he himself replies:—

"What," he indignantly asks, "did we celebrate the 4th of July for? In commemoration of our freedom" (italicised) "from British chains. I ask, are we a free people to-day? Far from it. Our brethren are already in the field, waiting to meet *that old devil, J.D., let loose from that hot h—l-hole of Southern slavery!*"

Then, in order to stimulate the patriotism of his friend, by the twofold consideration of country and pecuniary interest, he observes:—

"When you go to battle, remember the good old flag you are fighting under, and *how much it cost*; and do your duty to preserve it!"

Finally, the writer, after so much effervescence, grows flat and cool, and winds up his correspondence by observing:—

"Then you think you will come home when

your three months are out? How long before that expires? I hope you will live to come home, and no doubt you will. . . . . We are now getting in hay—a little different from a soldier's life. Mowing is different from *shooting*: is not that so?"

Another letter, dated from the "National Hotel, Washington, July 16," is addressed to one "Carrie Dear." On the top of the note paper is a coloured print representing an artillerist firing a gun, over which floats the American Stars and Stripes. This communication is interesting for several reasons. It describes the *status* of the Northern soldiers, and the privations which they undergo. The writer appears to be more inspired by Venus than by Mars, and even hints that he might desert the service of the latter for that of the former. He also boasts of his constancy to "Carrie," and indulges in sentimental reverie at times, and even matrimonial anticipations:—

"At last a line from you was received, it showed marks of much travel the envelope was worn through showing plainly a long and cercuitous march; 'twas, oh, how welcome! You cannot conceive what a lone wilderness it is here, all home connections sundered, none but rough savage men for companions, and men you know I never admired for associates, but now nothing but men, I have not *spoken* to any female since I left the state of Maine. Strange state of things for me. Carrie dear, did you know how short was your letter a few words and all was ended. Did you think

how the value of letters increased, with increase of distance? Surrounded constantly with the confusion of camps, the din of preparation for war, the bugle almost daily sounding the advance, Could you for one minuote been an observer of the scene our regiment presented at Alexandria. We got into the Depot, about mid-night, a thousand weary men, dropped down upon the floor, literally paving it with living, sleeping forms soon might have been seen an officer, distinguished by a green *Sash*, showing him to be a Surgeon, walking up & down trying to find a *bare* place, about six feet by two, but in vain I wrapped my over-coat round me, & wandered out on the streets of Alexandria, but but was soon brought to a halt by the hoarse orders of a Zouave sentinel, to, *stand.* He struck a match & looked me ovet said all was right, invited me to their guard house, offered me a blanked on the floor of the famous Marshell Hous, which is used for a guard house now. I was soon in a profound snoze, & slept till the bugle sounded the advance. My first experience on sleeping on a *blanket.* There was but little poetry, that could be squezed out of the performance. It was however better than a bed in the gutter or on the sidewalk. No breakfast no dinner, hard beef & bread for supper. But no metter I am in excellent health, & that makes allelse right. I cannot tell you where to direct your next letter, but will when I get settled let you know. but how *long* you waited It seemed an age, is it always ones fate when far away to be forgotten almost. The past shines up brightly in my evening reverie & home pleasures, & loved ones scenes past never to be forgotten intrude constantly, not unwelcome reminesceces, will never while life lasts be forgotten. When a home & loved ones never shall once be my own, shall never more desire to wonder, the time will soon pass away, but shall I find all as I left? or will the cold glance of scarce recollection greet me, when this long anticipated time comes. If such should be my fate my stay will be short, & would not nor could not live

where all could serve only to recall the happy past, which could only add a pang to the then present. I know it will not be so, & will not indulge in thoughts like these."

A lady who signs herself "Jane" writes from Morristown to her "absent, though not forgotten Charley." After describing a volunteer regiment that had just left that town for the Seat of War, she somewhat ominously observes:—

"It was a solemn sight to see fathers carrying their sons to the field of battle, to suffer they know not how much—*to be buried they know not where!*"

In the same letter I find a simple, but somewhat ridiculous, request, viz.—

"I would like your miniature *after* you get your uniform;" with the intimation, "you should have mine, if I had it."

A wife writes thus to her husband from South Norwalk:—

"Dear James—I am very sorry to hear that you have to go to war; but I trust in God you will come back safe. . . I see the newspapers every day, and see how many there is killed and wounded; it makes me feel so bad, that I almost think every day a week long, until your *time is up!*"

A poor, lonely wife, whom no feeling of patriotism can reconcile to her newly-bereaved condition, writes from South Norwalk (July 14)

to her spouse, in a strain which admirably combines the *sauviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.* The letter is worthy of being reproduced :—

"Deare Husband. I received youre letter safe and was glad you did not sufer much. the money com in good time. i had bought two pigs and wos hard up for cash. times is hard heard and money shose skerce. i wont you to write and lett me know *what time you will be home* sos I can get som close made ready fur you. I wear ben to church. herd Brother woley preach. the Rev. Doctor tod is Dead. I heve tarying with me a lady and she comenc a select school hear tomorrow. little mary is not well to day. I heav a good menny chickings and the cow is first rate and I wont you *to come home as soon as posable.* time semes so long sinse you went away. wee are all well. except mary. we think it is babby sore mouth. she never had it before. so good by from your wife. SARAH JANE."

What a pity the poor fellow did not receive this letter! He would have been undone as quickly and effectually as Sampson in the hands of Delilah! He might be enabled to withstand the blandishments of woman; might, perhaps, be moved somewhat by patriotic principles; but the probability is, that the "cow" and the "chickings" would absorb all minor considerations.

Another wife addresses her husband (belonging to the 3d Washington Regiment) in the following strain; and the same burden runs through most of the feminine correspondence :—

"If you want to march anywhere, march home.

This is the place for you. Oh! when will you be home? I am afraid you will never be home if you go with the rest. Oh, don't go—don't!"

An individual, the intellectual and moral *calibre* of whose mind is far from being of an exalted order, thus writes from Norwalk to his "friend Charles:"—

"I want You to come home. donte you enlist in any damed cavelry, to Hell with them. when Youre time is up, come home, where you can have Youre," etc.

I must make a *hiatus* here, as the context is unfit for publication. This letter, which is written on a folio sheet of paper, was subsequently presented by me to the Hon. Mr. Brown, Assistant-Secretary of State.

A wife, who does not sign her name, addresses her husband, and urges his return, as follows:—

"W. Meriden July 16th 1861

"Dear Husband since I wrote you this morning I have heard that the Gentleman from Meriden buisness were to have all of the rigments unlist over a gain I want you to write and tell me if you are a going to stay there any longer then your three mounth out do not stay if you get a thousand a mounth unless you want to get rid of me for I cannot stay hear in so much excitement much longer for I am all wore out. now I have be sick a most all of the time since you left home do not stay I want you to write me as soon as you get this and give me a desided answer so I may now what to depend a pon So Good by My Dear for the present"

One "Harry" addresses his cousin "Will Morton," from Boston, informing him of the motive which induced him to turn soldier, and the reason why he is deterred; neither, however, are flattering to his patriotism. He remarks:—

"Will Morton, you do not know how I wish I were going with you. *Business is nowhere these times.* Mother is afraid I shall go, and I should go if it was not for Mary, and it has taken all her power now to keep me at home. If I could leave her *well provided for* I would go instanter; but, Morton, these women think war is awful, and *so it* is; and it is also hard for mother to part with son, and wife with husband—but who does not wish to rush to sustain the glorious *flag*, and save the country from the ruthless invader and tyrant? . . . . It is a great honour, indeed, to fight for one's country, and to fight under such a Commander-in-chief as General Scott. Oh! may he be spared to carry us through this trying scene!"

A soldier is addressed by his wife, from "Durham, July 9," who signs her letter, "One who pines to see you." This "loving wife" grows very facetious, and manifests none of the indications of sorrow. She writes thus:—

"Uncle wants to see you when you get back. Abbie must up and be sick last night—hot enough

to kill folks—she has got a sonny this time. Don't you wish you was papa? this hot weather, and would it suit you? Don't despair. Better times coming, when the war is over. Don't you think so?"

"All I can offer you is a blanket," said General Beauregard to me, as we were parting for the night; and certainly I did not expect nor desire more. I had to put up with the same solitary covering, and a carpet-bag for a pillow, on former occasions; so with an oil-cloth under me, and a blanket in which to enwrap myself, with the stars for torches, I should have luxuriated on the green sward as much as the epicure who courts the yielding softness of a downy couch. While my bed was arranging, I turned out of tent and perched myself on the garden fence, where I smoked my meerschaum like a philosopher, meantime ruminating, amid the darkness and stillness, upon the eventful contest of the previous Sunday, and anon

"Watching the flight of bodies of light;"

although, unlike the sage in the song, keeping midnight vigils, there was no danger of my mistaking lustrous feminine orbs for their sister spheres! Shortly, one of Afric's swarthy sons announced the agreeable intelligence—

"All is ready, massa!"

When, having grown tired of abstractions, I shook the ashes from out my pipe, and, leaving stars to romantic lovers, proceeded to my quarters. Here, to my surprise, within a comfortable tent, I found a camp-bedstead and a very cozy-looking bed indeed, prepared for my reception, with nothing worse to "murder sleep" than some large flies which, like evil-doers, seemed to dread the light, for they took refuge in the apex of the marquée, and evidently felt uneasy.

Having undergone the troublesome operation of undressing—thanks to our civilization, which necessitates many other inconveniences—I folded my garments and placed them on the foot of the bed, as chairs and wardrobes are luxuries not appurtenant to camps. I had only just reclined, and was upon the point of falling into the gentle embraces of Morpheus, when, with a sharp harsh sound, that almost set my teeth on edge, I found my support going from under me. By Jupiter! it was too bad! The canvas at one side of the bedstead had taken summary leave of the tiny nails that attached it to the timber frame-work; consequently I had no slight difficulty in maintaining my equilibrium during the night, which I succeeded in accomplishing by a number of "strategic movements," probably unknown

in military experience. The camp-bedstead had, to all appearance, never been used before, but it was now fairly "used up." So I perceived that military contractors were no better or more conscientious in Richmond than in other places—in the new than in the old country.

Next morning I rose rather early, although not with the lark—I wonder at what time this respectable bird goes to roost?—and took as extensive an ablution as was possible, considering that no bath-rooms or bath apparatus are attached to camps. I accomplished the troublesome routine of the toilet, too, without the aid of a looking-glass—a feat which would have been death to a woman! If ever Southern dames should take it into their heads to turn Amazons (the thing is not unlikely), and adopt any more formidable weapons than their own arms and tongues to stay the inroad of the enemy, trust me, a mirror is an article they will not dispense with.

After sniffing the morning air for awhile, and enjoying the quiet beauty of the landscape—for Nature in these regions appeared as calm as if the din of battle had never disturbed her serenity—breakfast was announced. For those who, like myself, are accustomed to take their first meal in bed, there is a particular charm in "going down to breakfast;" but it is a charm, nevertheless, which

diminishes with its frequency. The General and his Staff were all present at table, so, after interchanging no end of "good mornings," I prepared heartily to renew my physical powers. Although the table did not groan beneath the weight of luxuries, still there was a plenteous supply of necessary comforts—a fact which would scarcely obtain credence in the North, where the Southern army has been long represented as in a semi-state of starvation.

When this simple, but substantial repast was over, General Beauregard sent written instructions to his "aide," Colonel Chisolm, to conduct me over the battle-ground. For this purpose the General had kindly placed his private ambulance at my disposal; but as I was informed that such a conveyance could not possibly travel to some spots of interest on the field, owing to the absence of proper roads, nothing was left but to make "a virtue of necessity," and equestrianize. Now, this was a kind of exercise to which I had not been accustomed—for my ambition in this way never reached higher than a mule's back; and my equestrian experience was hitherto entirely confined to scaling a few Swiss mountains, and journeying from Turin to Superga—the burial-place of the Sardinian Kings—on the species of quadruped already mentioned. At length a pretty little nag

was saddled for my use—a quiet, docile creature, warranted not to run away with its rider, or indulge in eccentricities with its hind legs. So I mounted the animal, and made a tentative attempt at horsemanship—although not without some degree of misgiving, I confess. Of course, I endeavoured to become "master of the situation," and to hold myself erect and look as much at ease as possible, thinking the while of John Gilpin and the ridiculous figure he cut on a similar occasion, to the astonishment of all the villagers.

We capered along at rather a slow pace at first, through fields and woods, down declivities, and over streams—where sometimes the animal I rode would persistently refuse to stir a step until I had slaked its thirst, notwithstanding all the pettings and coaxings, *à la* Rarey, and sundry kicks in the side, which it received. Sometimes, as I passed stray groups of citizen-soldiers—who invariably gave the military salute—I fancied that they took particular notice of my unskilled horsemanship; but I consoled myself by the reflection, that they were but novices in military experience, as I was in the new art to which I aspired.

Colonel Chisolm finally apprized me that we were in close proximity to the battle-field—a fact, indeed, easily perceptible from the intolerable effluvia which assailed my nostrils. Here my

reflections became sombre and solemn—for horror gives horrent shapes to thought—and the enormity of civil war seized upon my mind with absorbing force—an internecine war for which there was no necessity, and which has thrown all Europe into commotion. "Good Heavens!" thought I, "and is it thus that the Great Republic has ended?—the "Model Republic," of which Americans have been so justly proud, and which monarchical nations have so long regarded with interest and respect?"

It was not long ere I arrived at the spot where the mighty action was fought which has shed glory on the Southern arms, and given an European *prestige* to the Confederacy that, perhaps, it could not otherwise—or, at least, so readily have obtained. The country that but a few days before had looked so luxuriantly beautiful, now appeared blighted. Rich corn-crops were trodden down and destroyed by the hoofs of cavalry and the tread of infantry; while exuberant meadow-fields were upturned as if a ploughshare had been driven through them. The deep ruts made by gun carriage and waggon-wheels were perceptible everywhere; and everything indicated that a fierce and terrible conflict had lately taken place. Numerous dead bodies of the enemy, too, lay about in all directions, the intense

heat of the sun rendering them intolerable to approach. I became forcibly reminded of what General Beauregard observed to me some hours before :—

"The Northern hordes come to invade our soil; but the portion I shall give each man is *six feet by two!*"

Some of the enemy's batteries I also observed in position, with the horses attached to them, lying lifeless and weltering in the very places where they had fallen. The fields and roads from Stone Bridge, and along the Turnpike-road to Centreville, bore numerous traces of the sanguinary rencontre. The ground was literally covered with bandages, bloody garments, coats, caps, canteens, wadding, shoes, stockings, and other wearing apparel, besides rations; and here and there dead horses, and portions of artillery-carriages, caissons, and ambulances. In some places I noticed clots of blood which so saturated the earth, that the incessant heavy rain of the previous Monday did not obliterate the crimson stains. Although in the dread presence of death—and death so inexpressibly terrible to look upon—the sight of the shoes and stockings (and even more indispensable articles, needless to particularize) was too much for my risibility to resist. Imagination vividly conjured up the "Grand Army" divesting

themselves of these slight, and even necessary encumbrances, in order to facilitate their flight, which, no doubt, was accelerated by the impression that Beauregard, by the employment of Faustic skill, had erected "masked batteries in the air"—an idea for which I am indebted to the General himself.

Having reached the encampment of the 17th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Chisolm and myself alighted and partook of some slight refreshment, kindly furnished to us by Colonel Withers, who took an honourable and onerous part in the recent affray. The sun was scorchingly hot, so a draught of new sweet milk was very acceptable, and tasted like the nectar of the gods. I then sat down on the grass, under the shade of a tree, with several officers, smoked a pipe, and listened to sundry interesting reminiscences of the previous fight. Subsequently Colonel Withers accompanied me to his marquée, where I was presented to a wounded officer, Colonel Wood, of the Brooklyn Zouaves, to whom the utmost attention and kindness had been extended. That very morning—fully three days after the battle—the unfortunate sufferer was accidentally discovered in a neighbouring thicket, whither he had crawled after being disabled. A few of his command remained with

him, attended to his wounds, and brought him water—the only refreshment they could procure. This is a deed of soldierly heroism worthy of being recorded.

I had some desultory conversation with the wounded officer, who appeared so gentlemanly and amiable, that I was not surprised to learn he was highly esteemed by his command.

"How much better," said I to him, "that a milder measure than war should have been resorted to, and that the unfortunate differences which have severed both sections of the country should have been met by mutual concessions?"

"Indeed," said the poor exhausted man, with a look so piteous that it penetrated my very soul—"indeed, better it had been so. We might have done without bloodshed what we yet shall be obliged to do even with it!"

Colonel Wood seemed deeply sensible of the kindness and hospitality shown to him by an enemy at whose hands he was led to expect no mercy, and from whose hearts no compassion. I was credibly informed that the Federal prisoners in Southern hospitals have frequently wept, owing to the uniformly kind manner in which they had been treated. It seems, I fear, a prevalent idea with Northerners that the Confederate soldiers are destitute of the common

feelings and amenities of humanity; and that no quarter need be expected should the fortune of war place them at their mercy.

"Kill me if you like," observed a wounded man to a Southerner, who approached him as he was lying helpless on the field—"Kill me if you like. I am a true citizen and Southerner, but was forced into the thing! Kill me if you like!"

After taking farewell of Colonel Withers and his officers, we set out on further explorations.

As we proceeded to Centreville I found the same indications of a bloody conflict that I had met with during the former portion of my journey: rich fields trodden down, corn crops destroyed, houses burnt to the ground—a species of Vandalism intolerable in the nineteenth century!

In yonder cottage dwelt an aged bed-ridden woman and two grown daughters, who surely thought that no one would be cruel enough to injure or disturb them. The helpless woman was shot in her bed!

Observe that farm-house on the right. It looks very unpretentious, and plainly indicates that the owner is but a struggling man. The Federalists entered here, robbed the poor fellow of two horses, spoiled his farm, and took every portion of food provided for himself, his wife and

a family of eight children, some of them mere infants—so that for twenty-four hours, or longer, they had no means whatever of procuring food. I had this intelligence from the lips of the injured man himself. Here also I ascertained the following incidents:—

Mr. Alfred Ely, member of the United States' Congress, during the rout lay down in a field, and pretended to be asleep. Upon being discovered by one of General Beauregard's "aides," he held out his hand in friendly recognition of a former friend, which questionable mark of friendship was indignantly spurned. When taken prisoner he alleged as an excuse that "he had only come out to see the fight!"—an expression of feeling which was appreciated as it deserved.

Some time after the rout began, Miles' reserve made a stand on the heights above Centreville; but as the scattered army approached the wing broke, and pushed on towards Alexandria.

A commissary-sergeant, who had been shot by a Federal picket, had on his person seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold. From a note-book found in his pocket, it appeared that he was engaged in administering the oath of allegiance to Northern soldiers, for which the authorities allowed him twenty-five cents a-piece.

I continued my ride in company with Colonel

Chisolm, visiting sundry hospitals, temporarily improvised, and depôts for the reception of the enemy's waggons, stores, etc., abandoned on the field, until I arrived at General Longstreet's head-quarters at Centreville, eight miles distant from Manassas Junction. Here luncheon was promptly prepared for us by the hospitable and brave soldier, whose name will long be remembered in connection with the battle of Blackburn Ford (at which he commanded) as well as with that of Manassas, or Bull Run. The luncheon formed a portion of the manubial stores left behind during the precipitate flight of Sunday, and consisted of preserved tripe—a very delicate dish, reader, I assure you. They apparently preserve everything well in the North except the Constitution; but this, having been so fingered and fly-blown, has, for a long time, savoured of corruption, which, I fear, no available antiseptic can restore, even if attempted by the most experienced political manipulator. I cannot well tell how it was I so relished that tripe. Human nature is a heterogeneous amalgamation—a combination of incongruities—an incomprehensible mass of conflicting elements. Was the delicious flavour I experienced an intrinsic component of this delicate, delicious edible?—or was it entirely, or even partially, produced by the subtle consciousness of

how it had been procured? Verily, I cannot answer. All I know is, that I enjoyed it immensely. This savoury edible having been followed by a copious draught of brandy and water —very necessary to assist digestion, and keep up the exudatory action of the body's surface during such a warm season—General Longstreet directed my attention to the little Episcopal Church on the hill, within a few yards of the camp, which he recommended me to visit.

After a little, I acted upon the General's suggestion, and was perfectly horrified upon beholding the sacrilegious manner in which an edifice, devoted to the worship of the Omnipotent, had been desecrated and polluted by the Federal troops, who had been quartered therein on the night preceding the battle. There can be no palliation for such a crime. I do not believe that an army of invading barbarians would have thus done violence to the religious feelings and sentiments of the human family. Several soldiers and some civilians were in the church when I entered, having astonishment depicted on their countenances. I found every portion of the walls covered over with writing, even to those of the vestry; while as much of the ceiling as could be reached from the pulpit and gallery was also defaced. For the most part the disfigurement consisted of simple signatures, many of them German; but in several

instances I noticed lengthy sentences, grossly abominable expressions (in large characters), and the most disgustingly obscene figures drawn on the walls, and even on the wood-work of the gallery. The very neighbourhood of the altar was not respected, for, in close proximity to it, I observed the words—

"Death to Traitors! thus saith the Lord!" together with a cartoon, representing President Davis suspended by the neck, elucidated by the sententious sentence, "J. D., the son of a ——!"

"Death to Secessionists!" however, seemed to have been the favourite motto, for I noticed it inscribed everywhere.

The following sentence, being more pretentious than the rest, I copied into my note-book. It was written in the centre of the wall, at the right-hand side of the altar:—

"Citizens of Virginia, your cowardly acts will certainly fall upon your own heads. You will, like Haman, be hanged upon your own gallows! You will find that the way of transgressors is hard, and that the war, which you have brought on by your own acts, will leave your native homes desolate, and many of your rebellious brothers sleeping in traitors' graves.

"A Supporter of the Constitution of the U. S. A., and a Lover of the Old Stars and Stripes."

"A Daniel come to judgment," truly! What a contrast this blatant prophecy presents to the ignominious "stampede" that took place a few short hours after all this was written! *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.* I was struck by one sentence underneath that already quoted; and as it is worthy (from the contrast it presents and the moral it conveys) of more extensive circulation than it can possibly obtain in the village church where now it cannot be read by those for whose special benefit it was intended, I trust Colonel Withers will excuse me for thus giving such prominence and publicity to his name:—

"John Withers, 17th Virginia Volunteers, takes it upon himself to say, that the writing upon the wall is a sure indication of the qualities of the Vandal hordes of Abolitionists whom true Southern MEN are fighting against."

Whilst engaged in examining the "handwriting on the wall,"—which on another occasion was the precursor of terrible disasters—I met with the worthy Mayor of Richmond, Mr. Mayo, to whom I was presented. This gentleman seemed greatly affected at the painful and disgusting sight, and proposed to handsomely remunerate anybody who would carefully copy all the inscriptions and figures in the church. He is an admirable representative of the civic office, and his good-fellowship and

portly figure forcibly reminded me of a London turtle-loving Lord Mayor.

I was glad to turn out of the church, for my eyes had grown weary and my heart pained at the sights I witnessed, which I could not have believed possible had I not ocular demonstration of the fact. I rode to head-quarters by the same route I had come, with the exception of passing over the battle-ground of Blackburn's Ford, where but few and slight indications remained of the gory fight of Thursday, the 18th July, beyond the torn-up ground and some bullet-marks in trees. It was a memorable journey—one never to be forgotten.

I returned to head-quarters rather fatigued, my mind, too, being burdened with sombre and solemn impressions. Shortly afterwards "supper" was announced, to which I repaired with anything but a vivid appetite. General Beauregard questioned me as to the impressions I had formed during the day's excursion, and I endeavoured to answer the brave soldier's inquiries to the best of my ability. Conversation finally assumed a discursive character. Upon asking how it happened that the enemy had left his dead in such numbers unburied on the field, I was informed that a flag of truce had been sent in, accompanied by a dispatch addressed "To the General Commanding

Forces at Manassas," for permission to perform the usual rite of sepulture, which request was refused, as the document in question had been improperly and even offensively superscribed. Thus, in order to gratify personal vanity, and to maintain a ridiculous etiquette and the assumption of military superiority, the feelings and duties of humanity were ignobly set aside by the Commanders of the Federal army. So the enemy's dead were left for several days together, festering in the sun and polluting the atmosphere for miles around, until an opportunity offered for their interment.

Next morning I prepared to take my departure; but General Beauregard, my kind host, prevailed on me to prolong my visit until the following Saturday, as he was desirous that I should view the "gory field of fight" once more in company with himself. I, of course, gladly acquiesced.

After breakfast, which consisted of a very plain meal, plainly served, I passed an agreeable hour with the General in his private room. This answered the double purpose of a study and sleeping apartment. It was sparsely furnished, and a number of maps and plans ornamented the walls, and lay scattered upon the table. Here the whole programme of the recent battle was lucidly ex-

plained to me, the General pointing out on the plan he had himself drawn the principal places of interest. He appeared chagrined that the non-arrival of a dispatch to General Ewell should have disconcerted his pre-arranged movements—"Otherwise," he observed, "the battle would not have lasted three hours, for I should have cut the enemy's centre, and taken one-third of the Federal army prisoners."

The remainder of the day until dusk I spent wandering along the lines, inspecting the fortifications, which stretch along for several miles in an easterly and westerly direction, and, from their strength and position, can be effectually defended against assault by a comparatively small force. These works were laid down under the direction of Beauregard himself, who as a military engineer has few compeers. Curiosity prompted me to visit the depôts in which the enemy's batteries had been placed. I reckoned sixty-two pieces of ordnance, consisting of parrot-guns of various calibre, Dahlgrens, brass rifled guns, besides caissons complete, travelling forges, and battery waggons. Now and again my meditations would be disturbed and my peregrinations interrupted by a loud, sonorous voice calling out—

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Which inquiry I usually satisfied by answering,

"Friend," and shewing my "pass" from the General in command.

It is not altogether safe for a civilian, especially if not dressed in a semi-military garb, to wander about in such a locality by himself. Since the battle of Manassas, a gentleman was assaulted by a party of drunken soldiers—some "black sheep" in the Southern fold—and nearly left for dead. He was travelling on one of the adjacent roads in a "buggy," with the object of coming into camp to see his son, who had volunteered into the Confederate service. These inebriated fellows would insist that the stranger was a "Yankee," and no protestation he could make to the contrary had the slightest effect in altering their preconceived notion both as regarded the man and his motives. An encounter accordingly took place, and the unoffending and loyal subject of the Confederacy received a severe but not fatal wound. The assailants, I am happy to say, were discovered, and met with their due deserts, while the unfortunate object of their dastardly attack received the promptest and best attention it was possible to bestow.

Sometimes the pickets, after being relieved from duty, indulged in the dangerous practice of firing off their rifles, without taking the precaution to point them upwards. While riding

along a road close to one of the outposts, a bullet whizzed right over my head. I could not see it, of course, but I heard the peculiar whistling sound distinctly, and I was conscious that the deadly missile was rather within too close proximity.

I reached head-quarters before dusk, not deeming it safe to prolong my excursion later. The slender stock of food I carried in my haversack, and my supply of diluted rye whiskey, became exhausted early in the day; so I had a two-fold object in reaching my destination in proper time. General Beauregard and his Staff were in high spirits during "supper," which was prolonged considerably beyond the usual time. I observed to the General —

"The enemy came to plant his Stars and Stripes upon your soil, but you gave him the *stripes* without the stars!" a sentiment which he flatteringly acknowledged.

Upon remarking that the ladies of Richmond were determined, when the opportunity offered, "to kiss the General to death!" he pleasantly replied:—

"Oh, I couldn't stand that! 'Tis too bad!—and from a married man too!"

Upon one gentleman expressing his regret that the battle of *Bull Run* had not a designation more worthy of historical record, and of being handed

down to posterity, Beauregard tritely remarked:—

"Why, it will do very well to associate with *Cowpen!*"

During the evening the General amused us all by narrating a circumstance of which he had just been informed. A lady occupying a farmhouse some few miles distant, had, by the display of much courage and the employment of a little stratagem, made some half-dozen Federal soldiers prisoners on the previous Sunday. While the battle was raging these men, in couples and singly, had come to the house in question for the purpose of procuring water or some other refreshment. They were kindly welcomed by the chivalrous hostess, invited into the parlour or some other apartment, and duly supplied with every comfort. Meanwhile, they were requested to lay down their arms, which they unsuspectingly did, when a sharp negro servant at once pounced upon the weapons and removed them out of sight. By and bye, when the martial visitors manifested a disposition to depart, their fair captor assumed rather a defiant attitude, naïvely assured them that they were her prisoners; and, pointing a revolver towards her surprised victims, informed them that she should "put a ball through the first man that moved!" The poor fellows were wonderfully chapfallen and duly submissive; and

were held in durance of a solitary amazon, until, after the fortunes of the day had been decided, intelligence of the affair was conveyed to one of the Confederate officers, when they were removed in custody of a military guard.

After breakfast on the morning of Saturday, General Beauregard and his numerous Staff, attended by a strong escort of cavalry, set out for the purpose of inspecting the field and the various troops encamped around. I had the pleasure of accompanying them, upon a horse lately in the possession of the United States' army, a well-trained animal, but disagreeable to ride. The sight was an imposing one, although the General and his "aides" were dressed very plainly, and almost devoid of those trappings which in Europe are considered indispensable to officers of distinction.

Subsequently we were joined by Generals Johnston, Evans, Jones, Longstreet, and Colonel Hampton, who was slightly wounded in the late engagement with the enemy. As we all rode along at rather a rapid pace, the few country people and visitors we encountered turned up their eyes in amazement; under the impression, probably, that we were going to enter Washington! As we approached each encampment the troops turned out, presented arms, and cheered, when

General Beauregard dashed along the lines in fine military style, and, cap in hand, duly and gracefully bowed his acknowledgments.

When we arrived on the field of battle, I met a party of Federal prisoners, under guard, who had, during that morning, been scouring the woods, in order to discover and inter the remainder of the slain. I heard the captain in command observe that, up to that time, his men had buried eighty bodies. After being earnestly reminded that every kindness possible, consistent with discipline, should be extended to the prisoners, Governor Manning, one of Beauregard's "aides," procured some brandy from a flask he carried, and politely tendered it to the officer, who received the favour gladly, and no doubt derived considerable benefit from the exhilirating draught, which, under the circumstances, must have been particularly agreeable.

Later in the afternoon, after having visited every locality of interest—such as the spots where General Bartow, Colonel Johnson, and other brave officers fell—Brigadier-General Evans invited us all to partake of refection at his headquarters. A very substantial repast was in readiness, with copious accessories in the shape of good liquor—to which, there can be no harm in observing, most of us did ample justice. I noticed

Beauregard suddenly leave the apartment which we all occupied. A few moments afterwards an orderly entered, who informed me that the General requested my presence in an adjoining room. I followed the messenger, and found General Beauregard supporting himself on one knee, by the bedside of a wounded officer. After introducing me to the poor fellow, whose name is Lieutenant Carey, (grand-nephew to President Jefferson), of Major Wheat's battalion, the General requested me to note down the statement of the valiant soldier. I complied, and these are almost his very words :—

" Having been severely wounded in the leg and abdomen, I lay on the field fainting from loss of blood. While in this condition I was approached by an officer of the Federal army, who unceremoniously demanded my bowie knife. I delivered it up upon his solicitation. He next requested my revolver, which I refused to part with. He drew his sword, pointed it over me, and threatened to take my life. Immediately, with the little strength I had left, I seized my revolver and shot him through the heart; for I knew his intention was to kill me. He fell right on me, and held me in his death-grasp for an hour, until I was discovered by my own men, and removed from the field !"

This story fully supports the statements I have frequently heard, that the usual *etiquette* of warfare, so to speak, has been disregarded by Northern soldiers. Nothing more of interest transpired during the day. As the shades of evening closed, I arrived, with the General and his attendants, at head-quarters, where I sought relief in repose, for which my equestrian exercises particularly disposed me. Early next morning I departed for Richmond, having sustained no further mishap at Manassas than that of being excessively sunburnt.

CHAPTER III.

STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING NORTH AND SOUTH—HOSPITALS AND PRISONS.

Anticipated Victory—Unity of the South—Scene in Congress—"General" Greeley—"The Biggest Coward in the World"—Belligerents in Congress—A Demonstration—An Irish Captain—An Amusing Incident—"Booty and Beauty"—Defeat before Battle—Sick and Wounded—Federal Outrages—Violating Parole—The Sutler System—Treatment of Prisoners—Ingratitude of Prisoners.

THE horrors and carnage of war having been brought forcibly before the public mind, after months of painful expectation and preparation, anxiety and sorrow quickly found their way to many a heart where such guests had almost hitherto been strangers. Mothers mourned in hopeless anguish for their sons; sisters grieved for their brothers, cut off in the prime of life; wives were inconsolable for their husbands, who went to protect

their homes, but found graves while defending their native soil. Those who were not prostrated by bereavement were bowed down by anxiety; for who could tell how soon they, also, might have to lament the loss of those they held most dear on earth. Yet, notwithstanding this wide-spread desolation and solicitude, there was no fruitless repining heard. With the magnanimity of heroes —I had almost said, the fortitude of saints—deep griefs were patiently borne; such, indeed, as might well blanch the ruddiest cheek, and subdue the stoutest heart. I doubt whether patriotism could have been displayed in a more powerful or pleasing form; or whether it is embedded more deeply in the hearts of any people. The love of country and the thirst for independence to me appeared indigenous to the Southern constitution; and no sacrifices, no matter how serious or sacred, were regarded as too dear for the purchase and possession of such blessings.

The remarkable victory of the 21st July continued for several weeks the one absorbing idea. Speculation was on tip-toe as to what *moral* effect it would have on the "Grand Army of the Union," and as to the manner in which the startling intelligence would be received in Europe. How far the defeat of the Northern arms has operated against the Washington Cabinet, the journals of

that section plainly testify. The "short and decisive war" that Mr. Lincoln hoped to realize, when he called for four hundred thousand additional troops, and four million of dollars, was simply the unsubstantial, impracticable creation of his own mind.

For several months previous, the best equipped army ever raised on Northern soil had been preparing to enter the Confederate capital—the war-cry being, "On to Richmond!" It was composed of experienced "regulars" and well-trained volunteers. It was furnished with the most improved rifles, an abundant supply of ammunition, and supported by several powerful batteries of light and heavy calibre. Its progress was marked by an egotistic flourish of trumpets. Its banner—"The Stars and Stripes that never knew defeat!"—was regarded as the signal of victory, and viewed as reverentially and confidently as Godfrey did the supernatural empyrean symbol that led him and the Crusaders on to the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre—"*In hoc signo vincit.*" Senators and "ladies of quality" came in carriages, attended by out-riders, to witness the extermination of the "rebel hordes," and to enjoy a champagne banquet while the sanguinary tragedy was being enacted.

The best positions had been selected, and

excellent generalship displayed in the deployment of the troops. Some thirty-five thousand men were arranged in line of battle, with reserves to the extent of as many thousands more. Fifteen thousand Confederate troops, (exclusive of reserves), ill-disciplined, and but indifferently supplied with the indispensable appliances of warfare, had to measure swords with a vastly superior enemy. And what was the result? Why, that after eight or ten hours' hard fighting, attended by great slaughter, the "Grand Army" was hopelessly scattered, utterly demoralized, and ignominiously driven from the field, *en route* for Washington, leaving almost everything they possessed behind. Thus did an army whom it had taken four months to march from the Federal capital to Manassas, march back again to their "old settlement" in nearly as many hours!

Since Xerxes was defeated and routed at Platea, no battle has been fought so dramatic in its preparation, its action, and its results. The objects and character of the contending forces were the same. On the one side, boastful denunciations, and luxurious preparations for anticipated easy victory, manacles with which to bind prisoners, and all the pomp and parade of the camp. On the other side, modest simplicity of manner, confidence in the justness of their cause,

inflexible resolve, and heroic courage. The Southern States, like those of Greece, are inhabited by men of one race, speaking one and the same language, inspired by one and the same purpose, imbued with the same patriotic spirit, resolved upon driving the invader from their soil, or perishing in the attempt. Greece fought to maintain her liberty against those who came to subjugate her; and she succeeded most nobly. The South did more. Her sons fought to recover liberty, and for the establishment of their country's independence; so that she might take a proud place among the nations of the earth. Those who fought at Manassas will remember that day with pride, and commemorate it with festivity. They will "gentle their condition," and speak as exultingly of their prowess as Henry V., in anticipation of the victory of Agincourt:—

"He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered;
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap, while any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

A few days after the battle of Bull Run, some copies of the *New York Herald* of the 22nd July, reached Richmond. In that issue appeared large head-lines, announcing a "Glorious Victory!"—"Defeat of the Rebels!" etc., with leading articles to correspond, manifestly written on the previous Sunday, in anticipation of the Federal army being in possession of the "rebel" capital. Such a palpable misrepresentation of facts did not, however, appear to surprise the Southern people, as they put no faith in the verity or honesty of the leading "sensation" journal, whose sudden advocacy of the Lincoln policy, and of *outré* Republicanism, they considered more the result of coercion than principle — of mob-terrorism than either the

sacred dictates of conscience or the pure impulses of patriotism.

The chagrin and disappointment felt in the North, especially at Washington, when the Government allowed the telegrams of the disaster to the Federal army to be made public, was as wide-spread and excessive as the rejoicing throughout the Southern States. Everybody attributed the disgraceful defeat to everybody else, and to everything but the proper cause. The Northern public put the *onus* of the disaster on "General" ("Massa") Greeley, who had for a long time been hounding on the populace and the army to the attack in the rabid columns of the *Tribune*. Even General Winfield Scott endeavoured to shift the burden on the shoulders of the Administration; who, in return, flung it back again upon his own.

On the 24th of July a most exciting, and, indeed, disgraceful scene occurred in the Congressional Session at Washington, with reference to this subject. Mr. Richardson, the Kentucky representative, in defending the Commander-in-Chief against the attacks of some members in the House, observed:—

"The men from the Northern States, who aided and encouraged the organization of the Breckenridge party, are at the head of our army to-day,

Butler, of Massachusets; Dix, of New York; Patterson, of Pennsylvania; and Cadwallader—all of them were in this movement to break down and disorganize the Democratic party and the Government of the country. Why is this so? Did not the Douglas party furnish you one-half of your entire army? Where is your General? Where is your chief man in command to-day? He belongs to that party. Have you, Republicans, sympathized with this Breckenridge party? Are you sympathizing with them now, and lending your aid and influence to the men who led our armies into misfortune and disgrace? I ask you to look at these things. I have spoken with feeling, because I feel, and feel deeply. You have at the head of your army a man who carried your flag through the war of 1812, and through the war with Mexico, with a strategy unequalled in the annals of warfare. You have sought to disgrace him, and you have sought to impair the public confidence in him. He fought this battle over here, which was so disastrous to our army, against his judgment. Who caused it? You forced it upon him. And I tell you now, that unless you rally around him the great fighting army of the North, which is Democratic, he will not support you. I tell you that, when you look over the list of the military men of the earth, you

will find that he is the greatest of them all. He fought the battle of Sunday last against his judgment, and in opposition to the plans he had formed. The strategy of General Scott was the finest ever planned; and had he not been forced to precipitate an engagement he would have won a victory without fighting a battle."

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa—"Who upon this side—what American citizen, has impugned the character of General Scott, and where is the man now who is not willing and anxious to march under his banner? Who could hope at this time to succeed that great General, who never lost a battle in the service of his country?"

Mr. Richardson—"I will reply, General Greeley—[Mr. Greeley is the editor of the *New York Tribune*]—(laughter)—who, I think, ought to be placed at the head of all your Generals appointed by Mr. Lincoln. He ought to be immediately dispatched to Richmond, and, according to his own account, he could do it. He has presumed to command General Scott, and to direct the whole movements of the army. If we could get rid of such men we would be doing a service. That is my opinion. I give it you, and charge you nothing for it." (Laughter.)

Mr. Curtis—"It cannot be said that I, or any

of my partners on this side, disapproved of the conduct of General Scott."

Mr. Richardson—"I have not charged the gentleman with having assailed General Scott. I would be amazed, indeed, to hear him question any military movement that General Scott makes. But when I have said that of my friend, and of a few other gentlemen upon that side, I have done. Again, I say, we have forced this battle upon General Scott, and it has been lost because you have forced it upon him; and I declare before God to-day, as my solemn conviction, that if this thing is to be permitted to continue, you destroy this Government for ever. I stand here in my place, and make the declaration, that if General Scott cannot conduct the war we have nobody that can. If he cannot by strategy, skill, and courage save this Government, it is impossible to save it."

Mr. Blair, of Missouri—"I desire to say a few words. Generals Butler, Patterson, and Cadwallader, were from the Breckenridge party. That two of these gentlemen were appointed by the Administration I believe to be correct: but General Butler came here as a Brigadier-General. It was Massachusets which first conferred that honour on him, and he was made a Major-General for putting down a mob."

Mr. Richardson—"I said four Generals were appointed from the Breckenridge, but none from the Douglas party; but I have no complaint."

Mr. Blair—"Of all the Douglas men who are qualified for such command, I have no doubt the gentleman is the first and best."

Mr. Richardson (bowing)—"I am very much obliged to you."

Mr. Blair—"The gentleman said that General Scott had been driven to risk a battle by gentlemen on this side; but nothing had been said here derogatory to that soldier. Is the Major-General fit to command, if he can be forced to battle against his own best judgment, and at the outcry of outsiders? Nobody on this side has said aught against General Scott. The charge came from the gentleman from Illinois, and it was derogatory in the highest degree."

Mr. Richardson—"I take it all back—(laughter). I repeat that General Scott had been forced to fight this battle. I will tell him what occurred yesterday morning. My colleagues, Messrs. Logan and Washburne, and myself were present with the President, Secretary of War, and General Scott. In the course of our conversation General Scott remarked, 'I am the biggest coward in the world!' I rose from my seat. 'Stay,' said General Scott, 'I will prove it. I

have fought the battle against my judgment, and I think the President ought to remove me to-day for doing it.' 'As God is my judge,' he added, after an interval of silence, 'I did all in my power to make the army efficient, and I deserve removal, because I did not stand up when I could, and did not.' I stand here to vindicate General Scott. I am indebted to the gentleman from Missouri for the compliment he paid me. I desire to say for myself that I am here the last of a generation, my father and grandfather having fallen beneath the flag of their country. I, too, have fought under its folds at home and abroad, and, God willing, there will I stand to the end of my life, defending it against all foes."

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois—"As my colleague has referred to General Scott's remarks, he might also allude to what the President said."

Mr. Richardson—"I will do so. 'Your conversation implies,' said the President to General Scott, 'that I forced you to battle.' To which General Scott replied, 'I have never served under a President who has been kinder to me than you have been.' But General Scott did not relieve the President from the fact of the latter having forced him to fight the battle. General Scott thus paid a compliment to the President personally, I desire to say of the President, that

I have known him from boyhood. If you let him alone he is an honest man. (Laughter.) But I am afraid he has not firmness to stand up against the politicians around him."

Besides the warm attack and defence of the impugners and defenders of General Scott, a personal altercation took place between belligerent parties in the House, which I reproduce from the report of the Congressional proceedings, as illustrative of the irascible and intense feelings that were evoked by the previous defeat of the Federal army:—

Mr. Richardson—"I have desired, during this entire Session, to say a word or two to my friend from Kentucky (Mr. Burnett). More than any other man in this House, he is responsible this day for the condition in which the country now finds itself. When he aided, by his counsel, advice, and co-operation, the divisions of the Democratic party at Charleston and Baltimore, he brought the existing calamity upon the Union. Sir, I have no regard for your position. You have stood with the Republicans, and have aided them in elevating Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency by dividing the Democratic party, and now you make that the pretext for the breaking up of the Government. I stand here and declare that fact in the face of the nation. It is true, sir. I understand it as

well as any man in this House or in this country."

Mr. Burnett—"Will the gentleman permit me to ask him a question?"

Mr. Richardson—"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Burnett—"The gentleman from Illinois surely does not mean to do me injustice?"

Mr. Richardson—"Of course not. I will intentionally do no man injustice."

Mr. Burnett—"Then, when the gentleman states that at Charleston I was engaged in plotting to break up the Democratic party, he states that of which he knows nothing; I had no agency or hand in it. I tell him, further, that when the Southern States' Delegations retired from the Charleston Convention, I was the only man, I believe, from any of the Slave States who went into the hall and made a speech appealing to them to come back."

Mr. Richardson—"I am not mistaken in the position I assume. I found the gentleman there in association and co-operation with those who brought dissension and subsequent destruction upon the party. I stand here and say, that for what I say I am responsible."

Mr. Burnett—"I say, then, to the gentleman, so far as responsibility is concerned, I never refuse to take it."

Mr. Richardson—"And I, so help me God—I am responsible, here and everywhere, for what I have said" (sensation and partial applause).

Mr. Burnett—"So am I, here and everywhere else."

The Speaker said if the demonstration were repeated, he would order the galleries to be cleared.

Mr. Richardson—"I hope they will be cleared, if there is another violation of the order of the House. I do not wish to push the gentleman from Kentucky. I do not desire to press upon him, and that is the furthest from my motives and from my purpose. I stand here to declare what I saw myself."

Mr. Burnett.—"I desire to say this to the gentleman from Illinois, that I will have no personal controversy with any gentleman on this floor. I have never had one, and I never intend to have one. If, though, the gentleman desires a personal controversy with me, and to make a personal issue with me, he cannot, sir, have it here—but he can have it anywhere else."

Mr. Richardson—"I say to the gentleman from Kentucky that I desire no personal controversy with anybody; but, if anybody desires a personal controversy with me, so help me God, he can have it anywhere!"

Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, rose to a point of order—"At this time of great public disaster, and with the enemy almost within cannon-shot of the Capitol, this personal altercation does not become the dignity of this House."

"The Chair desires that gentlemen will preserve order."

Mr. Richardson—"I have stated to the gentleman from Kentucky, as I will state to any gentleman, that I am not in quest of personal difficulties. I do not desire them, but I shall not shrink from them when they are presented. Born on that land where it is no credit to say of a man that he has personal courage, I have carried the lessons of my boyhood in Kentucky to my home in Illinois, and I trust I will adhere to them to the end of my days. I fear no man that ever walked the face of God Almighty's earth. I have spoken of this conspiracy to break up the Democratic party, and I have said that the gentleman from Kentucky was in it. I know the fact, and I will not permit him to shrink from it."

Mr. Burnett—"Let me tell the gentleman, once for all, when he talks to me——"

Mr. Richardson (vehemently)—"I know you were in it, and that is enough."

The Speaker—"Does the gentleman yield."

Mr. Richardson—"I will yield to no such man."

Such is a forcible illustration of the wounded pride and tortured feeling occasioned by the "stampede" of the "Grand Army of the Union," as it displayed itself in the Federal Congress three days after that memorable occurrence—for which "nobody was to blame." There would have been a display of dignity, had public men but borne the unexpected disaster with equanimity or in silence. They had not, however, been trained in the school of Socrates; and their national vanity being so egregious and "bumptious," must necessarily make a noise upon explosion. Pride generally precedes a fall; and a people whose vainglorious boast it was that they "could lick creation," have had, as a retributive process, to eat the leek of bitter humiliation.

The following incident of the Bull Run defeat came to my knowledge. It is certainly confirmatory of the hackneyed distich, that

> "He who fights and *runs away*,
> Will live to fight another day."

A celebrated Irish Captain, who had made his own country "too hot to hold him," succeeded in raising a regiment and obtaining the command. With jubilant heart he left Washington with his

men—a nucleus of the "Grand Army"—to aid in subduing the "rebels," and sustaining the "integrity of the Union." On the evening of the 21st July, his wife received intelligence that her husband was mortally wounded while gallantly leading on his command in a charge. The poor woman, in the intensity of her grief, wrung her hands, tore her hair, and became positively inconsolable. A leaden and an outer coffin were immediately ordered of an undertaker—the former being sent home after a few hours. Before daylight the following morning the disconsolate widow was apprized that her husband's remains had arrived in the city. Frantic with grief, she rushed to the door of her house, and in a short time beheld half a dozen soldiers bearing the warrior's body on their shoulders. This painful exhibition caused her to give greater vent to her grief, which was arrested by one of the bearers exclaiming—

"Arrah thin, whist, ma'am!—shure 'tisn't *dead* our Captain is at all, at all! You *know*, ma'am. He only tuck a leetle dhrop too much sperrit afther the great fighting he did; and faith it's home we've brought him to you now, safe and sound! Dhry your eyes, ma'am—dhry your eyes!"

The gallant Captain was, upon this announce-

ment, conveyed to his bedroom, in a perfectly unconscious condition, although what his dreams might have been it is difficult to opine. Having been partially undressed, he was placed in bed, already arranged in order to "wake" him. The leaden coffin was supported on chairs in the same room, and the candles that were prepared as a last mark of honour to the departed were solemnly shedding their flickering light around the apartment. A few intimate acquaintances assembled, and endeavoured, by means of restoratives, to arouse him from his torpor. This operation was partially effective: he gently moved, opened his eyes, took a quick glance around, stared at his wife and friends, and—evidently under the impression that he had been taken prisoner by the Confederates — incoherently ejaculated:—

"Hur-rah—for Jeff.—Davis! Hur-rah for—the South'rn Con-fed-racy; There's not a—man a-mong you—more a—South'rn at heart—than my-self! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah for Jeff.—Da-vis! Three cheers for—the South'rn Con-fed-racy!"

This amusing and highly ludicrous occurrence shortly afterwards got "wing" at Washington, and created infinite merriment in some circles.

For several days after the battle of Manassas

the Federal capital presented a scene of unmitigated disorder. The remains of twenty regiments could be seen scattered about the city, without order, discipline, or restraint. They slept on door-steps, in cellars, barns, and the basements of hôtels. The roads were lined with them, and they were frequently found in a state of helpless inebriety. Many of them solicited charity; while others were maintained by private citizens. Crimes of every kind disgraced the capital—plainly exhibiting what evils would ensue had they succeeded in overrunning the Southern soil, and in feasting their swinish appetites upon that "booty and beauty," to the undisputed possession of which they had looked forward so impatiently. A day did not elapse without the perpetration of a murder—virtuous women were repeatedly and wantonly outraged—quarrels and drunkenness were continual—and even an unoffending lady was shot in the public streets.

But, lest the picture I have presented should be deemed exaggerated, I introduce an account from the *New York Times*—the truest friend and supporter of the Lincoln despotism. After particularizing the crimes daily perpetrated, and upbraiding the officers for "lounging and smoking in bar-rooms, indifferent to their own responsibilities and the public honour," it proceeds to

describe the demoralized condition of the "Grand Army":

"No effort was made to collect the men or get them to camp, or feed, or house them. Some absolutely suffered from hunger. No one knew where the head-quarters of his regiment was, or what had become of its officers. *The army was a mob.* Wherever the stranger went—over Georgetown, Arlington, Alexandria, and Washington—he met there wandering soldiers in search of a regiment. These three days were another defeat of our forces—as bad as the causeless rout of Manassas. Of some of the regiments, it is doubted if they can ever be collected and re-organized, so thoroughly disorganized have they become. The truth is, not a single regiment ought to be quartered in the city. It has become a den of liquor-shops and gambling-hells for soldiers. If General M'Clellan does not look after the police of the capital, he will find his army defeated before a battle."

If these things be done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry? No wonder that the Southerners should regard the Northern army as a host of marauders, bent only on outrage and spoliation.

With a praiseworthy promptitude and liberality, the citizens of Richmond set about making

preparations for the sick and wounded. A public meeting was called by the Mayor, and a large amount of subscriptions was speedily obtained. The great difficulty, however, was to provide suitable accommodation. The hospitals and private residences at Culpepper Court-house were inconveniently crowded — some seven hundred patients being received therein — and it became necessary to improvise hospitals at Richmond, without delay. For this purpose public buildings, hôtels, and even private houses, were fitted up with beds, and supplied with all other matters indispensable, at the expense of the city — while a numerous and well-qualified medical staff were appointed, Dr. Charles Bell being elected Inspector-General.

A few weeks afterwards I made the round of the hospitals, and took notes of the number of sick and wounded in each. I now introduce the list:—

1. General Hospital, New Alms House, contained four hundred sick and wounded, all belonging to the Confederate army.

2. Medical College Hospital, contained one hundred soldiers, all sick.

3. Belview Hospital, Church Hill, accommodated seventy-five sick and wounded.

4. Masons' Hall Hospital, Church Hill, had one hundred sick and wounded.

5. Main Street Hospital contained about one hundred wounded.

6. St. Charles's Hotel, Main Street, which was crowded, contained four hundred sick and wounded.

7. Bird Island Hospital accommodated over two hundred sick and wounded.

8. Sycamore Hospital held thirty wounded.

9. Steward's School-room contained forty sick.

10. School-house, Clay Street, accommodated fifteen wounded.

11. Another School-house in Clay Street had twenty patients.

12. Catholic Hospital of St. Francis de Sales accommodated two hundred wounded.

These hospitals, however, did not contain more than a fractional part of the sick and wounded. There was scarcely a gentleman in or about Richmond who had not from one to four patients in his house, upon whom the utmost attention was bestowed. One prominent citizen died of typhoid fever, which had been communicated to him by one of his guests.

Too much eulogy cannot be bestowed upon the female portion of the community for their untiring exertions and remarkable self-denial. Their

gentle forms bending over suffering humanity, whilst administering medicines or nourishment, forcibly recalled to my mind the well-known lines of Walter Scott:—

> "When pain and anguish rend the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

And "ministering angels" they assuredly were. During long weary hours I have noticed ladies patiently standing by the bed-side of the wounded, in closely-confined wards, engaged in fanning away the flies, which were very numerous, lest they should disturb or irritate the patients. Not a day elapsed without a visit from those fair attendants; many of whom before starting from home would fill the seats of their carriages with a number of delicacies, both of a solid and refreshing nature.

Nor was this profuse generosity or gentle attention confined merely to the soldiers of the Confederacy. In the exuberance of Christian charity, and the exercise of a lofty magnanimity, the men who came to invade the Southern soil were no longer regarded as enemies—now that disease or accident had rendered them objects of commiseration. They had the same amount of medical and surgical aid as the Southern troops. Although the Washington Cabinet had rendered quinine, and other medical stores, "contraband of

war," the inefficient supply available was meted out to the Federalists according to their need, in the same proportion, and with the same alacrity, as to the Confederate patients. All feeling of enmity was forgotten, so far as they were individually concerned; and beneficence assumed the place of vengeance.

The State of Virginia being well supplied with medical practitioners (to the number, I was informed, of two thousand three hundred) proved of great advantage. Before the other States had seceded, Virginia took the precaution to purchase quinine and chemicals in anticipation; while large quantities of quinine and morphia were subsequently "smuggled" into that State by ladies, who succeeded, by the aid of a little strategy, in effecting such purchases North, and conveying them into the other section.

With reference to the outrageous policy of the Lincoln Cabinet, in prohibiting medicines from entering the Southern States, and the barbarous and wanton practices of the Federal troops in firing into hospitals, President Davis remarks in his inaugural Message :—

"Mankind will shudder to hear the tales of outrages committed on defenceless females by the soldiery of the United States now invading our homes. Yet, these outrages are prompted by the

inflamed passions and madness of intoxication. But who shall depict the horror with which they regard the cool, deliberate malignity with which, under the pretext of suppressing an insurrection —said by themselves to be upheld by a minority only of our people—makes special war on the sick, including women and children, by carefully devised measures to prevent their obtaining the medicines necessary for their cure? Sacred claims to humanity, respected even during the fury of actual battle, by a careful deviation of an attack upon the hospitals containing wounded enemies, are outraged, in cold blood, by a Government and people that pretend to desire a continuance of fraternal connections. All these outrages must remain unavenged, save by the universal reprobation of mankind. In all cases where the actual perpetrators of wrongs escape capture, they admit of no retaliation. The humanity of our people would shrink instinctively from the bare idea of waging a like war upon the sick, the women, and the children of the enemy."

The enemy's sick and wounded had no just cause for complaint, except, indeed, it was the gross negligence of, and criminal abandonment by, their own army-surgeons. About twenty of this class were taken prisoners at the battle of Manassas. Some eight or ten of the party were suffered to

go at large upon giving their parole of honour that they would not abuse the privilege accorded to them, and quit the State; and also on condition that they should afford their professional assistance to such of their fellow-prisoners as were wounded and infirm. But how did these men fulfil their obligations? They abused the confidence reposed in their honour; neglected and left to the compassion of their enemies those upon whom it was their bounden duty to attend; and, by some mysterious means, succeeded in effecting their escape to the North, although the accomplishment of this object must have entailed a journey of several thousand miles.

The medical staff of the Union army was not held in much repute—either for its efficiency or its humanity—by the troops. A wounded New York Zouave observed to me:

"The doctors in our army are not worth their cost. They have no more care or feeling for us soldiers than if we were a flock of sheep!"

This assertion, I fear, is unhappily but too true. At all events, the incident I have just recorded affords painful evidence that there existed some grounds for the sweeping accusation.

I have conversed with several prisoners of war, both at Manassas and in Richmond, which city contained about 1,400 of them, besides 250

wounded. For the most part they appeared finely-formed, well-developed young men; still they were manifestly wanting in stamina, and were never likely to undergo the fatigues and hardships of a campaign like Southern soldiers, whose capability of endurance is remarkable, although the reverse is generally believed. I know for a fact that many of the enemy found dead on the battle-field did not receive a single wound during the engagement, but simply sank from sheer exhaustion and sudden prostration of the vital powers. Besides, the Southerner has more individuality and self-confidence, and infinitely less regard for life than his Northern antagonist. Even when scattered in straggling groups on the field, they will fight, regardless of consequences, while such demoralization would be productive of the worst results to the other troops.

"Why did you all run away in so cowardly a manner?" I observed to one of the prisoners.

"Because our officers first led the way. We would have stood our ground, but they wouldn't!" was the curt rejoinder.

Some of the Federalists avowed that there was much discontent in the camps, owing to the men not receiving the amount of pay they had been led to expect when first they were induced to volunteer into service. Instead of the promised

specie payment or its equivalent, a novel sort of money had been improvised, consisting of bits of printed paper pasted on cardboard and endorsed on the back, which money-medium was distributed freely, from a dollar down to very small denominations, although I take it for granted that the currency was as limited as the sum represented. Annexed is a *fac-simile* of the same:—

GOOD FOR

5 Cents.

K.

Minnesota Regiment.

O. KING.

They complained excessively of the "sutler system," as the greatest abomination in the Northern army—whereby the men were mulcted right and left of their miserable pay—and of the facilities which it afforded for running in debt, "loafing," and drinking horrible whiskey, upon which the sutler—who is frequently in partnership with the Colonel—would realize from fifty to one hundred per cent. profit.

The sickness amongst the Confederate army was unprecedented in the history of campaigning. There was scarcely a regiment that had not a

large proportion of its strength unfit for duty. A Florida regiment numbering 1,100 had 700 sick; the 4th South Carolinians, out of 1,050, had but 218 fit to take the field; while of the 2nd Mississippians, 1,134 strong, only 175 answered to the roll-call. The other regiments were more or less diminished by the same cause. The principal diseases which so seriously operated against the efficiency of the army consisted of a malignant form of measles, small-pox, chills, and intermittent and typhoid fever. As might be supposed, the deaths were very numerous; and were it not for the assiduous attention of the medical staff, the mortality would have been much more severe. As it was, the undertakers had a most busy time of it, working day and night; and it was a painful sight to witness carts laden with coffins going off every morning to the hospitals.

How to dispose of the prisoners of war—over two thousand in number—was the main difficulty. However, several large tobacco warehouses at the north end of Richmond were appropriated to this purpose. To provide comfortable accommodation in the way of soft beds, and other luxurious accessories, was, of course, out of the question. Even if the city was desirous of defraying the expense, such articles could not be procured; nor was there labour or material sufficient at hand to

manufacture the same. The best accommodation that could be supplied was unstintingly afforded. The prisoners received the same amount of rations from the commissariat department as the Confederate troops, until sugar and coffee ran short, when the ordinary supplies were stopped—so that they had no just cause for complaint; besides which, several of the citizens were exceedingly generous, and, in the exercise of a noble spirit of beneficence, in which all feeling of antagonism became emerged, furnished them with numerous luxuries, so as to render their position the more supportable.

Nor was the restraint placed upon them very rigorous. They were allowed to amuse themselves as they pleased. They sang, conversed freely, smoked and read, sat on the window-sills, and, to my mind, had a very agreeable time of it. Only a few soldiers were placed as sentries over them; approved persons were permitted to visit them; while occasionally they would be suffered to go out for a walk in small parties, attended by a solitary guard. One morning a captain of the Confederate army called on me at my lodgings, leaving half a dozen Zouave prisoners in the hall, whom he was conducting from hospital to prison. When he acquainted me with the circumstances, I observed:—

"Are you not afraid to entrust these men by themselves? Suppose they should make their escape?"

"Not at all," he replied. "They know better than that: they prefer being our prisoners to having to fight us!"

At my request, he called these men up to my room, where I made them partake of some refreshment. They were all young, tall, slim, and unmuscular, and appeared sadly dispirited. They had been engaged in respectable pursuits previous to having become soldiers; for which calling they then seemed to entertain a thorough distaste. Poor fellows! they had their Zouave caps and jackets concealed under the arms of their gray overcoats, so as not to attract attention while passing along the streets.

The leniency, and indeed clemency, extended to the prisoners became, however, shortly abused. A regularly-organized plan of escape had been entered into, which, had it not been discovered in time, might have led to serious results. Several prisoners effected their escape, but were subsequently recaptured. This occurrence necessitated more stringent regulations. Lieutenant Todd, of the Confederate army—brother-in-law of President Lincoln—was placed in charge of the prisons, and the guard was largely augmented. The cost

of the prisoners' maintenance exceeded thirty thousand dollars per month; and they were only held in confinement until the fate of the Southern privateersmen would be ascertained. Those who rendered any special services to the sick or wounded were liberated and sent North by flag of truce, and without receiving any corresponding return of Southern prisoners in exchange.

I am not only amazed, but indignant, to find that prisoners thus favoured should have abused those from whom they received such clemency so soon as they had got under the broad ægis of the "Stars and Stripes." They endeavoured to cloak their malevolence beneath the meanest and grossest mendacity; and, as they were defeated in physical combat, attempted to stab the honour and humanity of Southerners into whose hands they had fallen, and who extended to them protection, and even freedom.

CHAPTER IV.

DOWN THE JAMES RIVER.

The Steamer "Northampton"—Captain Hicks—An Intrusive Lady—A Sun-stroke—The "Tiger Rifles"—Claremont—Curl's Neck—Birthplace of President Harrison—Birthplace of Ex-President Tyler—City Point—A Confederate Gun-Boat—An Assembly of Negresses—Westover—Fort Powhatan—Grove Wharf—The Old "Stone House"—Town of Smithfield—Ruins of a Church.

ONE Saturday afternoon, early in the month of August, I accompanied Lieutenant Johns (son of Bishop Johns, of Virginia), who had charge of the commissariat-department, and a few other friends, on board the steamer "Northampton," for a trip down the James River. This elegant little vessel used regularly to ply between Hampton and Richmond, but, since the breaking out of hostilities, has been purchased by the

Confederate Government, for the transport of troops and war-material to various points on the river, where it had become necessary to locate troops and erect defences.

The commander, Captain Hicks, was a short, stout man, rather advanced in years, who laboured under an affection of gout; which, I should say, from his exceedingly temperate habits, had not been engendered by luxurious living. A kinder heart than his never beat in a human breast, for his thoughts seemed always concentrated upon making his guests happy, while he evidently sacrificed his own comforts in the endeavour. I delight to meet with individuals of exuberant feeling and warm hearts—they show up humanity in so sunny a manner. But the existence of such attributes in those who are descending the "hill of life," and whom one might naturally expect to find subdued or petrified from their long contact with the world, is a spectacle the gods must love to look upon!

No sooner had we passed the sentinels and gone on board the steamer at the Rockets, than the captain received us most politely, conducted us to the saloon, and insisted upon our taking refreshment.

I noticed a most extraordinary-looking old lady, attired in shabby black silk, in the upper

part of the saloon—although by whose authority she got there is still a mystery to me. I know not what to compare her to, except it be to one of the witches in "Macbeth." Upon our entrance Captain Hicks approached her, and requested that she would withdraw to the inner cabin, as the saloon was private. She reluctantly complied.

After a few moments, however, she made her appearance again, and, to my surprise, walked towards where I was seated with my friends. Without uttering a word, she rudely thrust a religious tract into my hand, which I condescendingly accepted, at the same time observing—

"Thank you, madam, we do not require these monitors; we are all *religious* persons here."

The old lady, upon this announcement, compressed her lips, gazed at me with fixed eyes—oh, such a ghastly look! it seems to haunt me still!—cast a furtive glance at my *compagnons de voyage*, and anon at some champagne bottles, decanters, and glasses on an adjacent table, and with a grave and significant shake of her head, replied:—

"I hope so, sir—I hope so!—but I'm afraid—I'm afraid——" At the same time retreating to her quarters, leaving a hiatus in the sentence,

which it required no great effort of the imagination to supply.

A number of the Tiger Rifles and a company of artillery, under Captain Southall, shortly afterwards embarked, when the "Northampton" put off. The artillerists had made a quick march from Camp Magruder, a few miles outside of Richmond, during the most sultry part of the day, in consequence of which one of their number received a severe sun-stroke. The poor fellow fell flat on the deck of the vessel, and, although a stout strong man, writhed in paroxysms of agony for a long time. He was quickly attended to by Dr. Page, who happened to form one of our private party, to whose prompt attention the sufferer's life was mainly owing. A strong mustard poultice was speedily prepared, which the doctor applied to the nape of the patient's neck—Lieutenant Johns having given his pocket-handkerchief for the purpose. Captain Southall was likewise very solicitous about his corporal, and stood anxiously over him for an hour, fanning his fevered brow, evidently affected. These delicate attentions on the part of officers towards their command are not unusual in the Confederate army, who regard each other as a band of brothers, and sink rank and position in this fraternal recognition.

As we steamed swiftly down the tortuous but beautiful river, which yet preserves its Royal title —of which it seems to be consciously proud—the Tiger Rifles congregated in the fore part of the vessel, rendering it rather boisterous on shipboard. Between these volunteers and the feline *genus* of the same name, which prowl the forests, there was no similitude in conformation or habit that the most experienced comparative anatomist could detect. Nevertheless, they were far from being as meek as lambs. I deem it expedient to mention this point of dissimilitude, as the reader's association of ideas might possibly involve him in false conclusions, more especially as several analagous cases exist. *Par exemple*, when it became known that a Confederate regiment, designated the "Black Horse Cavalry," was organized, an Hibernian editor asserted that these volunteers were all *negroes*—a very mistaken notion indeed.

The "Tigers," of whom mention has been made, were an exceedingly rough, and, indeed, fierce body of men. They were raised in Texas, and had been, for the most part, accustomed to warfare, as their swarthy faces and muscular limbs clearly indicated. Their uniform was of a dark grey colour, and consisted simply of a jacket and trowsers, evidently the worse for wear. Although lacking the graceful amenities and grateful

courtesies that adorn highly-civilized society, nevertheless there was a bold, vigorous honesty of character, and such a display of generous good-nature about them, as more than atoned for all these artificial deficiences. They sang, shouted, and amused themselves right merrily, considering that they were absolved from the restraint of camp. One ditty, in which the entire company joined, sung to the enlivening air of "Partânt pour la Syrie," commenced as follows:—

"He that hath good peanuts,
And gives his neighbour none—
He shall have none of my peanuts,
When his peanuts are gone!"

In this way they continued to amuse one another, and annoy the more quietly-disposed portion of the *voyageurs* during several hours. Having been in camp for many weeks previous, their hilarity could well be accounted for and forgiven. It is not easy, under the most favourable conditions, to carry out the ancient canon of strict propriety, "*Aliis lætus, sapiens sibi.*"

Several fine mansions and extensive plantations adorn either side of the James River. Contiguous to Curl's Neck, a few miles down, is Claremont, the residence of William Augen Allen, who is reputed to be the wealthiest gentleman in Virginia. In addition to this large estate, he is the proprietor of ten

farms on the river, together with the entire Island of Jamestown. Mr. Allen was at that time captain of a volunteer company stationed at the latter place—where the first defences had just been erected—undergoing all the privations of the commonest of his command. The family mansion, near Curl's Neck, is so embedded in a thick wood, that scarcely any of it could be discerned from the water. One curious circumstance connected with it is, that it was built of bricks expressly imported from England for the purpose. So serpentine does the James become near this place, that upon arriving opposite one particular spot, after two hours fast steaming, you are brought exactly to the other side of the narrow strip of land which forms the course of the river.

Lower down, and a few hundred yards from the water's edge, is Berkeley, the birthplace of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, who was born here in February, 1773. It is a very old-fashioned brick structure, surrounded by an imposing grove of poplars, agreeably intermingled with other trees. The edifice is now occupied by Mrs. Harrison, grand-daughter of the illustrious general and statesman, whose ancestors settled in Virginia as early as 1640, and whose family name has always been among the most prominent in that State.

Five miles below this spot is the birth-place of ex-President Tyler, whose present residence is further along the river. Mr. Tyler, although "silvered o'er with years," is a tall, well-proportioned, handsome man, and possesses a marked resemblance to the late Duke of Wellington. His wife, who is considerably younger than himself, is considered one of the finest-looking ladies in Virginia. I have had several conversations with the ex-President, and entertain a high opinion of his moral and mental qualities. He is a warm Southerner, and took an active part in inducing the secession of his State from the Union. Mr. Tyler's old mansion is now occupied by John Selden.

Lying snugly between Curl's Neck and Berkeley on the other side of the James, and just where that river forms a junction with the Appomattox, is City Point, a small village containing about thirty dwellings. The place, however, is of some importance, being the outport of Richmond and Petersburg. Here I noticed several wharves projecting into the river, some of which had been partially destroyed, as a precautionary measure against invasion. Before the blockade was established, a large foreign shipping trade was done here, and the white sails of domestic commerce used daily to gladden the eye as they passed this

port, freighted with the wealth, productions, and exports of every clime. City Point is said to be a more suitable site for a commercial town than Richmond; and, according to tradition, would have been the seat of the Colonial Government, had not its proprietor—a Dutchman—refused to part with it on any terms.

Lying outside City Point I noticed the steamer "Yorktown." The captain, who formerly belonged to the United States' Navy, ran her into Richmond—although but a passenger vessel—upon the breaking out of hostilities. She had just been iron-plated, armed with heavy metal, and well furnished with cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and other weapons of naval warfare. She had likewise an efficient crew, and several hundred of fine, smart-looking marines, on board; and it was alleged that her commander's intention was to run the blockade at Newport News and Hampton Roads, if such could possibly be effected. The soldiers on board our boat cheered lustily, which salute the sailors and marines of the "Yorktown" returned—and, for some minutes there was a universal hurrahing and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

While at City Point Wharf, the volunteers handed their canteens to a number of negresses—who came attired in highly-starched white muslin

dresses, and clean pink aprons, to greet their arrival—in order to get a supply of cool, fresh water. No sooner had the "darkies" got possession of the canteens, than they scampered off in every direction to fill them. In a short time, and just as the boat was putting off, they returned with the refreshing liquid; but the difficulty was for the men to obtain their own drinking-vessels. A general cry arose of "Here, here, that is my canteen!" so that there were some twenty or thirty claimants for each one. The consequence was, that they were all distributed to the wrong persons.

Adjacent to Berkeley is a remarkable and interesting spot, known as Westover, long the seat of the distinguished Byrd family. Originally it was in the possession of Colonel William Byrd, (who emigrated from this country in the seventeenth century) the founder of Richmond, and is the oldest mansion on the river. In his time this princely residence was beautifully decorated, and even after so many years it still exhibits the remains of his taste, and all the appointments for magnificent expenditure. Colonel Byrd, one of the most accomplished men in Virginia at his day, was the author of the Westover MSS., and of a published work bearing the title of "The History of the Dividing Line." In opinion and feeling

he was the worthy representative of the old Cavaliers. During thirty-seven years he was a member, and ultimately became president of the Colony. He died at the fine old age of threescore and ten, in the year 1744. His grave is indicated by a marble monument, which so far has withstood the ravages of time. The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited Westover in 1782, gives a most glowing description of it in his "Travels." "It surpassed," he observes, "all the seats in the country round about in the magnificence of its buildings, the beauty of its situation, and the pleasures of its society." He eulogizes the then Mrs. Byrd, as a lady of great sense and agreeable countenance, who fulfilled the obligations incumbent upon her, as the head of a large household, with uncommon skill. Her negroes she did all in her power to render happy, and "attended them herself as a doctor in time of sickness."

At Fort Powhatan, seventeen miles down the river, we took on board 300 troops and six 32-pounders, in order to strengthen the defences at Day's Point, within a few miles of Newport News. Fort Powhatan is situated in the county bearing its name, which is not very extensive, being merely twenty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide. The soil, although low, is fertile, owing to the James and the Appomattox Rivers

bounding two sides of the county at full length. Coal mines abound here; but, the distance to market being so great, they have not as yet been worked advantageously.

A portion of Powhatan county was originally settled by Huguenots, a few of whose descendants still remain in the neighbourhood of Manakin Town Ferry, named after a tribe of Indians who inhabited that locality. These refugees—who were sent across the Atlantic by the munificence of English Royalty—met with a bountiful reception upon their arrival at Monacan Town. Large donations were bestowed upon them, in the form of money and provisions, for their support, while they were exempted for several years from every tax; and, by a brief obtained from the Governor, were privileged to receive the charity of all benevolently-disposed persons, so that they were comfortably supplied with every necessary. For the most part, however, they continued poor, needy, and negligent.

We steamed past the Island of Jamestown—the first English settlement on our left—and proceeded towards the Williamsburg landing at Grove Wharf. This wharf extended nearly a mile from the shore; but had been partially burnt by order of General Magruder, lest the enemy should come up the river and effect an entrance

into the town, about six miles distant. All the wood-work that once composed the landing-stage had been consumed, and only charred log shafts were visible—arising like giants out of the water. At this point the James River is very wide. Here the volunteers who came on board at Richmond were put ashore in a lighter. A number of tents and a few log-houses were scattered along the margin of the river. Some fortifications had been erected, but no guns were then mounted.

Ere long the "Northampton" got alongside of Stone House Wharf, when Major Wilson's battalion disembarked, in order to garrison Harding's Bluff battery. An extensive line of breastworks was then erecting, under the superintendence of Captain Myers, a young, but talented engineer.

Near this place is a remarkable and ancient structure, called the "Stone House," from which the wharf takes its name. The walls and chimney which remain are composed of sandstone. The house itself is eighteen and a-half feet by fifteen in extent, and consists of a basement room under ground, and a story above. There is a doorway on the west side, about six feet wide, affording ingress to both apartments, and loop-holes in the walls at regular distances apart. The walls vary in thickness, being two feet thick in the basement, and eighteen inches in the upper portion of the

building. Great care and nicety have manifestly been bestowed on the masonry, judging from the evidences of good workmanship which still remain. The house stands solitary in an extensive waste of woods, on a high knoll or promontory, around the foot of which winds the eastern bank of Ware Creek, a tributary of York River. The ruin faces the creek, being elevated one hundred feet above its level, and three hundred feet from its margin. The spot is approached by a long circuitous defile, the comb of a ridge, so narrow in some parts, as that two carts could not pass abreast. Besides, the defile is involved in such a labyrinth of dark ridges of forest and deep gloomy ravines, mantled with laurel, that it is considered impossible to find the way without the assistance of a guide. Nor is the place more accessible by water; the surrounding country forming the most broken and desert tract to be found east of the Blue Ridge.

The old "Stone House" is indeed a singular structure, and its wild, secluded, desolate site, have naturally given rise to traditions and conjectures as to its origin and purpose. There exists a tradition that it was erected thirteen years after the landing at Jamestown, and that it belonged to a notorious pirate named Blackbeard, who built it as a safe depository for his

plunder. This statement, however, has been contradicted. Another fanciful conjecture is, that this elaborate construction, like the cave of classic story in which Dido entertained Æneas, was the favourite rendezvous of Captain Smith and the Indian princess, Pocahontas.

According to the opinion of some antiquarians, this singular memorial of the past was built at the commencement of the seventeenth century, two or three years after Smith and his companions landed at Jamestown, and that it was designed as a retreat, in case they should happen to be driven by the Indians from their island settlement. It is believed, also, that the building was never completed; and certainly the absence of any relic of either roof or floor favours the supposition.

Having arrived on board after my excursion, I proceeded onwards to Day's Point, Burrell's Bay, which lies on the opposite side. The last Confederate battery on the river is erected at this place, comprising ten guns—four 9-inch Columbiads, and six 32-pounders. Here the remaining portion of the volunteers disembarked, and a quantity of shot, shell, and ammunition was conveyed on shore. The Federal batteries and camps at Newport News—only twelve miles distant—were plainly discernible by the aid of a glass; while I

could perceive, with the unaided eye, the Union flag-staff planted upon an eminence, and the Stars and Stripes floating gaily in the breeze.

Three miles distant from the river bank is the pretty little town of Smithfield. It occupies an elevated position on the margin of the Pagan creek, a navigable stream, commanding an extensive marine and land prospect. Ten years after the founding of Richmond, this town was established by one Arthur Smith, the proprietor of the soil. The population of Smithfield is somewhat over one thousand; and, owing to trees shading the porches of the dwellings, the place impresses a stranger very favourably.

In the depths of a neighbouring forest, about an hour's ride from the town, stands the ruins of a church. It was built during the reign of Charles I., and was the second Episcopal edifice erected in Virginia; the brick, lime, and timber of which it is composed, having been imported from this country. So substantially was it raised, that in those places where it has not been exposed to rain, the oak appears perfectly sound, and the mortar seems as compact and firm as stone. Its walls are overrun with a delicate net-work of vines, and the tower is in an excellent state of preservation.

At the request of Lieutenant Johns, the Captain

of the "Northampton" steamed round Day's Point, and approached to within a couple of miles of the blockading fleet, numbering six ships of war, when our vessel was sighted by the sentinels. It was evident that we should have got a warm reception had we continued our course; for, by the aid of a glass, we observed some commotion on board one of the enemy's ships, and several men busy about the guns. So, not being in a position, and having no disposition, to show fight—in fact not having so much as a rifle on board—the "Northampton's" head was reversed, and we resumed our journey to Richmond, where we arrived about noon the following day.

CHAPTER V.

TRIP TO JAMESTOWN ISLAND, WILLIAMSBURG, YORKTOWN, HAMPTON, AND GLOUCESTER POINT.

Head-Quarters—The Main Battery—Artillery Encampment—Classic Ground—"In Memoriam"—Williamsburg under the Crown—William and Mary College—The First Newspaper in Virginia—Statue of Lord Botetourt—The Old Magazine and Capitol—Hôtel Accommodation—System of Defences—Position of Yorktown—The Nelson Monuments—Tomb of the Hon. William Nelson—The Fortifications—General Magruder.

ONE very sultry morning in August, I proceeded on board the "Northampton" steamer, in company with Colonel Talcott, the chief engineer of the James and York River defences, in order to visit various places of interest in the Peninsula, and inspect the fortifications that were either recently erected or in course of formation.

On our way to Jamestown Island, we paid a

passing visit to the hospitable mansion of Captain Harrison, whose wife is grand-daughter to the United States' President of that name. The Captain was with his regiment in Yorktown, so we were entertained by the mistress of the house —a very amiable and excellent lady. After taking farewell of our generous friend we re-embarked, put off from the wharf, and in a couple of hours arrived at Jamestown, the first point of our destination, when we stepped on shore, leaving the "Northampton" to proceed down the river.

At the wharf I observed many anxious-looking faces, moustached and be-whiskered to an extent that clearly indicated the visits to a barber to have been like angels'—

"Few and far between."

But the sinewy form, the determined mouth, and the bright clear eye, were illustrative of such chivalrous spirits as could win a second Manassas victory.

"Head-quarters" were situated about half-a-mile from the river; and as I approached the same, could not but fancy I was about to visit some fine old English residence. The brick-building—the spacious avenue belted with trees, whose luxurious foliage seemed to defy the boldest strokes of a mid-day Southern sun—the

sanded pathway—and the capacious vestibule, put me forcibly in mind of many an ancient yeoman's residence in the "old countrie."

No sooner had Colonel Talcott and myself entered the "airy hall" than we were most courteously greeted by the commandant of the island, Captain Catesby R. Jones, in whom were combined the qualities of an energetic disciplinarian, and a polite gentleman.

Having partaken of some refreshment, I accompanied Colonel Talcott and the principal officers in charge, to view the neighbouring fortifications.

The main battery at the western portion of the island is well and judiciously located, and commands the channel so effectually as to render it almost impossible for any vessel to pass without becoming disabled in the attempt. Four faces of this elaborate work possess embrazures and strong murlons, with six 32-pounders and three 9-inch Dahlgren guns, mounted on heavy carriages.

Sweeping the island, together with the lower portion of the James River, I noticed several 8-inch Columbiads, mounted on pivot carriages *en barbette*. West of the main battery are guns of heavy calibre, similarly mounted, and commanding an equally judicious position. To the northward the chief defences are well protected by a

heavy Dutch and parapet breast-work, capable of withstanding land artillery munition, or small arms of any force. In a northerly direction is a small redoubt commanding the creek, which makes Jamestown an island. Between this redoubt and the main battery are advanced breast-works of an extended nature, rendered the more defensible from the natural elevation upon which they are erected. About the centre, or what might be termed the waist of the island, is a large redoubt, called the Powhatan battery, mounting heavy pivot guns, and possessing an area sufficient to accommodate six thousand troops. These defences embrace a portion of the old fort, which has been re-constructed, and which, according to tradition, was carried during the Revolutionary war. This redoubt is flanked on three land sides by a redan forty yards square, in addition to almost impassable marshes.

To the southward, and adjacent to the river, is a small water-battery—the only "masked battery" I have observed in any of the Confederate defences—completely protecting an approach from the shore; while at the end or eastern point of the island, is another battery of a like description, having heavy guns in circular bastions. Through the energetic exertions of Captain Jones, late of the United States' Navy, and the engineers

associated with him, these extensive and effective works were thrown up in an incredibly short time; but yet seemed in a thorough degree of completeness. In addition, hot-shot furnaces, a shell house, powder magazine, and all the necessary appurtenances of a well-constructed battery, are fully and perfectly carried out. I was forcibly struck by the beautiful regularity of everything appertaining to the defences, as well as the manner in which the artillery encampment was arranged. Four companies of the Albemarle Everett Artillery, of Charlesville, besides a strong garrison of infantry, were stationed on the island, the proprietor of which—William Allen, of Claremont—being captain of one corps; through whose generous and hospitable endeavours the troops were enabled to enjoy many comforts. The men appeared particularly cheerful and attentive to their duties; while little more than the ordinary sickness incidental to camp life was experienced. The soldiers were well-drilled, and perfectly conversant with their work. The excellent order and discipline that prevailed speak highly for the ability and administrative talent of the commandant and his drill assistants, Lieutenants De Lagnier and Lewis.

The classic ground of Jamestown is deserving at least of a passing notice.

This island is about three miles in length, and at its widest part one and three-quarter miles in extent. It is replete with annals of the past history of Virginia. Here it was that many of the best and bravest English families emigrated early in the seventeenth century, subsequently to Captain Smith and his companions having selected it for their settlement,—then a wilderness, inhabited by fierce red-skinned Indians, with whom they had to do battle. Once, indeed, there was a town or city here; but, alas! I could not trace the remotest relic of its existence, beyond the dilapidated tower of an ancient church—embedded in thick foliage, said to be standing nearly two centuries and a half—and a few tombstones, all of which were in a sad state of decay. I could not gaze upon that venerable memento of antiquity, surrounded by the awful proofs of human mortality, without recalling to mind the pathetically solemn language of the Bard of Avon :—

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The *solemn temples*, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wreck behind!"

Strange to say, the site is a point of land projecting into the James River; and, as the water is fast gaining on the shore, the time is likely to

arrive when the waves will roll in mournful requiems over it.

While musing and wandering about the churchyard, I traced on several of the monuments—which were composed of English sand-stone—armorial bearings nearly obliterated, but yet sufficiently distinct to show that underneath reposed the bones of "English worthies" and the scions of a noble race. The oldest inscription I could decipher was on a slab erected "To the memory of the Reverend John Crouch, 1684."

Among the most perfect was the following "In memoriam." The slab, however, bore no date :—

"HERE LVETH WILLIAM SHERWOOD
THAT WAS BORN IN THE PARISH
OF WHITE CHAPPELL NEAR
LONDON. A GREAT SINNER
WAITING FOR A IOYFULL
RESURRECTION."

While gazing on the remains of the old church —within whose sacred walls the Indian Princess Pocahontas was baptized and married—it appeared to grow more and more dismal, as if mourning that ever its hallowed precincts should be infringed by the warlike preparations that were going on around. Sadly, but reverently, I picked out a piece of the mouldering superstructure,

where once reverberated the solemn voices of devout worshippers, and which echoed with the convincing truths of religious argument. Every Sunday a religious service is held in the churchyard, while the sacredness and sombre reminiscences of such a sanctuary impart to the celebration a degree of solemnity and intensity scarcely experienced in the most gorgeous cathedrals, or bedecked modern churches.

During the Revolution two actions were fought in this vicinity. The first and principal was on June 25, 1781, and occurred at Spencer's Ordinary, in the forks of the road leading to Jamestown and Williamsburg. Lord Cornwallis, after halting nine days at Williamsburg, advanced on the 4th July to Jamestown Island.

Having inspected the leading fortifications on the island, we all returned to head-quarters, where, after partaking of an excellent dinner, a carriage was provided, when Colonel Talcott and myself set off for the interesting city of Williamsburg. A few hours' drive through plantations and dense forests brought us to the town: so, having pulled up at the only hôtel in the place—a mouldy and miserable-looking building—we alighted, and having entered our names, separated for the evening.

Williamsburg is fifty-eight miles from Richmond,

seven from Jamestown, and twelve from Yorktown, and is finely situated on a plain between the York and James Rivers. It is laid out in parallel streets, having a square in the centre several acres in extent. Through this square runs the principal street, which is pretty wide, mathematically straight, and about a mile in extent. At one end is the William and Mary College, and at the other the old Capitol, both buildings having been converted into military hospitals.

Upon the State House becoming burnt down at Jamestown—the first metropolis—Governor Nicholson removed his official residence to this place in the year 1698. From that period until 1779 it continued the seat of Government, and became the metropolis of Virginia under the Crown. I could scarcely reconcile it to my mind that this dreary, dilapitated town, was once the centre of the fashion, wealth, and learning of the "Old Dominion"—the influence of which has left its impress on the place, and even the manners and characteristics of its inhabitants. And yet there can be no doubt that being once the residence of the Governor—the Vice-Regent of the British Sovereign—a kind of Royal splendour was observed here; and that, during the session of the House of Burgesses, stately modes of life were adopted, when the city would teem with gaily-

attired citizens, and the streets exhibit a scene of animated and glittering tumult.

The old College was founded by Royal Charter, during the reign of William and Mary, who granted to it a donation of twenty thousand acres of land. This endowment was further augmented by the duty of a penny per pound levied on tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland, in addition to imports upon liquors, skins, and furs. From all sources it possessed a revenue of three thousand pounds, *communitus annis*. Several additional benefactions were subsequently added, such as that of Mr. Boyle—an Englishman—for the education of the Indians, and their instruction in the doctrines of the Christian religion. The building was originally modelled by Sir Christopher Wren. After a time the old collegiate edifice was consumed, when another was erected on the same site, under the ingenious direction of Governor Spotswood. This construction is of brick, and is well-contrived; the exterior aspect of which strikingly resembles Chelsea Hospital. With the exception of Harvard University, William and Mary College is the oldest literary and scholastic institution in Virginia. It is distinguished for the number of its graduates who have arisen to positions of eminence, and fulfilled the highest offices in the American Republic.

The first newspaper published in Virginia was the *Virginia Gazette*, the first issue of which appeared August 6th, 1736. In size it was only twelve inches by six. Some of the numbers are still preserved. Less than a month after it appeared there was an announcement with reference to the College, which I reproduce:—

"On this day sen'night, being the 5th of November, the president, masters, and scholars of *William* and *Mary* college went, according to their annual custom, in a body, to the Governor's, to present his honour with two copies of Latin verses, in obedience to their charter, as a grateful acknowledgment for two valuable tracts of land given the said college by their late *K. William* and *Q. Mary*. Mr. President delivered the verses to his honor, and two of the young gentlemen spoke them. It is further observed that there were upwards of 60 scholars present—a much greater number than has been any year before since the foundation of the college."

Here is another announcement, a few years later, bearing date "Sept. 21, 1739":—

"This evening will be performed, at the *Theatre*, by the young gentlemen of the college, The *Tragedy* of CATO; and on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday next, will be acted the following comedies, by the gentlemen and ladies of this country, viz.: The BUSY BODY, The RECRUITING OFFICER, and The BEAUX STRATAGEM."

Some of the announcements in the *Virginia Gazette* are very quaint and amusing, although the grammar is not of the best. The same year

occurs a business advertisement, which reads as follows:—

"EDWARD MORRIS, *Breeches-Maker* and *Glover*, from London, is set up in his business, near the college, in Williamsburg, where he makes and sells the best *buckskin breeches*, either of the common tanned color, black, or other cloth colors, after the English manner. Also buckskin gloves, with high tops. Any persons that have occasion to make use of him, in any of the above particulars, may depend upon kind usage, and at very reasonable rates."

The announcement of births, deaths, and marriages were invariably done in verse. Here is a marriage notice from the *Gazette* of 1776:—

"On Sunday last, Mr. BEVERLY DIXON to Miss POLLY SAUNDERS, a very agreeable young lady.

"Hymen, thy brightest torch prepare,
Gild with light the nuptial bower,
With garlands crown this lovely pair,
On them thy choicest blessings shower.
Cupids lightly sport and play,
Hymen crowns the happy day;
Sprightly graces, too, descend,
And the beauteous bride attend.
Here no sordid interest binds,
But pure innocence and love
Combined unite their spotless minds,
And seal their vows above."

No doubt such flattering rhymes and metrical adulations must have been extremely agreeable to the parties concerned.

In the Square just fronting the College—where

the Episcopal clergy of Virginia are educated—is a finely-executed statue of Lord Botetourt, one of the Colonial Governors. Although greatly mutilated, and the right arm being entirely gone, it presents a specimen of artistic skill and workmanship. The figure is attired in the court-dress of that period, and has a short sword appended to the side. This monument was erected in 1774, by the Assembly of Virginia, at the expense of the Colony, and was removed from the old Capitol to its present position. At each side of the pedestal is a suitable inscription; but I have simply copied that in front, which I now subjoin:—

TO THE RT. HONOURABLE

NORBORNE BERKELEY

BARON DE BOTETOURT

HIS MAJESTY'S

LATE LIEUT. AND GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE

COLONY AND DOMINION OF

VIRGINIA.

Richard Hayward, Sculpt.
London: MDCCLXXII.

Another object of interest is the "Old Magazine," which occupies a portion of the capacious Square. It was built a century and a quarter ago, and is memorable as the building from which Lord Dunmore, the last British Governor, removed the

powder belonging to the Colony on board the "Magdalen" ship of war—an act which threw Virginia into a ferment, and occasioned the formation of the first armed force in opposition to Royal authority." This building is of stone, and in a tolerably good state of preservation. In form it is oval, with a slanting roof, which gives to it a conical shape.

Fronting Palace Green are two brick structures, the remains of Lord Dunmore's official residence, one of which did duty as an office, and the other as a guard-house, in Colonial times. The intervening space was once occupied by the main building, which was seventy-four feet long and sixty-eight feet wide—doubtless an imposing edifice in its day. Here Lord Dunmore was surrounded by the pomp and pageantry of Vice-Royal state. The grounds around the Palace then comprised nearly three hundred acres, and numerous lindens had been imported from Scotland to increase the charm of the aspect. Two of these trees still remain, and are regarded with a degree of reverence by the inhabitants. They certainly are very luxurious and beautiful; so I was not astonished that they should have become objects of attraction. Soon after the surrender of Cornwallis, and while in the occupancy of French troops, the Palace was accidentally destroyed by fire. The adjoining offices,

however, escaped the fury of the conflagration. These buildings have been converted into exceedingly pretty cottages—in one of which I took supper."

Only a few scattered bricks of the "Old Capitol" still remain—a building which was consumed by fire in 1832—the first edifice erected in the city having been destroyed in a like manner some years before. Here it was that Patrick Henry made his *début* in the House of Burgesses, when, attired in coarse apparel, with the air of an obscure and unpolished rustic, he arose and astonished, by the rugged power and grandeur of his eloquence, those who could boast of the learning of the schools and the polish of refined life. Here likewise occurred that touching incident in the history of Washington, who, upon being complimented by the Speaker, rose to express his acknowledgments, when he blushed, stammered, and trembled; but whose painful trepidation was relieved by the Speaker, who observed:—

"Sit down, Mr. Washington; your modesty is equal to your valour; and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

The old "Raleigh Tavern," over the portico of which stood for many years the bust of Sir Walter Raleigh, and where important committees of the Legislature used to meet, was consumed shortly

before my arrival in the town. In the *Virginia Gazette* of October 5, 1768, appears the following account of a "genteel" dinner given therein:—

"Yesterday, PEYTON RANDOLPH, Esq., our worthy representative, gave a genteel dinner at the RALEIGH TAVERN to the electors of this city, after which many loyal and patriotic toasts were drank; and the afternoon spent with cheerfulness and decorum."

This Peyton Randolph was an eminent lawyer, and the first President of the American Congress. He filled the office of King's Attorney of the Colony for many years.

The hôtel in which Colonel Talcott and myself put up was an old, mouldy, dingy-looking wooden building, fronting the Square. How it held together was to me a wonder. The walls looked as though they had not been papered or white-washed since the premises were erected. The accommodation was precisely in keeping with the exterior and interior of the establishment. In the room in which we slept were four beds—one at each corner—fully occupied. These were of straw, and emitted anything but an agreeable odour. In fact, everything had the same frouzy smell. During the night I got out of bed and opened the window, for I felt an oppressive sense of partial suffocation. So soon as daylight appeared I rose and dressed, although I had scarcely accommoda-

tion for an ablution. Indeed, the sleeping apartment contained no convenience whatever, not even to the simple article of soap; and but one towel was reserved for four guests. Having completed my toilet—which was arranged in a very imperfect manner—I walked down-stairs, and as there was no reception-room, sallied forth into the streets, and prolonged my morning-walk until breakfast-hour had arrived.

The refectory was a long, narrow, dirty, ill-ventilated apartment on the basement-floor, the ceiling of which was covered over with flies, so thickly congregated, as to render every portion of it imperceptible. To this was hinged on a number of square pieces of timber, about two yards apart, to which a cord was attached. Upon being pulled—a negro having been specially reserved for the purpose—the boards were made to sway gently to and fro—a process which served to disperse the flies that hovered in thick clusters around the breakfast-table—tempted, doubtless, by the luscious fat ham, melting butter, and steaming corn-cake spread thereupon. After partaking of a cup of bad coffee—in which I am confident there was not a particle of the genuine berry—I was glad to make a hasty retreat. Notwithstanding this utter absence of accommodation, I was charged nearly as much as at the palatial "Ballard

House," Richmond, or the "Fifth-Avenue Hôtel," New York.

In a short time our carriage was prepared, when I accompanied Colonel Talcott and Captain Rives, the engineer of the Williamsburg defences, on a tour of inspection. These works, which are scattered around a considerable area of country, I shall now briefly describe:—

That portion of Virginia familiarly known as the Peninsula, lies between the James and York Rivers, and rests on the Chesapeake Bay. At its extremity is situated the celebrated Fortress Monroe, commanding the mouth of the James, but now, unfortunately for the Confederates, in the possession of the Federal Government. This fortress, serving as a *point d'appui* for their troops, has frequently suggested the idea of the North marching upon Richmond.

At an early period of the war strong defences were commenced at Yorktown, and on the opposite shore, with the view of preventing the enemy's fleet from ascending York River. These works were, at the time of my visit, so near completion, that any attack on them by land or by water would most probably end in disastrous defeat to the assailants. Numerous batteries had also been erected on the James River—one of which being of such a formidable

character as to effectually obstruct the passage of the strongest ship of war.

The only problem, therefore, remaining to be solved was, the selection of a naturally strong line of defence across the Peninsula, to be rendered doubly formidable by art. The first line erected lies between College and Queen's Creeks—the former a tributary to the James, and the latter to the York River. These defences consist of a fort, having strong flanking redoubts, lying between impassable marshes, on the right and left—further strengthened by several large ponds artificially formed and vigorously prosecuted.

As a further precautionary measure—should the enemy succeed in carrying the defences of James River below Williamsburg—formidable earth-works were constructed on the shore beyond Jamestown Island, to a point several miles distant, designated the Utopia Bottoms. Here, at the narrowest part of the Peninsula, a second line of defence was in process of erection, about two miles distant from the first, extending to the mouth of King's Creek—a distance of five miles, of which three miles are rendered impassable by the natural obstruction of deep water and miry marches.

Most of these works are well supplied with guns of various calibres, ranging from 32 to 12-pounders,

mounted on *barbette* carriages. These defences were constructed by Captain Rives, who received his professional education in a French military academy, and who is considered one of the best engineers in the South, although but a very young man. Captain Rives is the son of M. C. Rives, ex-minister to France, but at present a member of the Virginia Congress.

When we had visited all the fortifications in the neighbourhood—at some of which hundreds of negroes were working and singing away right merrily—the engineer took leave of us, leaving Colonel Talcott and myself to prosecute our journey to Yorktown—where we arrived after a couple of hours' drive.

Yorktown is situated at the north-east corner of the peninsula formed by Chesapeake Bay and the York and James Rivers, and is but twenty-four miles distant from Fortress Monroe—which occupies the south-east corner of the same peninsula—the stronghold of the Northern army. This town was established by law in 1705; and, although very circumscribed, was once a place of considerable commerce. It contains exactly thirty-six dwellings, in addition to a church—all of which are decayed—and, before the war broke out, possessed simply a population of ninety-eight white and ninety coloured inhabitants;

although in 1790, when the first Census was taken, its residents numbered three thousand.

The scenery is fine. The river, fully a mile wide, stretches far away, until it merges into the Chesapeake—an object of beauty when its ripples sparkle in the sun, or when its broad bosom is tinged with the glorious hues of an autumnal sunset. On its banks stand the hoary ruins of a church. Silence reigns within its walls, and the ashes of many illustrious dead repose at its base; while the waves, dashing and splashing around, sing mournful dirges, as it were, by their sepulchres. The walls of this old church are composed of stone marl, which is said to be soft when taken out of its native bed, but to become hardened by time and exposure, until it acquires the firmness, solidity, and durability of granite.

In the churchyard I observed a number of monuments and grave-stones, the most prominent of which is the tomb of Governor Nelson, and those of that illustrious family. Some of the tomb-stones are sculptured with great artistic skill and elegance, especially a quadrangular monument, four feet high and three feet wide, —the work of a "Mr. Saunders, Cannon Street, London." Upon one end are represented the faces of two angels, one of whom is emerging from a cloud, upon which is written, "All glory

be to God!" The other figure below, with trumpet in its mouth, is heralding the above inscription. At the other end are also two angels: one in the act of receiving a crown from the Saviour, who is hidden behind the clouds. This monument is to the memory of Governor Nelson's grandfather. He emigrated from Penrith, in Cumberland, which county had become transferred by Henry III. to the Crown of Scotland, and, upon failure of male heirs, reverted as a base fee to this country, from which circumstance he was designated "Scotch Tom." Over the Nelson armorial bearings is the following inscription:—

> "Hic jacet, spe certa resurgendi in Christi, THOMAS NELSON, generosus, Filius Hugonis et Sariæ Nelson de Penrith, in Comitatu Cumbriæ, natus 20mo die Februarii Anno Domini 1677, vitæ bene gestæ finem implevit 7mo die Octobris 1745, ætatis suæ 68."

The house of General Nelson, the Governor of Virginia before the Revolution, is still standing, but has been converted into an hospital. It is a large brick structure, two stories high, and directly fronts the river, on the main street of the town. During the siege of York, this building was bombarded by the American army, and the marks of cannon shot are distinctly perceptible on a portion of its walls. Governor Nelson, then in Washington's army, had command of the first battery

which opened fire upon the town. He pointed the first gun against his own dwelling, supposing it to be occupied by some of the British officers, and offered a reward of five guineas for every bomb-shell that should be fired into it.

The estate of Yorktown remains in the Nelson family. It is now in the possession of Mr. Bryant, who married Mrs. Nelson, the widow of the General's grandson. The next heir is their son, William Nelson, now fourteen years old. There is no stone to mark the resting-place of Governor Nelson, who died in January, 1789, at the age of fifty years.

The monument to Governor Nelson's father is replete with carved workmanship, below which is the inscription :—

"Here lies the body of the Hon. WILLIAM NELSON, late President of His Majesty's Council in this Dominion, in whom the love of man and the love of God so restrained and enforced each other, and so invigorated the mental powers in general, as not only to defend him from the vices and follies of his age and country; but also to render it a matter of difficult decision in what part of laudable conduct he most excelled; whether in the tender and endearing accomplishments of domestic life, or in the more arduous duties of a wider circuit; whether as a neighbour, gentleman, or a magistrate; whether in the graces of hospitality, charity, or piety Reader, if you feel the spirit of that exalted ardour which aspires to the felicity of conscious virtue, animated by those stimulating and divine admonitions, perform the task and expect the destination of the righteous man. Obit. 19 of Nov. Anno Domini 1772. Ætatis 61."

About a mile below Yorktown, on the river bank, is the Moore House—in tolerably good preservation—memorable as the dwelling where the Articles of Capitulation were signed by Lord Cornwallis. The place of surrender is half-a-mile beyond the eastern limits of the town, on the south side of the road to Hampton. Here I noticed an obelisk six feet in height, disfigured by signatures deeply scratched in the marble, which bears the following inscription :—

"ERECTED OCT. 19, 1860,
BY THE
OFFICERS AND VOLUNTEER COMPANIES
OF THE
VIRGINIA MILITIA
OF
GLOUCESTER COUNTY,
TO
MARK THE SPOT
OF
CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER,
OCT. 19, 1781."

The head-quarters of Cornwallis was a brick house, belonging to Secretary Nelson, only the ruins of which are now visible in the spacious and continuous redoubt constructed by the British at the eastern extremity of the town. Sixty yards from these ruins, on the slope of a hill at the lower end of the redoubt, is a cave which his Lordship had excavated. It was hung with green

baize, and was used solely for holding councils of war.

Two miles distant from the town, in what is termed Temple Farm, I observed a number of old chimneys, clearly indicating the site of an ancient settlement. A quarter of a mile from the York River, on the margin of a forest, are the vestiges of an ancient temple. A few yards apart, and surrounding it, is a tolerably thick wall, possibly once intended as a defence against sudden attacks from the Indian tribes. Within the enclosure are several defaced and dilapidated monuments. One only is legible—a flat slab adorned with heraldic insignia.

The fortifications of Yorktown, although hastily constructed, are of a formidable character, if well defended. The town is protected from assault on its western, and along a portion of its southern front, by an impassable morass. A stream called Wormley's Creek, flowing into York River east of the town, and a mile or two below it, renders the approach of artillery on that side difficult, if not impossible. The Confederates, however, have not relied exclusively upon these natural defences, but have erected a double line of strong earth-works around the town, upon which are mounted a number of heavy guns.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that a portion

of these lines comprise the identical works thrown up by Cornwallis; who seems to have surveyed the ground thoroughly, and to have entrenched himself with consummate skill. While engaged in digging a magazine, the soldiers employed in the operation alighted upon one of his Lordship's, containing a dozen loaded shells of a large size. Although having been buried eighty years, so excellent was the powder that it exploded upon being dried.

These elaborate works were planned by efficient engineers, and none of the usual devices for strengthening military positions were overlooked. The country around had been cleared of trees, in order to give full range to the guns mounted on the fortifications, and to remove all cover for the enemy. Roads were constructed, marshes flooded, distances accurately measured, and ranges tested, so that the troops were prepared at any moment for an attack.

In addition to these land defences, a heavy water battery had been built, which, together with that at Gloucester Point—to be duly described—not only render it impossible for a fleet to enter, but also materially assist in the defence of the town, by enfilading the exterior portion of the lines.

Yorktown, however, is but a small portion of

the system of military works erected for the defence of the Peninsula. An enemy advancing upon it, for the purpose of attacking Richmond, would encounter a succession of fortified lines, stretching across from one river to the other, each requiring time and labour, in addition to a large force and a heavy siege-train, to succeed in silencing or capturing. Should the Confederate troops but defend these lines with anything like the courage they have heretofore displayed, it would be impossible to advance up the Peninsula without a force far greater than the North can spare for that purpose.

The spirit which induced them to burn the town of Hampton—one of their most beautiful villages—rather than permit the enemy to occupy it, will, in all probability, lead them to defend their positions with desperate courage, and render the Peninsula memorable in the annals of war.

I called at head-quarters upon General Magruder, to present an introduction, as well as exhibit my credentials from the War-Office, but found that he had moved forward, beyond Hampton, with some ten or fifteen thousand troops, whom he drew up in line of battle so soon as he had got within sight of the enemy. Although both armies were only one mile and a-half apart, the Federal Commander preferred declining the challenge to risking an encounter. Subsequently, I fell in

with General Magruder, who has been in command of the army of the Peninsula since the 6th of last May. He is of middle age, tall of stature, and inclined to corpulency. His bearing and manners indicate the soldier. He served in the Mexican war, in which he distinguished himself; and his military skill and talents are considered of a high order—a circumstance that has caused him to be entrusted with the important defence of the Peninsula. No general could be more popular, estimated, or indeed beloved by his command.

A number of encampments — some of them entrenched—were spread around the town; and, although there was a good deal of sickness, the troops appeared in high spirits. There was no scarcity of provisions; and the commissariat arrangements were excellent. Annexed is the list of rations daily served out:—

Description of Rations.	Quantity.
Pork or bacon, ...	¾ lb.
Beef (on alternate days), . . .	1¼ lb.
Bread or flour, ...	18 oz.
Beans or peas, to 100 rations, . .	8 qts.
Rice, ditto (occasionally),	10 lbs.
Coffee, ditto, . . .	6 lbs.
Sugar, ditto, . . .	12 lbs.
Vinegar, ditto, . . .	4 qts.
Salt, ditto, . . .	2 qts.
Spermaceti, ditto, . . .	1½ lbs.
Soap, ditto, . . .	4 lbs.
Whisky (each man), . . .	1 gill.
Pickles ditto, ...	quant. suff.

Special requisitions were sometimes made, and extra rations issued to the sick, in the form of dried fruit, molasses, tea, etc. A market was held in each camp every morning (of which the Provost-Marshal had charge) for the sale of vegetables; and the Colonel of each regiment fixed the price of every article, in order to guard against extortion, allowing a fair profit to the venders. By this means the men were enabled to live as well as their officers.

In the neighbourhood of the town, upon a healthy elevation, were encamped the 1st Regiment of North Carolina, commanded by Colonel Hill. On one of the tents was very neatly embroidered the following verses, in the form of a heart:—

"LIBERTY.

"Women's hands have wrought for thee;
Women's prayers for thee ascend;
Women's weal and LIBERTY
On thy brave arms depend.

"Without a fear we put our trust—
First in Heaven, then in Thee.
Our cause is good, our quarrel just;
We must—we shall be free.

"S. S. "N.B.
"of B.
"St. James's Church,
Va."

Having obtained the necessary "pass," to avoid

being interrupted by the picket-guards, I set out for Hampton, a distance of eighteen miles. This once beautiful village presented a dreary sight, being one mass of ruins. It had just been burnt by order of General Magruder, and the smoke still curled up in spiral wreaths from the consumed embers of many an edifice.

The late village of Hampton is beautifully situated on an arm of the sea, setting in from the adjacent roadstead, which bears its name, and was celebrated for its salubrity, and the facilities which it afforded for good living. According to the last Census returns, it contained a population of nearly two thousand. Several of the residences had been built of brick, at a heavy cost, and belonged to opulent farmers and well-to-do tradesmen. This is the second time Hampton has been destroyed.

No spot in Virginia is invested with more thrilling romance and historic interest than Hampton and its immediate vicinity. It was visited, in 1607, by Captain John Smith—then an Indian town called Kecaughtan. Here Smith and his party were regaled with corn cakes, and exchanged for them trinkets and beads. The locality was settled from Jamestown in 1610, and was incorporated a century afterwards as the town of "Ye Shire of Elizabeth City."

The Episcopal church, an ancient pile constructed

of imported brick, was the oldest building in the village, and from its isolated position escaped the late conflagration. It is the second oldest church in the State, and is surrounded by a cemetery filled with countless "marble marks of the dead." Scattered through it I noticed at intervals stones with armorial quarterings, designating the resting-places of eminent individuals. Some of these are very old, dating, in several instances, back into the seventeenth century. Here repose the earthly remains of many a Cavalier and gentleman, whose names are still borne by numerous families in the Southern States.

Annexed are a few of the inscriptions on these black marble tablets :—

> "Here lies the body of John Neville, Esq., Vice-Admiral of His Majesty's fleet and commander-in-chiefe of ye squadron cruising in ye West Indies, who dyed on board ye Cambridge, ye 17 day of August, 1697, in the ninth yeare of the reign of King William ye third, aged 57 years."

> "In hopes of a blessed resurrection, here lies ye body of Thomas Curle, gent., who was born Nov. 24, 1641, in ye parish of Saint Michael, in Lewis, in ye county of Surry, in England, and dyed May 30, 1700.
>
> "'When a few years are come then shall I go away whence I shall not return'—Job, 16 ch. 22 v."

> "Here lyeth ye body of ye Reverend Mr. Andrew Thompson, who was born at Stonehive, in Scotland, and was minister of this parish 7 yeares, and departed this life ye 11 Sep. 1719, in ye 46 yeare of his age, leaving ye character of a sober and religious man."

In the lower part of the Peninsula, and in this very county, the Federal army perpetrated the direst abominations. They wantonly destroyed family relics, such as pictures, bibles, etc.; and not content with these acts of Vandalism, carried off several Confederate soldiers' wives, took them into camp, and finally subjected them to the grossest indignities. General Magruder made a representation to General Butler on the subject of the violation of the women—strongly denouncing the outrages committed by his troops, and asserting that if the women were not delivered over to him within twenty-four hours after the receipt of his dispatch, he would be compelled to hang all the prisoners he had in his hands. This threat produced the desired effect.

During my excursion around Hampton I fell in with several of the late residents, who, although they suffered great losses by the destruction of their property, nevertheless appeared cheerful under the circumstances. An aged gentleman observed:—

"I would prefer to lose every dollar I possess rather than allow the enemy to gain the least advantage. If General Magruder did not order the firing of the town, I should have consumed my premises with my own hands."

Having grown weary of viewing the smouldering ruins of a once pretty, picturesque, and flourishing village, I retraced my steps to Yorktown.

Early the following morning I visited Captain Peyton, who was in charge of the powerful water-battery. His command consisted of seventy artillerists, including officers—a force, he remarked, scarcely sufficient to work the guns effectually, in case of an attack. After having gone over the defences a second time, the Captain ordered his private boat to be got ready, when, in company with Colonel Talcott, we crossed over to Gloucester Point, three quarters of a mile distant. Here I was introduced to Captain Jefferson Page, late of the United States' Navy, who had command of the redan batteries at this place. Although having but just arisen from a sick bed, he chaperoned my friend and myself over the extensive fortifications; of which I present a brief account.

These elaborate and almost impregnable defences were commenced during the previous April, under the superintendence of Mr. Clark, C.E. In

the latter part of May, Captain Procter Smith, of the Virginia Engineers, took charge of the works, assisted by Lieutenant Dickinson, of the Engineer Corps. Since that time they had progressed rapidly, and on the occasion of my visit were nearly completed.

The water-battery is erected on a sand point, which projects into the river so far, that the stream is little over half-a-mile wide in that particular place. Nature, as it were, seems to have intended this spot for defensive operations; as it is the only locality on the river where an effective battery could be built.

The battery is of circular form, having a redan towards the land. Its armament consists of fourteen guns, comprising 9-inch, 32-pounders, and 42-pounders; several of them being sixty-one hundred weight—all of which occupy embrasures, with the exception of one that is mounted *en barbette*. These guns sweep the shore above and below, and would offer considerable resistance to a force attempting to cross from the river. The *vrettment* is entirely composed of sod; while the magazines, by a most ingenious contrivance of Captain Page, are thoroughly protected from the fire of heavy guns. The exterior of the battery is well protected from the effects of tides, and everything has been done to render it complete and efficient.

The land defences are truly formidable. The line of entrenchments extends from the river bank below the battery to the bank above it, exceeding twelve hundred yards in development, with a ditch twenty feet wide, and a parapet seven feet high. Guns are in position at every available point along the line; while the woods in the vicinity had been cut down, thereby affording an ample range for the fire of heavy artillery. Traverses likewise were erected to prevent enfilade and reverse fire from the enemy's shipping in the river. It would require a very large force to make a successful attack upon this place. The engineer in charge regards the land and river defences as very strong. Great risk would doubtless attend any attempt on the part of the Federalists to steam up York River, exposed to the double fire of the Gloucester Point and Yorktown batteries. The artillerists and other troops were in excellent spirits, and seemed anxious for the Union forces to make an attack.

As but very imperfect arrangements had been made for the sick at Yorktown—which possessed but one small hospital—the planters of Gloucester county received over two hundred invalid soldiers into their houses. Some establishments accommodated ten, and others five patients. When convalescent, their hospitable hosts used to have

them taken out daily in their private carriages. The Court-House of the county was converted into an hospitable, which contained about forty beds.

Gloucester itself is but a small decayed village, containing only a few scattered dwellings. During the siege of York it was one of the outposts of Lord Cornwallis, and the scene of some minor military operations. A portion of the redoubts erected at that time still remain. Its early settlers were from Gloucestershire, in this country, who not only transferred the names of places, but those of rivers also. Hence the Severn, and similar river and other local denominations.

I reached Yorktown just in time to witness the arrival of a regiment of New Orleans Zouaves—all Frenchmen —commanded by Colonel Coppin. Their soldier-like appearance, and the elegance of their uniforms, attracted much attention, being decidedly the finest equipped regiment in the Confederate army, and far superior to the Brooklyn Zouaves.

While at Yorktown I was kindly entertained by Captain Magruder, nephew to the General, and by Major Randolph, of the artillery, who commanded at the battle of Great Bethel, and was encamped here with his battalion.

The morning Colonel Talcott and myself started from the Peninsula for Jamestown was extremely

wet, and we had no better conveyance than a barouche. The thermometer had fallen from 92° to 69° in the course of a few hours, causing a disagreeably perceptible change in the temperature. I wrapt myself in a cloak belonging to General Magruder, which was kindly furnished to me by one of his "aides," and proceeded on my journey, which was rendered disagreeable by flooded roads and other obstructions. After a ride of five weary hours over "corduroy roads," through dense forests and dreary plantations, meeting only with picket-guards and possums—the latter frolicking amid the thick foliage of the tall pines—I reached Jamestown late in the evening, enveloped in mud, and perfectly saturated with rain. However, through the hospitable efforts of Captain Jones and his officers, I was rendered comparatively comfortable, together with my similarly situated fellow-traveller, Colonel Talcott.

Next day I took the steamer for Richmond. On board this river boat was a slave, who acted in the capacity of steward. While he was in the act of drawing water from a cask, my attention was attracted by a glittering ring on the little finger of his right hand, guarded by another of plain gold. I looked closely at it, and found that it bore the marks of a genuine brilliant, so I observed to the "darky"—

"Boy, where did you pick up that ring?"

"No pick up 'tall, massa—bought it rite out."

"Ridiculous! what do you know about rings? Why, surely you have been taken in!"

"Tak' in, yah, yah!" (extending his mouth from ear to ear). "No, no, massa, not dat—'spects dis 'ere ral' di'mon'—can swur to dat!"

"I perceived it was a pretty good ring, so I I thought you found it. Now, tell me how much did it cost?"

"Cos' hunder'-an'-twenty-five gold'n dollar—das wot' cos'—'spects wurt dat too!"

I involuntarily smiled at this intelligence, and considered what false ideas were entertained by the people of England respecting the institution of slavery "down South."

CHAPTER VI.

CONFEDERATE VICTORIES IN MISSOURI.

Contest at Oak Hill—Retreat of the Federal Troops—General M'Culloch's Proclamation—Proclamation of Governor Jackson—Propositions to General Lyon—Calling out of the Militia—Storming of Lexington—Demanding a Surrender—A Truce—Renewing of the Siege—Novel Appliance of Warfare—Hoisting the White Flag—The Capitulation—"Almost Bloodless Victory"—General Price's Offical Report—A Scape-goat.

AN important engagement took place at Oak Hill, eight miles south-east of Springfield, Missouri, on Saturday, August 10th. In that action—nearly as sanguinary and disastrous to the Federalists as the Manassas contest—General Lyon lost his life; and the scattered and remaining forces of the enemy were, after six hours' hard fighting, ignominiously driven from the field, pursued as

far as Springfield, and finally compelled to fall back upon Rolla.

In that engagement the Federalists had the double advantage of position and experience. Many of them belonged to the regular army of the United States. General Lyon brought into the field over 9,000 well-armed and well-disciplined men, having an abundant supply of ammunition and powerful batteries, commanded by General Siegel and Captain Totten; the former being a man of some military reputation. The force of General M'Culloch, on the other hand, although nearly equal in number, was inferior in other respects. Flint-lock muskets and shot-guns had to do duty for the more improved modern rifle, while the men had only twenty-five rounds of cartridge each; and yet, after a prolonged and desperate struggle, wherein the Unionists fought with unusual bravery, they were forced to succumb to their superior antagonists, leaving 800 killed and 1,000 wounded on the field. Three hundred prisoners, six pieces of artillery, and several hundred stand of small arms, together with the enemy's colours, were taken as trophies. The Confederate loss was likewise very severe, amounting to 265 killed and 800 wounded. So far the Confederate cause has advanced its claim to independence and European recognition.

The sanguinary contest at Oak Hill has invested with interest and importance the localities of Springfield and Rolla—small towns, possessing otherwise so very little worthy of note, that the latter is even omitted from ordinary maps. Springfield—distant some two hundred and thirty miles from St. Louis—is considerably the larger of the two, being the capital of Greene county, and will shortly be one of the principal stations of the South-western branch of the Pacific Railroad. Its position is elevated, and, like most American places of a similar character, possesses a court-house, two newspapers, and a bank. Its population is estimated at 1,000.

Rolla, on the other hand, is the capital of Phelps county, which fourteen years ago was formed of portions of the adjacent counties of Pulaski and Crawford. It lies equi-distant (that is, one hundred and thirteen miles) between Springfield and St. Louis, in a direct line between these two points. The South-western branch of the Pacific Railroad has its terminus here. The battle commenced on Davis Creek, in Greene's Prairie, about eight or nine miles south-west of Springfield. When the Federal troops made their retreat, they retraced their steps to Springfield, nine miles; and from Springfield to Rolla, one hundred and thirteen miles; so that they had traversed a

distance of one hundred and twenty-two miles from the scene of action.

This defeat of the Federal army in Missouri has been productive of important advantages to the Confederacy. In a strategic and military point of view, that portion of territory, from its geographical position, became positively necessary to the Secessionists; and if fortune favoured their arms, and they could persist—as no doubt they will—in holding their own against the North, would ultimately have to be taken by conquest, if but with the view to self-preservation. Popular opinion in Missouri, however, has for a long time been favourable to the Secession movement; but no demonstration could safely be made, owing to the absence of arms and the presence of Northern troops. General M'Culloch's victory has relieved its citizens from the hostile military despotism to which it was subjected; while its occupancy by General Pillow, with a large force, at the solicitation of Governor Jackson, enables the Missourians to breathe and act freely.

The Confederate Congress, upon the urgent application of the Governor, received Missouri into the Confederacy, and appropriated one million of dollars towards raising and equipping an armed force of 400,000 men in that extensive State. By-and-bye, when the popular voice and vote are

appealed to, it will declare in favour of Secession. It is but just to the Confederate Government to remark, that, with reference to Missouri, a strict regard for political principle and State Rights has been scrupulously observed. This Government abstained from making an armed entrance into Missouri until authoritatively convinced that the State, through the will of its people, and the acts of its constitutional officers, was no longer a part of the United States, and was only prevented from making a demonstration, in form and in fact, to such effect, by military coercion, and the consequent repression of public effort. Then it was that General M'Culloch penetrated Missouri from the south-west, and General Pillow from the south-east, the result of whose combined action has been so successful.

The proclamation of General M'Culloch is sufficiently indicative of the temper and spirit which animate the Government of the Southern States and its general officers, and exhibits a marked contrast to the intolerance and injustice too frequently displayed on the other side.

"I do not come among you," observes General M'Culloch, "to make war upon any of your people, whether Union or otherwise. The Union people will be all *protected in their rights and property.* . . . The prisoners of the Union party who

have been arrested by the army will be released and allowed to return to their friends. Missouri must be allowed to choose her own destiny. *No oaths binding upon your consciences will be administered.*"

Almost the entire territory of Missouri may now be considered as in a state of revolt. The *pseudo*-Governor Gamble—whom the Confederates designate by the epithet of "Bogus"—called for an army of 42,000 Missourians, as the Unionist party were unable to cope with the existing condition of things without the aid of a large military force. But this army could not be raised; the prevailing sentiment of the people being decidedly in favour of Secession. General Pillow blockaded the Mississippi above Cairo, and also caused a battery to be erected at Commerce, Massachusets, some ten miles below Cape Girardeau. This battery completely commands the river, and effectually cuts off all communication with Cairo and Bird's Point. One day the steamer, "Hannibal City," a large Keokuk packet, was fired into. Nearly 1,000 Union troops, destined for Bird's Point, were on board, and taken prisoners, when the vessel was finally sunk.

The course pursued by the Federal Government with reference to Missouri has been of a very aggressive character, as will be perceived from Governor Jackson's proclamation, wherein

he explains the relative position of that State and the Washington Administration:—

"Jefferson City, June 12, 1861.

"*To the People of Missouri.*

"A series of unprovoked and unparalleled outrages have been inflicted on the peace and dignity of this Commonwealth, and upon the rights and liberties of its people, by wicked and unprincipled men, professing to act under the authority of the United States' Government; the solemn enactments of your Legislature have been nullified; your volunteer soldiers have been taken prisoners; your commerce with your sister States has been suspended; your trade with your own fellow-citizens has been and is subjected to increasing control of an armed soldiery; peaceful citizens have been imprisoned without warrant or law; unoffending and defenceless men, women, and children have been ruthlessly shot down and murdered, and other unbearable indignities have been heaped upon your State and yourselves. To all these outrages and indignities you have submitted with patriotic forbearance, which has only encouraged the perpetrators of these grievous wrongs to attempt still bolder and more daring usurpations.

"It has been my earnest endeavour, under all these embarrassing circumstances, to maintain the

peace of the State, and avert, if possible, from our borders the desolating effects of civil war. With that object in view, I authorized Major-General Price, several weeks ago, to arrange with General Harney, commanding the Federal troops in this State, the terms of an agreement by which the peace of the State might be preserved. They came, on the 21st of May, to an understanding, which was made public. The State authorities have laboured faithfully to carry out the terms of that agreement. The Federal Government, on the other hand, not only manifested its strong disapprobation of it by the instant dismissal of that distinguished officer, who, on its part, entered into it, but it at once began and has uninterruptedly carried out a system of hostile operation, in utter contempt of that agreement, and in reckless disregard of its own pledged faith. The acts have latterly portended revolution and civil war so unmistakeably, that I resolved to make one further effort to avert these dangers from you.

"I, therefore, solicited an interview with Brigadier-General Lyon, commanding the Federal army in Missouri. It was granted on the 11th instant, and, waving all questions of personal and official dignity, I went to St. Louis, accompanied by Major-General Price. We had an interview on the 11th instant with General Lyon

and Colonel F. P. Blair, jun., at which I submitted to them these propositions:—That I would disband the State Guard and break up its organization; that I would disarm all the companies which had been ordered out by the State; that I would pledge myself not to attempt to organize the militia under the military bill; that no arms or munitions of war should be brought into the State; that I would protect all citizens equally in all their rights, regardless of their political opinions; that I would repress all insurrectionary movements within the State; that I would repel all attempts made to invade it, from whatever quarter, and by whomsoever made, and that I would thus maintain a strict neutrality in the present unhappy contest, and preserve the peace of the State; and I further proposed that I would, if necessary, invoke the assistance of the United States' troops to carry out these pledges. All this I proposed to do, upon condition that the Federal Government would undertake to disarm the Home Guard, which it has illegally organized and armed throughout the State, and pledge itself not to occupy with its troops any localities in the State not occupied by them at this time. Nothing but the most earnest desire to avert the horrors of civil war from our beloved State could have tempted me to

propose these humiliating terms. They were rejected by the Federal officers. They demanded not only the disorganization and disarming of the State Militia, and the nullification of the military bill; but they refused to disarm their own Home Guard, and insisted that the Federal Government should enjoy the unrestricted right to move and station its troops throughout the State, whenever and wherever that might, in the opinion of its officers, be necessary, either for the protection of loyal subjects of the Federal Government, or for repelling invasion; and they plainly announced that it was the intention of the Administration to take military occupation, under these pretexts, of the whole State, and reduce it, as avowed by General Lyon himself, to the exact condition of Maryland.

"The acceptance by me of those degrading terms would not only have sullied the honour of Missouri, but would have aroused the indignation of every brave citizen, and precipitated the very conflict which it has been my aim to prevent. We refused to accede to them, and the conference was broken up.

"Fellow-citizens, all our efforts towards concession have failed. We can hope nothing from the justice or moderation of the agents of the Federal Government in this State. They are energetically

hastening the execution of their bloody and revolutionary schemes for the inauguration of civil war in your midst, for the military occupation of your State by so many bands of lawless invaders; for the overthrow of your State Government, and for the subversion of those liberties which the Government has always sought to protect; and they intend to exert their whole power to subjugate you, if possible, to the military despotism which has usurped the powers of the Federal Government.

"Now, therefore I, C. F. Jackson, Governor of the State of Missouri, do, in view of the foregoing facts, and by virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth, issue this my proclamation, calling the militia of this State, to the number of 50,000, into active service of the State, for the purpose of repelling such invasion, and for the protection of the lives, liberties, and property of the citizens of this State; and I earnestly exhort all good citizens of Missouri to rally to the flag of their State, for the protection of their endangered homes and firesides, and for the defence of their most sacred rights and dearest liberties.

"In issuing this proclamation, I hold it to be my most solemn duty to remind you, that Missouri is still one of the United States, that the Executive

department of the State Government does not arrogate to itself the power to disturb that relation. That power has been wisely vested in the Convention, which will, at the proper time, express your sovereign will; and that, meanwhile, it is your duty to obey all constitutional requirements of the Federal Government. But it is equally my duty to advise you, that your first allegiance is due to your own State, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism which has introduced itself at Washington, nor submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in this State. No brave-hearted Missourian will obey the one or submit to the other. Rise, then, and drive out ignominiously the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil which your labours have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes.

"CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON."

The proclamation of General Jackson is important, for many reasons. Among others, it is illustrative of the forbearance and temperate spirit of the Southerners, and shows that it is only when all the rights of Stateship and citizenship are denied them, and the Constitution itself violated—when, in fact, they are goaded on to

the last degree of human endurance—that they are forced to rebel, or else submissively lay down their necks to be trodden upon by the ruthless foot of despotism. It would really seem as if the war party in the North were bent upon uprooting "the universal peace," and resolving the ancient Republic into desperate anarchy and hopeless chaos!

"Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!"

The victory at Springfield was no sooner won than the Southern arms covered themselves with glory at Lexington.

The Union forces, under Colonel Mulligan, consisting of nearly 4,000 men, had for some time previous occupied the town of Lexington, around which they had erected defences. On the night of the 11th September the attack was initiated by an advance party of Confederate troops, who appeared in front of the Federal entrenchments, when a sharp action took place. Four cannons were planted, so as to command the different points, including the entire semi-circle of

the Federal position, and a galling fire was kept up in addition to an incessant discharge of musketry. The Confederates rendered themselves almost invisible, being concealed in the adjacent corn-fields and woods; so the attacked party had no other means of doing execution among them, than by firing in the neighbourhood of the localities designated by the cannon smoke, and now and again taking aim at the sharp-shooters who had ventured out of ambush.

The next day there was a suspension of hostilities, as the Confederate troops had fallen back to await further reinforcements before they recommenced the assault upon Lexington with earnestness and determination to drive out the enemy. The first attack was simply a *rusé* to try the enemy's strength, preparatory to further action; and they kept partially out of view, in order to prevent their weakness from being discovered, and thereby guard against a sortie being made upon them. Colonel Mulligan took advantage of the opportunity to strengthen his fortifications, and to forage for horse feed. Several houses that the Confederate sharp-shooters occupied on the day of the engagement were burned, and eighty acres of corn were levelled to the ground, in order to deprive them of their sheltering places. About three weeks' provisions

were stored within the fort. After the first day's engagement the entire force left the tents and protected themselves within the trenches. Skirmishing, however, constantly took place between the outposts.

On the morning of Wednesday the 17th, the Confederates, under General Price, opened fire from all their batteries, and kept pouring in a shower of iron hail the entire day upon the enemy's entrenchments; while the practice of the sharp-shooters was excellent, as has been acknowledged by the enemy himself. Some time after the siege had commenced, with a praiseworthy humanity General Price sent a flag of truce to Colonel Mulligan, demanding a surrender, and informing him, that as the force he commanded was so superior as to render it useless for him to contend, he had no desire to fight for the sake of shedding blood. He proposed, moreover, to allow the Federal forces to march out of the town under arms, taking their property and baggage with them. All that General Price required was the position; and, this yielded, General Mulligan was free to go with his command wherever he pleased. Half-way between the lines both Generals met, attended by their respective Staff-officers. General Mulligan was obstinate, and would not accept the liberal proposition made to him. They sepa-

rated, however, in a seemingly friendly manner, and with mutual expressions of regret that the fortunes of war had made their interests so antagonistic and deadly.

During the afternoon of the 18th a hand-to-hand conflict took place, which was but of short duration, when the Confederate troops attacked and carried a portion of the works. Advancing in a strong and steady line up a slope, after slight opposition they caused the Montgomery Guards to break from their entrenchments and retire in disorder before their approach. A murderous volley was then poured into the dispersed ranks, inflicting the heaviest loss that had been experienced since the opening of the siege. Colonel Mulligan endeavoured to rally his men for a charge, but few of them responded to his call.

Hot shot and shell kept pouring into the town, one ball having fired the College building, in which the Federal provisions had been collected. Nevertheless, the troops succeeded in saving the stores and extinguishing the conflagration. From eight o'clock until midnight was occupied by both belligerents in burying their dead. When the truce had expired, the cannonade opened again with additional vigour on the Confederate side, which the enemy did not reply to until the

morning. So soon as daybreak had revealed localities sufficiently to afford correct aim, the cannonading became more furious still. The firing on both sides was continuous and furious, and nothing could be heard save the heavy boom of artillery and the sharp clank of musketry.

The ingenuity of the Southerners was conspicuously manifested by the invention of a moving breast-work of cotton bales, which received the Federal shot harmlessly, and completely protected the troops from injury. The effect created by this novel appliance of warfare may be estimated by the following account furnished by the Correspondent of a Northern journal:—

"At this juncture our men discovered, with no little dismay, an engine of war, which was being brought to bear upon them, threatening the very consequences which they dreaded most—a safe approach for the enemy, and an ultimate charge in force over the entrenchments. The rebels presented a strong breast-work of hemp-bales, which appeared like a moving barrier, impenetrable to bullets or cannon shot, and swarming with men in the rear. It was about twenty rods in length, and the height of two bales of hemp. The bales were placed with the ends facing our fortifications, affording a thickness of about six feet. This immense breast-work commenced moving

forward, not by detachments or singly, but in one vast body, unbroken and steady, as though it slid along the ground at its own volition. It advanced steadily over the smooth surface, parting to pass trees, and closing up again, as impenetrable as a rock. Behind it were hundreds of men pushing and urging with levers, while others held the bales steadily to their places, and others still, whose numbers were almost indefinite, firing between the crevices and over the top at our soldiers.

"Our men looked at the moving monster in astonishment. It lay like a large serpent, winding over the hills and hollows, apparently motionless, yet moving broadside on, to envelop and destroy them in its vast folds. In vain the cannon were turned upon it. The heavy bales absorbed the shot harmlessly, or quietly resumed the positions from which they were displaced, seemingly moving without hands, but in reality controlled by strong arms, which were unseen. In vain the musket bullets rained upon it in unremitting showers. The thousands that it concealed were safe from such puny assaults, and slowly gliding along, they waited with eagerness the time when their position should warrant them in bursting through its walls and storming up to the intrenchments. Our brave soldiers could only

watch it with keen anxiety, and wait for the fearful result."

After having been desperately attacked upon various sides, and finding it useless to resist, about four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, Major Becker, who commanded the Home Guards, crawled out to an advanced breast-work, and ran up a white flag.

The Home Guards deserted their trenches at the order of Major Becker, and rushed into the inner fortification, where they again raised the white flag, and kept it flying. Immediately upon this the Confederates ceased firing, and the garrison was thrown into the greatest confusion. Word was passed around that a surrender had been made, and the men left their entrenchments in disorder to ascertain the truth. Consternation reigned in all directions—Colonel Mulligan, it is said, being on the opposite side, and nobody present to assume control. Word was sent to him, and he ordered the flag down; but the Captains, who by this time realized their true position, and saw nothing but death or surrender before them, implored him to save the men.

Meanwhile the hemp breast-works had moved up under cover of the general confusion, until they had got within a few yards of the Federal entrenchments. The Confederate forces advanced,

and everything indicated that the moment had arrived when the crowning assault was to be attempted. In this emergency Colonel Mulligan ordered his men to lay down their arms, and an officer was despatched to General Price with a flag of truce; when that Commander, accompanied by General Raines and Governor Jackson, entered the entrenchments and demanded an unconditional surrender.

The capitulation entailed the surrender of all arms and equipments, but the prisoners were allowed to keep private property. The victors took possession of the fortification, and the enemy's soldiers were held under guard until, upon promising not to serve against the Confederate army, they were released on parole. All the commissioned officers were retained as prisoners. They were treated in the kindest manner, and provided with quarters at Lexington, with the luxury of a champagne supper on the first evening. The men were sent across the river, attended by officers who provided food in advance for them, and attended to their wants so far as it could be done in the hurry and confusion of marching.

General Price winds up a very elaborate report of what he designates an "almost bloodless victory," by observing:—

"Our entire loss in this series of engagements

amounts to 25 killed and 72 wounded. The enemy's loss was much greater. The visible fruits of this almost bloodless victory are great. About 3,500 prisoners, among whom are Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, and Whitigrover, Major Van Horn, and 118 other commissioned officers, five pieces of artillery, and two mortars, over 33,000 stand of infantry arms, a large number of sabres, about 750 horses, many sets of cavalry equipments, waggons, teams, ammunition, more than 100,000 dollars worth of commissary stores, and a large amount of other property. In addition to all this, I obtained the restoration of the Great Seal of the State and the public records, which had been stolen from their proper custodian, and about 900,000 dollars in money, of which the bank at this place had been robbed, and which I have caused to be returned to it."

General Price, had he not been exceedingly humane, could have prosecuted his attack more vigorously; but having succeeded in surrounding the fort and cutting off the supply of water from the enemy, he left thirst to effect its work, and thus saved the unnecessary destruction of human life.

On Major-General Fremont has been thrown the entire *onus* of the Missouri defeats. With such confidence was he regarded, that upon re-

ceiving his commission it was considered he would have dealt a Titanic blow upon Secession in Missouri, and driven the so-called "rebels" from that State. He was to do for the West what General M'Clellan is expected, and has promised, to effect on the Potomac.

He inaugurated the reign of his "little brief authority" by issuing a proclamation, wherein his well-known abolitionist tendencies appeared paramount; but which despotic and unconstitutional act had the effect of converting many of his staunchest supporters into the bitterest of foes; while the slaves, to whom he offered manumission, preferred bondage under their trusted and trusty masters to liberty under the enemy.

In addition to this, Colonel Blair, one of his own officers, collected and detailed a number of specific charges, with reference to the disorganization and mal-administration of the army under Fremont's command, and laid them before the President and the War Department—a circumstance which induced the General to place him under arrest, until his unconditional discharge from custody was demanded at Washington. It was averred that Fremont's inaction, caused by idle plans of "grand expeditions" into other States, afforded the Confederates an opportunity of rallying their scattered forces, and receiving vast accessions to their ori-

ginal numbers, until they became almost masters of Missouri; and that in consequence of his neglect to send forward reinforcements, the Unionists were driven from Springfield, with the loss of one of their best Generals; and that the garrison at Lexington was forced to capitulate.

The defeat of the Federal arms in Missouri created such embarrassment and disappointment, that the Northerners were but too glad to have a scape-goat, in the person of General Fremont, upon whom to lay the blame. It was only a repetition of what had been done after the rout at Manassas. Still, it must be confessed, that that officer had neither military education nor experience; and those who appointed him to an important post of command must have been thoroughly acquainted with the character of his qualifications; consequently on them should properly rest the burden of responsibility.

That the *gravamen* of the charges alleged against General Fremont could not be disputed is clear from the subsequent act of the War Office authorities, in immediately depriving him of his commission, preparatory to further proceedings. Commenting upon his premature and startling proclamation, the *New York Herald* observes:—

"But it is not only in point of generalship, but in a political capacity, that he has shown his want

of sagacity. His unauthorized proclamation—applauded to the third heaven by all the abolition organs and demagogues in the country—was most unstatesman-like, and calculated to do irreparable mischief. But for the prompt and decided action of the President countermanding the main point in it, Kentucky would have been lost to the Union; and it is notorious that it has turned nearly all the Union men in Missouri into rebels; and we have good Republican authority for the fact, that since it was issued, a body of Union Home Guards threw down their arms, saying, 'They would not fight for abolition.' Well knowing the effect it is producing in the South, the rebel Chieftains are industriously circulating it, while they carefully suppress the President's modification. There are, or at least were, numerous friends of the Union in the Southern States, but few or no abolitionists. Upon that issue the population of the South are a unit; and the war, if conducted upon the principles of the proclamation, would endure for twenty years."

Several of the abolition journals, however, have warmly defended Fremont and his anti-slavery policy; one of which winds up a violent article by remarking, that—

"When any Commander of a military district, East or West, begins active operations, the people

will support him in every measure which he thinks fit to adopt against the enemy—and the more energetic, the more effective these measures, the more telling the blow—the more loudly will it applaud. Rebels at the South, and their secret abettors at the North, may rely upon it that the masses will tolerate no playing at war; and that, if it becomes necessary to extinguish slavery, in order to put down this most wicked and wanton rebellion, it will be swept from the board as effectually as the guns of the 'Monticello' swept the Virginia Militia from the Hatteras bank."

Six successive victories of an important character having so far been achieved by the Southern arms since the commencement of hostilities, ought, one would imagine, to induce the Washington Cabinet seriously to reflect upon the folly—the sheer, unmitigated folly—of further prosecuting this suicidal contest, which can never end in the suppression of "rebellion," or the conquest of the Secession States. Nor would the taking of Richmond, even admitting such to be feasible, greatly advance the object the North has in view. So desperate, deadly, and deep is the abhorrence entertained for the enemy in the South, that every city, town, and village throughout the eleven States of the Confederacy would be burnt to the ground before they would be suffered to fall

into Northern hands. Nay, the very crops would be consumed, and that fertile portion of America turned into a barren wilderness, affording neither food nor shelter for man or beast. Shrewd and thoughtful men in the Northern States already begin to comprehend the dire consequences of this unhappy struggle for political ascendancy, and hesitate not to give public utterance to their feelings. Some journals in New York, Baltimore, and other places, strongly inveighed against the war policy of President Lincoln; so, acting in the manner and copying the example of a Bourbon despot, he had those obnoxious newspapers given in charge to Provost-Marshals, who officially suppressed them for propagating principles and expressing sentiments repugnant to the Government. Meanwhile every precaution is taken to prevent the circulation of all hostile organs. There is no security now for Northern citizens, no matter what may be their position, or even sex, should they unfortunately be suspected of antagonism to the Rulers at Washington. We are told that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. If the course of treatment the body politic is now undergoing in the Federal States be indicative of its diseased condition, then does it appear *desperate* indeed.

CHAPTER VII.

NON-SUBJUGATION OF THE SOUTH—THE BLOCKADE.

A "Short and Decisive" Contest—Strength of Confederate Army—Percentage of Population in the Field—Perils of Invasion—Federal Finances—A Doleful Cry in Congress—Specie in Southern Banks—Pressure on the Government—A Poem for the Times—The Blockade—Proposition of the French Government—Ineffectiveness of the Blockade—Recognition of the Confederacy—Destruction of Charleston Harbour.

THE Northern attempt to conquer the South is a labour equally as futile as that of Sisyphus, while it is more exhaustive—and, from its very nature, must put a termination to itself. It is not only mere folly, but little short of sheer insanity, to think of over-running seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, and subjugating the nine million five hundred thousand

people who now compose the eleven States of the Confederacy.

The impression originally conveyed by most of the Northern journals, and even by the Federal Government itself, was, that disaffection in the South assumed entirely a local character, being simply confined to a comparatively small region of territory, and an insignificant minority of the people; so that to crush it instantaneously and effectually was no difficult task. An army was accordingly raised, and, although it has been daily augmented, and for several months in the field, yet how to conquer the "rebellious South" is a Gordian knot as difficult to untie as ever. In order to subjugate a people who but uphold the Constitutional doctrine of State Rights, and to effect this object *speedily*, an additional army was required of 400,000 men!

"It is now recommended," observes Mr. Lincoln, in his Message to Congress, "that you give the legal means for making this contest a *short* and *decisive* one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work *four hundred thousand men* and *four hundred million dollars!*"

But, perhaps, it had not struck the Northern President how long it would take, under the most favourable conditions, to raise, drill, equip, and prepare for active service, such an immense force?

I greatly doubt whether England or France, with all their resources, could realize such an object even in twelve months. Surely, then, it seemed little short of absurd to endeavour to raise an army of such magnitude, with the view of making the contest "a short and decisive one."

The Federal Government has undoubtedly got far more onerous work on its hands than it anticipated at the commencement of this quarrel. It has been averred, that had the Lincoln Cabinet been aware of the extent to which disaffection obtained in the Southern States—of the feeling of antagonism by which its authority was disregarded—and of the armed opposition that would be evoked against it—a different policy would assuredly have been adopted. I do not see how this war, even if long and sanguinary, can effect the result which the Northern Government desires. The subjugation of the South cannot possibly be accomplished, even supposing that an additional 400,000 men be brought into the field. Each of the eleven Seceded States would, if forcibly regained, need an army of occupation to retain it in the Union; and by what means are the military and monetary resources of the North to realize such results? At present Kentucky is held back from Secession by the presence of numerous troops from Indiana and Illinois, and

General Sherman has frankly admitted he would need an army of 200,000 men to ensure that State remaining in the Union.

To subjugate such an extensive territory as that of the Seceded States is, I believe, the programme of General M'Clellan; but it needs no military strategist to perceive the Herculean character of the attempt. Southern people say such a scheme can never be accomplished, and laugh at the idea outright. They believe that they have sufficient men now in the field to "whip the Yankees," whom they regard as cowards and hired mercenaries, never able to stand steel, but who take to their heels whenever a close combat is impending. Numerous stories were in circulation "down South" respecting the Northern Zouaves, who, at the battle of Great Bethel, bounded through the woods like deer when trying to escape from Southern bayonets. The military *prestige* of the North is very low in public estimation.

"Northern soldiers never fought our battles," said one gentleman to me. "During the War of Independence they rendered the South no aid, but, maintaining State Right privileges, refused to cross their own boundary lines. Even at Mexico, Northern men did little efficient service. The South always had to bear the brunt of battle."

But the battle-ground, if this unhappy war

continues, is likely to be far more extended. There are other important States—such as Maryland—only "biding their time" in order to declare for Secession; while that of Missouri, although peninsulated between Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois, with her great river outlet near Cairo in the hands of the Federal Government, will necessitate an immense permanent force to suppress "rebellion" even in a portion of that State; although whether such can be done effectually is considered doubtful. From the Northern President's remarks with reference to those States which have adopted the principle of armed neutrality, it is plain that he does not regard them as friendly to his Government. Nor, perhaps, are they. The so-called Neutral States were apparently forced into their singular position by geographical approximation to the North, and the want of sufficient arms for self-defence.

The resources of the South in men, war munitions, and the means of subsistence, have not been generally comprehended in Europe. The Southern army at this moment comprises 500,000 tolerably well-disciplined soldiers, in addition to 500,000 volunteers under drill, in initiation of the Confederate States. And here it may not be inopportune to insert the scale of payment in the Southern army :—

Rank.	Dollars per Month.
Privates and Corporals	11
Serjeants	20
Second Lieutenants	80
First Lieutenants	90
Captains	130
Majors	150
Lieutenant-Colonels	170
Colonels	195
Brigadier-Generals	210
Generals-Commanding (in field)	310

This scale of payment does not include forage for horses. Besides which, a commitation is allowed of 75 cents per day, when rations cannot be supplied by the Commissariat Department. Officers draw no rations, and consequently have to maintain themselves.

But the South needs no victories to ensure her final success. M'Clellan, young, enthusiastic, and bent upon victory as he seems, although he may surround the country "with a cordon of fire," yet will thereby be far from attaining his ultimate aim. So soon as his army penetrates the Southern States, no conflicts will be needed to effect their destruction. Swamps, pine barrens, bad roads, malaria, fever, and *ennui*, will kill more than the most desperate, prolonged and repeated engagements. The Commander-in-Chief has lately been laid up in Washington, although surrounded with every comfort, and so has the

next General in command. Much sickness likewise prevails amongst the army occupying the district of Columbia. Let but this army and these General Officers penetrate into the South, and endure the fatigue and privations to which they would necessarily be exposed, and few will return to tell the story of their perilous exploit and fruitless project.

The relative position of both belligerents is obvious, should the Federal army succeed in penetrating the Southern States. The South would be in the midst of her resources, while the North would be distant from hers. The South would have more at stake, and naturally would fight more determinedly, for it would be a struggle for her hearths and altars. History abounds with examples of smaller armies vanquishing mightier ones. The victories at Trebia, Thrasymenus, and Cannæ, were gained by Hannibal over far superior and better disciplined forces. The Teutones and the Cimbri, although rude Germanic tribes, little accomplished in the art of war, defied for thirteen years all the power of Rome, and slaughtered in succession the well-appointed armies sent to subdue them. Washington, again, never won a victory, but nevertheless succeeded in enabling the comparatively weak Colonies of America to throw off the autho-

rity of Great Britain. The British army was constantly harassed, and the country completed the work of its subsequent defeat.

Judging by these examples, the South stands in little danger of subjugation. That the South is more capable of sustaining the war there can be no question, owing to the nature and productiveness of her resources. While the Seceded States have fully five per cent. of their population in the field, production, so far from being diminished, is larger than usual. Last year Louisiana produced, at the lowest estimate, 600,000 bales of cotton and 500,000 hogsheads of sugar, besides corn enough for two years' consumption. This State has 27,000 men under arms out of a white population of 310,000.

In New Orleans there are at least 10,000 men fully equipped and ready for service, in companies and battalions, out of a population of 175,000—10,000 more of whom have volunteered into Louisianian regiments. One New Orleans company alone represents 4,000,000 dollars. Indeed, a very large proportion of the Southern army is self-sustaining, and does not draw pay from the Government. The other States of the Confederacy are equally productive, and have a proportionate number of their white population in the field. Free Ohio, on the other hand, with

its white population of 3,000,000, can only raise 30,000 volunteers, and of this circumstance its Governor makes a boast! Clearly, Northerners do not relish fighting; and hence their reluctance to enlist, or even to enter the field when their "time is up," although they may hear the boom of the enemy's guns and their much-vaunted Union is in jeopardy! They expect foreigners to fight their battles, and yet loathe and despise the hirelings who lend themselves out to murder for eleven dollars per month!

Shrewd observers now begin to take a monetary view of the war, and contrast Southern with Federal resources. That the finances of the latter are at an extremely low ebb is publicly known. The State Treasury is depleted, and Mr. Comptroller Denison sedulously but fruitlessly endeavoured to raise a loan of one million and a half of dollars, although upon what security has only just transpired. Now, with reference to the expenses of the aggressive war waged by the Federal Government, it was avowed in Congress that it cannot be carried on at a less cost than 2,000,000 dollars per diem, equal to 400,000*l.*; while 100,000,000 dollars were expended from the 22nd December 1861, to the 13th January 1862. The United States' Treasury has been forced to suspend specie payment, while the banks have done

the same, and resolved not to take up the third fifty millions of the Federal Loan.

The Government revenue cannot exceed at this time 30,000,000 dollars; its previous loan, which was only partially taken up, did not average more than 83 per cent., not because there is really any deficiency of capital, for there is said to exist a large amount in the North seeking secure investment. The present financial embarrassment can therefore only be attributed to want of confidence in "the Powers that be." It must be obvious, therefore, that the war of subjugation, which the Federal Government has so inconsiderately undertaken, cannot be carried on but at ruinous expense; and if persisted in, the debt of the Federal States will become so enormous that bankruptcy or repudiation must inevitably ensue. Capitalists, proverbially sharp-sighted, already perceive this; and hence their reluctance to lend money, unless upon terms which no private individual would think of accepting. But these very capitalists must soon find their means immensely reduced. Commerce has comparatively ceased; manufactures cannot be carried on without a supply of the raw material, which, so far as cotton is concerned, will be wholly cut off; rents, from which the largest incomes have been derived in the principal Northern cities, have

either entirely ceased, or been vastly diminished; while direct taxation, at all times odious in America, has, as a last shift, been resorted to by the Northern Confederacy.

On the present financial war-crisis, Mr. Dawes recently commented in the Federal Congress, when he uttered the following doleful cry:—

"It costs two millions of dollars every day to support the army in the field. A hundred millions of dollars have thus been expended since we met on the 22nd day of December, and all that time the army has been in repose. What the expenditure will increase to when that great day shall arrive, when our eyes shall be gladdened with a sight of the army in motion, I do not know. Another hundred millions will go with the hundreds more I have enumerated. Another hundred millions may be added to these before the 4th of March. What it may cost to put down the rebellion I care very little, provided, always, that it be put down effectually. But, faith without works is dead, and I am free to confess that my faith sometimes fails me—I mean my faith in men, not my faith in the cause. The Treasury notes issued in the face of these immense outlays, without a revenue from Custom-houses, from land sales, from any source whatever, is beginning to pall in the market. Already have they began to

sell at six per cent. discount at the tables of the money changers; at the very time, too, that we here exhibit the single spectacle of fraud, and of a struggle with the Committee of Ways and Means itself, in an endeavour to lift up and sustain the Government of the country. Already the sutler—that curse of the camp—is following the paymaster, as the shark follows the ship, buying up for four dollars every five dollars of the wages of the soldiers paid to them in Treasury notes. I have no desire to hasten the movements of the army, or to criticise the conduct of its leaders, but in view of the stupendous draughts upon the Treasury, I must say that I long for the day of striking the blow which will bring this rebellion to an end. Sixty days longer of this state of things will bring about a result one way or another. It is impossible that the Treasury of the United States can meet, and continue to meet, this state of things sixty days longer, and an ignominious peace must be submitted to, unless we see to it that the credit of the country is sustained, and sustained, too, by the conviction going forth from this Hall to the people of the country, that we will treat as traitors not only those who are bold and manly enough to meet us face to face in the field of strife, but all those who

clandestinely and stealthily suck the lifeblood from us in this mighty struggle."

A rumour has gained currency that the Government was about to reduce the pay of the army, upon which a New York journal remarked, that if any measure were attempted "to reduce the sum from thirteen to ten dollars a month, there are 200,000 armed men close to the Capitol who may take the law in their own hands."

Although the South has also had recourse to a paper-currency, it was an act induced more by expediency than necessity. In the vaults of the Confederate States' Banks there are twenty-five millions in specie; and these banks have suspended in accordance with the policy of the Government, there being no trade with foreign nations, owing to the blockade. The Treasury notes are based on direct taxation; and as the people have confidence in the Government, float at highest credit, and are received as legal tender and deposit by bankers.

The present war is wasting away, with a prodigal hand, the wealth and credit of the North. With an army in the field of 600,000 men, which cannot be maintained efficiently for less than 120,000,000*l.* per annum, how is it possible for the Government to escape bankruptcy, when their receipts do not exceed 30,000,000 dollars per

annum? What is the object of the war? Apparently the subjugation of the South. But such a consummation is utterly impossible, so long as the South offers resistance, which it will do to the last man on its soil. How much better, then, for the belligerents in this fierce struggle to come to a speedy understanding, than to deluge the country with blood ere this object be attained.

With the South the case is widely different. Its soil, climate, and productions afford all the materials without which the North cannot prosper. Statistics show that out of 316,220,610 dollars of exports of domestic industry, nearly 250,000,000 dollars are furnished by those States known as Slave States. It must be borne in mind, also, that notwithstanding the large numbers of men now in the field, agricultural pursuits are not in the least interrupted.

In the North, on the other hand, agriculture is carried on upon small farms by the labour of the proprietors themselves, and very few assistants. Every man is equally liable to be called upon to perform military service. The consequence of abstracting labour of this sort from the soil is plainly apparent, and must at length tell fearfully upon the population.

Since its organization the Northern army has realized little advantage, while the South is now

infinitely better prepared for resistance than she was six months ago. Upon the occupation of Richmond ceasing to haunt the minds of the Federal Commander-in-Chief and the public, other schemes were attempted. The Hatteras, Ship Island, Port Royal, Cairo, and Burnside expeditions have been fitted out, but few results have been realized, after the immense outlay consequent upon these experiments. Great disaster has attended one expedition; and so far they have only achieved the conquest of a few sand-hills on the banks of North Carolina, Charleston, and Savannah. What the Burnside expedition is to accomplish we are all anxiously awaiting to learn.*

I was informed upon reliable authority that the recent vigorous efforts put forth by the Federal Government have been owing to the pressure laid on by the bankers of New York, who refused to advance money if something was not done to keep up the public confidence (fast waning) in the Administration. This accounts for military changes and "naval expeditions." But the country is only hoodwinked after all. Even the occupation of Beaufort, although a great feat, is, perhaps, more of a disaster than a conquest.

Plainly, the subjugation of the South is a phy-

* By the latest advices we have intelligence of the loss of three of the vessels which composed this fleet.

sical impossibility, even had the Federal Government four times its present resources in men and money. The only chance of the Union being restored rests with the South itself; and if it does not acquiesce, not even a war of fifty years could bring about such an event.

But granting, for the sake of argument, that the Union should be restored by force of arms—of which result, however, I do not see the remotest probability—what would be the value of a federation held together against the will of millions of people? Could such an alliance exist unbroken for any considerable time? What power could coerce the Southerners into commercial and political relations with the North? We are told that "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" and the American Republic is not going practically to ignore the wisdom and experience of mankind. Under such circumstances the Union would be a bugbear, a mere political *ignis fatuus!* On this point the language of Washington is authoritative. He remarks:—"There must be reciprocity, or no Union. Which of the two is preferable will not become a question in the mind of any true patriot." Could the able American statesman have had a foreboding of the events of 1861, when, in 1787, he penned these pregnant words?

On the subject of coercing the South into the Union, a Richmond friend of mine composed and presented me with some lines, which, as they are illustrative of Southern feeling and sentiment, I now present to the reader:—

A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

Who talks of Coercion? Who dares to deny
A resolute people their right to be free?
Let him blot out for ever one star from the sky,
Or curb with his fetter one wave of the sea.

Who prates of Coercion? Can love be restor'd
To bosoms where only resentment may dwell?
Can peace upon earth be proclaimed by the sword,
Or good-will among men be established by shell?

Shame! shame! that the statesman, the trickster forsooth,
Should have for a crisis no other resource,
Beneath the fair day-spring of Light and of Truth,
Than the old *brutum fulmen* of Tyranny—Force.

From the holes where Fraud, Falsehood, and Hate slink away,
From the crypt in which Error lies buried in chains—
This foul apparition stalks forth to the day,
And would ravage the land which his presence profanes.

Could you conquer us, Men of the North; could you bring
Desolation and death on our homes as a flood—
Can you hope the pure lily, Affection, will spring
From ashes all reeking and sodden with blood?

Could you brand us as villeins and serfs, know ye not
What fierce, sullen hatred lurks under the scar?
How loyal to Hapsburg is Venice, I wot,
How dearly the Pole loves his Father, the Czar!

But 'twere well to remember this land of the sun
Is a *nutrix leonum*, and suckles a race
Strong-armed, lion-hearted, and banded as one,
Who brook not oppression, and know not disgrace.

And well may the schemers in office beware
The swift retribution that waits upon crime,
When the lion, RESISTANCE, shall leap from his lair,
With a fury that renders his vengeance sublime!

Once, men of the North, we were brothers, and still,
Though brothers no more, we would gladly be friends;
Nor join in a conflict accurst, that must fill
With ruin the country on which it descends.

But, if smitten with blindness and mad with the rage
The gods give to all whom they wish to destroy,
You would act a new Illiad to darken the age
With horrors beyond what is told us of Troy—

If, deaf as the adder itself to the cries,
When Wisdom, Humanity, Justice implore,
You would have our proud Eagle to feed on the eyes
Of those who have taught him so grandly to soar—

If there be to your malice no limit imposed,
And you purpose hereafter to rule with the rod
The men upon whom you already have closed
Our goodly domain and the temples of God—

To the breeze, then, your banner dishonoured unfold,
And at once let the tocsin be sounded afar;
We greet you, as greeted Swiss Charles the Bold,
With a farewell to peace, and a welcome to war!

For the courage that clings to our soil, ever bright,
Shall catch inspirations from turf and from tide;
Our sons unappalled shall go forth to the fight,
With the smile of the fair, the pure kiss of the bride;

And the bugle its echoes shall send thro' the past,
In the trenches of Yorktown, to waken the slain;
While the sods of King's Mountain shall heave at the blast,
And give up its heroes to glory again.

THE BLOCKADE.

Writers on public law have concurred in holding, that there are four ways in which a State may cease to exist in its political capacity. 1st, If all the members of it are destroyed by earthquake, inundation, or the sword. 2dly, If the members of it are enslaved by superior strength. 3rdly, If its members are so dispersed or divided that they can neither be *directed by a common understanding*, nor act jointly with a common force for *the purpose of civil union*. 4thly, If it is subjected as a province to another State. Now, the United States, as that Republic was known in 1860, is not directed by a *common understanding*, or acting jointly with a common force; and the purpose of civil union has failed *de facto*.

The English Government has resolved to act with the strictest neutrality. The view on this subject may be gathered from the following extract from a London journal:—

"Nothing that we have said will be understood to indicate the slightest departure from the absolute neutrality which our own Government has determined to maintain, and is still resolute in

observing. It is, indeed, by the strictest obedience to that principle that the maximum of responsibilty is thrown upon the Federal authorities. Every belligerent, it has been held, has a right to blockade the ports of its enemy, and also any vessels captured in enforcing it may be taken to the ports of the conqueror, and there adjudged according to law. In accordance with this view, it is admitted that the Federal States have a right to maintain the blockade of the Southern ports, and that any vessels which they capture may be taken to the North, brought before the duly appointed tribunals, and there adjudged prize or not prize upon the evidence. Should satisfactory proofs be laid before the judges that the blockade had been ineffective, the tribunal would be bound to discharge the vessel, and a claim of indemnity would lie against the captors. We may have some mistrust as to the independence of the courts in the Northern States, since we see that a judge has been placed under military guard, in order to prevent him from taking his seat on the bench, and proceeding in a case of *habeas corpus;* but, on the other hand, the necessity for thus putting a restraint upon the judicial functionary, the proceedings in his court, and the demeanour of the whole bar, show that the judiciary has not lost either its inde-

pendence, its clear insight, or its reverence for law, even in the Northern States. Officially, therefore, we may look to the constituted authorities in that quarter to determine upon the validity of the blockade which has been declared against the Southern ports."

The French Government has on two occasions invited the British Government to consider the propriety of breaking the blockade, unless proof can be shown that it has been rendered effective. Our Government, however, has persevered thus far in maintaining its position of strict neutrality.

There is another view of the subject, which is allowed to possess much interest. It is entirely novel, and arises from the peculiar circumstances of the belligerents, coupled with a state of navigation not previously witnessed in the world. In order to appreciate the force of this new question, it should be borne in mind that the Confederate States and the people of the United Kingdom are, at present, debarred from exercising a trade that would reciprocally produce the greatest profit. It has been calculated that the produce of the Confederate States very considerably exceeds *fifty millions* in value. I am inclined to think that, with a direct trade, the value of these products would speedily be increased, if not doubled. It has also been calculated that

the export trade of Great Britain alone, for the Confederate States, would, or might, amount to some *forty millions* sterling, that trade obviously being susceptible of an increase quite proportionate to the increase of the Southern States. And here it is important to observe, that the increase which is likely to take place would, in all probability, affect Great Britain more favourably than any other European country for some years to come. This highly valuable trade is at present barred by the operation of the blockade. But, as the same journal from which I previously quoted justly observes :—

"Recently the attempt itself has broken down, and it is the curious condition of the Atlantic itself which presents the question in so novel and interesting a shape. There is no dispute between any European country and the States south of the Potomac; but there has hitherto been an extensive commerce between them, though much of it was effected by the triangular process. The value of that trade is considerable—it may be represented by scores of millions sterling; and there is nothing to prevent the revival of that commerce, save and except this so-called blockade. If the merchant ships of France, England, Russia, or any Power, were to set out for Charleston, Mobile, or New Orleans, they would be serving

the interests of the communities to which they belong, and the only qualification to the perfect legality of their traffic lies in that same blockade. Now, there is practical reason for supposing it to be so ineffective as to be literally illegal. We believe that if the squadrons of commerce were to sail in any considerable numbers for the Southern ports, they could not be denied either entry or an egress; and if so, technically the blockade must be regarded as non-existent. Yet there can be little doubt that war-ships holding commission from the Government at Washington, cruising in the Atlantic, would chase any vessels which they might suspect of an intention to make for a Southern port, and would probably attack and capture. We have already supposed the ineffectiveness of the blockade to be a proven fact; and, in that case, there cannot be the slightest doubt that any armed attack upon the merchant ships of a foreign Power, on any pretence whatsoever, would be an act of lawless aggression. Without a previous declaration of war against the State to which the vessel belonged, it would be an act coming very close to piracy; and any European Government whose ships should be thus assailed, would not simply be entitled to defend its subjects from wanton injury, but would be bound so to do."

It is quite unnecessary to point out the effect which would be produced, should the Southern States take possession of Washington. The President would then become a sort of peripatetic authority, and the blockade would cease to have any proper warrant.

An impression obtains in Paris that the British Government is restrained from acting as otherwise it would, by fear of a certain class of political declaimers. It is not desirable to allude to this point very directly; but there is no doubt, that if Liverpool and Manchester, and the towns interested in commerce and manufactures, were to take steps for trying the efficiency of the blockade experimentally, they could *compel* our Government to defend them against any illegal attack, under the pretext of enforcing the blockade.

The blockade of the "insurrectionary States," as they are termed, is, for the most part, a *paper* blockade, and consequently *ineffective* and *illegal*. To effectually blockade the whole Southern seaboard, is more than the North can possibly accomplish. Her navy is exceedingly circumscribed, and, if I am to believe the testimony of the Captain of one of the blockading squadrons, almost perfectly useless.

"Sir," said this officer to me, when off Fortress Monroe, "I have frequently seen vessels running

in and out of the harbour, where the few ships that formed the squadron under my command were stationed; but I could do nothing, the ships being so old, heavy, and unwieldy. Once I tried to give chase, but in vain! The vessel was miles away before I could turn my ship's head!"

It is well that this fact should be generally known, so as to inspire confidence in private enterprize, and urge our Government, in conjunction with that of France, to a decided course of action, upon which the happiness of so many millions depends.

Every addition to the direct communication between the Confederate States and Europe—particularly Great Britain and France—helps to strengthen the interests favourable to a recognition of the Southern States, and to accelerate that step. I quite concur with Mr. Beresford Hope, in believing that the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England and France would very speedily cause the North to cry, "Hold! Hold! Enough!" and thus put an end to the present hostilities. England has exhibited the utmost forbearance, notwithstanding many infractions of international law and positive acts of hostility on the part of the United States' Government and its officials. As the subject of the American blockade is now before the atten-

tion of Parliament, it is to be hoped that, if the blockade is proved to be ineffective, and consequently illegal, England will no longer continue, from motives of courtesy, to respect it.

The savage and wanton excesses perpetrated by the Northern Government, in destroying the beautiful harbour of Charleston by sinking a stone fleet—thereby inflicting an injury upon the present and future generations, as well as deforming the works of Nature—is a crime against which civilized Europe indignantly declaims. Our own Government has remonstrated, but in vain, against such a barbarous course of procedure; and there is reason to believe that other harbours on the Southern seaboard have been rendered innavigable by a like process. This alone is sufficient evidence of an illegal blockade; when, in lieu of an effective squadron, harbours are obstructed and artificial bars created, which can with difficulty be removed. If, according to Vattel—the eminent writer on international law —"those who tear up vines and cut down fruit trees are looked upon as savage barbarians," how are we to regard the wicked and vindictive acts of the Federal Government, in permanently marring the beauteous and bounteous work of Heaven?

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM RICHMOND TO WASHINGTON, BY "FLAG OF TRUCE."

Norfolk—The Dismal Swamp—A Legend—General Huger—Gosport Navy Yard—Old Point Comfort—The Rip-Raps—General Wool—Fortress Monroe—City of Baltimore—Arrests—City of Washington—Fast-day Sermon—"The Profanest Nation in the World"—"Fast-day Looseness"—Anathemas on the South—Army Contract System—Swindling of Union Patriots—"The Almighty Dollar"—Skirmish near Lewinsville—Insubordination in Camp—"Bar-room Braves"—Madame Tochman—A Truckling Press.

FEARING, from the complications that were daily arising, lest I should not be enabled to leave the South did I protract my sojourn, I determined upon making an effort to get North by flag of truce, and thus avoid the difficulty, uncertainty, delay, and expense of travelling the same circuitous route I had previously taken. Accordingly, I waited on the Hon. Mr. Benjamin, Secretary-at-War *pro*

tem., informed him of my intentions, and received a "pass" to visit Norfolk, of which the following is a copy:—

"Confederate States of America, War Department,
Richmond, Sept. 19, 1861.

"Mr. S. Phillips Day has permission to visit Norfolk, Va., upon his honour as a man, that he will not communicate in writing or verbally, for publication, any fact ascertained by him.

"J. B. JONES, for Secretary of War."

Upon receiving this document, I took exception to the terms in which the "pass" was couched, and remarked, both to Mr. Jones and the ex-Secretary-at-War, that I could not hold it on such conditions as the text implied. I was assured, however, that I was not to consider myself bound by it; and that although it was deemed desirable to place restrictions upon the correspondents of the Southern press, and others, full liberty was accorded to the representatives of foreign journals, in whose discretion the authbrities had full confidence. Although this was the only instance in which I had received a "pass," in the shape of a printed form, and placing the holder under any obligation, I thankfully accepted it, as well as the explanations by which it was attended.

Early on Friday morning, (September 20,) I took the "car" at Richmond and proceeded to Nor-

folk, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. As this city is likely to become an object of interest, it will not be irrelevant to give some description of the interesting locality. Norfolk was originally formed in 1691, from Lower Norfolk, which was subsequently changed to the name of Nasemond. Its length from north to south is thirty-two miles, and its mean width is seventeen miles. The Portsmouth and Roanoake Railway, which extends a distance of nearly eighty miles, commences at Portsmouth, in this county, and terminates at Weldon, on the Roanoake River. The Dismal Swamp Canal, twenty-two miles long, connects Chesapeake Bay with Albemarle Sound, North Carolina. It extends twenty miles through the Great Dismal Swamp, and has been a work of vast difficulty and labour.

The Swamp called "Dismal" occupies a portion of Virginia and North Carolina, and extends thirty miles from north to south, and about twelve miles in an easterly and westerly direction. Five navigable rivers and a few creeks rise in it; their sources being hidden in the Swamp, so that no traces of them are visible. This circumstance has given rise to the supposition that these streams are supplied by subterraneous fountains.

On its eastern skirt the Dismal Swamp is overgrown with reeds at least ten feet high, and inter-

laced everywhere with thorny, bamboo briers, which render it impassable. Here and there might be observed a cypress and a white cedar. In a southerly direction there is an extensive tract covered with reeds, which, from being constantly green and waving in the wind, is termed the "green sea." In some parts the Swamp has the appearance of a magnificent avenue. The cypress, juniper, oak, and pine trees are of enormous size; while below is a thick entangled undergrowth of reeds, woodbine, grape-vines, mosses, and creepers, shooting and twisting spirally around, so interlaced and complicated as to have the effect of obscuring the sun. The Swamp was once a favourite hunting-ground of the Indians, and still abounds in deer, wild turkeys, and wild cats, besides venomous serpents and beasts of prey.

In the interior of the Dismal Swamp there is a body of water called "Lake Drummond," after the discoverer, who, as the traditional story goes, having wandered hither with a few companions in pursuit of game, was drowned in the lake. A superstition connected with this lake has been made the subject of the following poetical effusion, by Thomas Moore, who visited this part of Virginia in 1804:—

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved; and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he frequently said in his raving that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.—*Anon.*

"La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature."—*D'Alembert.*

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome!" he said; "my dear one's light,"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Norfolk is situated just eight miles above Hampton Roads, on the north bank of Elizabeth River, and near the junction of its southern and eastern branches. In the fourth year of the reign of Queen Anne it was first established by law, at which period it possessed a considerable population, as its geographical position rendered it particularly favourable for trade. Norfolk was formed into a borough in 1736, by Royal charter from George II. Ten years afterwards the inhabitants

evinced their Royalist "proclivities" by instituting public rejoicings upon the defeat of the Pretender at the battle of Culloden. At one time this town monopolized nearly all the British West India trade, by which large returns were made. Since then commerce signally declined until the completion of the canal, when it revived a little. The town itself is very irregularly laid out, on almost a dead level, although the streets are wide, and adorned with some excellent brick and stone buildings. There is, however, a melancholy air about the place, and everything wears a forlorn and dejected appearance.

Norfolk is also remarkable as the scene of some important military events during the Revolution. The British fleet, to which Lord Dunmore had fled at the outbreak of hostilities, made Norfolk Harbour its principal rendezvous. On the left bank of the Elizabeth River, and immediately opposite Norfolk, is a small town called Portsmouth, the seat of justice for the county. It is distant from Norfolk three-quarters of a mile, to which a constant communication is kept up by ferry. Like most of the towns of Eastern Virginia, many of its early settlers consisted of Scotch and Irish, nearly all of whom were engaged in mercantile pursuits. The harbour is excellent, in which vessels of the largest tonnage can ride with

safety, and even approach its wharves. A little below the town is the Naval Hospital, a capacious and handsome structure, built of brick and stuccoed. Right in front of this building I observed a number of tents, which had a very imposing appearance, and gave additional picturesqueness to the view.

Shortly after my arrival in Norfolk, I visited General Huger—who is in command there—and presented a letter of introduction which I had received from the late Secretary-at-War, Mr. Walker. I was most politely greeted, and informed that every facility should be afforded to me, and that, as a flag of truce would be sent off next day to convey some Northern prisoners (surgeons taken at the battle of Manassas) to the other side, I should be allowed the privilege of crossing to Fortress Monroe by it. I was strictly cautioned not to mention the circumstance, and should I be interrogated by anyone as to when a flag of truce would be going, to affect ignorance of the fact. This secrecy was evidently enjoined in order to prevent the General from being pestered by applications which he could not, and would not, entertain, both as a matter of policy and duty. My sojourn was so short that I had not time to visit the various camps scattered outside the city. I was informed, however, that

nearly 30,000 troops were stationed in the vicinity, and that they were amply supplied with every necessary. The health of the men, too, was in a good condition—far better than either at Yorktown or Manassas.

After breakfast on the following morning I crossed the ferry and proceeded to the Gosport Navy Yard—situated directly on the southern extremity of Portsmouth, half a mile from the central part of the town—now in possession of the Confederate Government. When the Federalists evacuated this place on the 20th of April, they simply destroyed the frontage of the building, leaving the ponderous machinery and the greater portion of the effects uninjured. The utmost activity prevailed in every department, from the casting and boring of huge Dahlgren guns, to the preparation of small shot. In several portions of the yard I noticed numerous pieces of ordnance, and immense piles of shot and shell; while the timber stowed away appeared to me sufficient to construct an entire fleet. The United States' frigate "Merrimac," which the Federalists sunk, along with some other vessels, had not only been raised but converted into a floating battery, iron-cased, and capable of carrying ten guns of heavy calibre. I do not know whether great things are expected by this

transformation, but simply think that the "Merrimac" has been raised and reconstructed just as an experiment. Some, however, were of opinion that she would prove very formidable when called into requisition.

Two other sunken frigates, the "Plymouth" and "German Town," had also been raised, and money has been appropriated to raise the "Columbus" and "Delaware," the latter being a 70-gun ship. The lower deck of the brig "Dolphin," and a portion of the "Columbia" and "Pennsylvania"—frigates, which had been burnt by the Federalists—were partially visible as the tide was receding. These vessels being greatly damaged, no efforts will at present be made to recover them. Possibly, by-and-bye the hulks will be removed, as they necessarily obstruct the navigation of the Elizabeth River. After looking well round the Navy Yard, I proceeded on board the frigate "United States," famous as the ship that captured the "Macedonian" during the war with England. Although very old, the vessel looked in capital trim. For a long time she has remained here perfectly useless, and all her guns had been removed. Doubtless it was considered that her services would never again be needed; so, like a proud empress divested of her crown, she has been suffered to repose on the waters in solitary gran-

deur, an object of curiosity—mayhap of interest —to the idle sight-seer. That this ship of war is destined to play some active part in the drama now being enacted in America is more than probable. At the time of my visit she was fitting out for service, had fourteen guns on board, and a goodly number of officers and men, I believe seventy in all. The "United States" can carry forty-five guns, and there was a possibility that, when properly equipped and efficiently manned, she would leave her moorings.

I took luncheon on board with Lieutenant Morgan, the officer in command, who had the kindness to have me conveyed in his private boat to Norfolk. Upon landing, I at once called at General Huger's head-quarters, and found that he had already dispatched one of his "aides" to the hôtel where I stayed, to inform me that the Government steamer was ready, and that I was to embark without delay. At my request, however, the General had the politeness to order the detention of the boat until I could get on board, which occupied nearly an hour. For this act of courtesy I feel particularly indebted, as otherwise I should have been put to very serious inconvenience, and possibly might have had to tarry in Norfolk for many days before a similar opportunity would have presented itself. In my hurry I

neglected to obtain the necessary "pass," which the General kindly sent after me. It runs as follows:—

"Head-quarters General Commanding Forces in Norfolk Harbour, Norfolk, Va., Sept. 21, 1861.

"Permission is hereby granted to Mr. Phillips Day, a citizen of England, to pass with flag of truce of date.

"By order of the General Commanding,
"Lieut. JAS. F. MILLIGAN,
Signal Officer."

So soon as I had embarked the little steamer put off, and proceeded down the river. On board were some five or six Northern physicians, who had been taken prisoners at the battle of Manassas, and who, in consequence of the humanity they had exhibited to the wounded soldiers at Richmond, were suffered to revisit their respective homes, on the generous recommendation of General Beauregard, upon pledging themselves not again to assume any hostile position during the continuance of the present war. I fear, however, that the good faith of some of these parties cannot be depended upon—not simply because I have met with them attired in uniform at Washington, but from the observations which I have heard drop from their lips. Possibly they do not regard the pledge extorted from them as binding upon their consciences.

When within sight of the Federal fleet, near Old Point Comfort, a large white flag was hoisted at the bow of the boat, and in a few minutes I observed a steamer approach, attended by a small cutter filled with sailors. When we got within hailing distance, the Federal officer in command, upon ascertaining that the officer who had charge of our flag of truce had dispatches for the General and prisoners, etc., on board, ordered our boat alongside. The utmost civility, combined with due military dignity, was observed by the Commandants of both sections. So, the dispatches having been delivered, and the living freight transferred on board the "Young American," we steamed away for Old Point Comfort, where I arrived in a short time.

This place is exactly two and a-half miles from Hampton, and about twelve miles in a direct line from Norfolk. It is a promontory, in latitude 70°, and, with the opposing point, Willoughby, forms the mouth of the James River. The early Virginian colonists, during their exploratory voyage in 1607, gave this locality the title of "Point Comfort," on account of the good channel and safe anchorage it afforded. The prefix "Old" was subsequently adopted, to distinguish it from New Point Comfort. Here Count de Grasse threw up some fortifications not long before the

surrender at York. On the Virginia side of the harbour is erected Fortress Monroe, one of the largest single forts in the world, being nearly two miles in circumference.

Directly opposite, at the distance of less than two thousand yards, is the famous Rip Raps, so called from the shoal water, which, under the action of the sea and the reaction caused by the bar, occasions an unremitting ripple. The Rip Raps is formed upon an island made by casting in rocks in a depth of twenty feet of water until, by gradual accumulation, it emerged above the tides. On this mass of stone was originally built Fort Calhoun, a most remarkable structure, evincing much engineering skill. The foundation, however, gave way, the huge walls tumbled down, and now the fort appears not unlike an unsightly mountain of rocks piled in marked disorder. The place looks dreary and desolate in the extreme, and can afford little comfort to the garrison who now occupy it. Fifteen rifled cannon are mounted here, which, with the guns of Fortress Monroe, effectually command the roads; for it would be impossible for a hostile ship to pass without becoming a wreck or a conflagration before she had wound her way through the bendings of the channel.

So soon as the "Young American" touched at

the Fortress, the Provost-Marshal took charge of the prisoners and others, and had them conveyed on board a Government steamer, for Baltimore, which was lying adjacent. The officer in command of the flag of truce suffered me to enter the Fortress, and accompanied me to General Wool's head-quarters, to whom I had a letter of introduction. I was first received by one of the General's Staff, who was dressed to perfection in civilian's costume—not at all unlike a class of individuals yclept "Young swells," who may be seen displaying their proportions and fine clothes before dinner in the neighbourhood of Pall-mall or St. James's-street—and who was highly, indeed offensively, redolent of perfume! As the General was at dinner, we were asked to step downstairs and have some wine, which we thankfully declined. After the lapse of a few minutes, General Wool made his appearance and invited us into his private room. He is a tall, handsome, and rather prepossessing old man, somewhat garrulous, but withal discreet. For his age his activity is considerable, but still it is full time that he should be engaged in pursuits more homogeneous with his declining powers of mind and body. He appeared to feel deeply the terrible calamity that had befallen his country, and alleged that he had foreseen it all months before.

"Sir," he observed to me, "as early as December last I wrote to Mr. Secretary Chase, proposing certain measures for his adoption, in order to meet, and if possible avert, the terrible state of things that we now witness. I told him that if civil war should ensue, it would call forth the worst, foulest, and fiercest passions of human nature on both sides. I wrote to him on this subject once, twice, thrice, but no practical notice was taken of my communication; and now, sir, the dire evils that I had predicted have been realized. Sir, you might mention that."

Finally, I took my leave of General Wool, who treated me with the utmost urbanity and consideration, and who placed no obstruction in my way, not even suffering me to be subjected to any personal examination—an infliction for which I was fully prepared.

I had merely time to walk hurriedly through the Fort, which mounts a number of heavy guns. Apparently it was not very strongly garrisoned, as a numerous army is perhaps not deemed necessary for its protection. The officers' quarters occupy several small but neat buildings within the area, where there is a capacious level parade-ground, ornamented by clumps of live-oak, this being the most northern part of the States where that tree is found. A number of dilapidated

wooden outbuildings, formerly occupied by civilians, are now turned into various military offices. There is a tiny hôtel adjacent, the old extensive house of this description having been changed into a bureau of some kind. Previous to the breaking out of hostilities, this spot used to be much frequented during the summer months for the purpose of bathing, as well as for the other attractions it offered. At present, however, no civilian is suffered to approach the place, except under very urgent circumstances, and with full authority from the General in command.

I hastened on board the "Louisiana," of Baltimore, a passenger boat, now in the employ of the Federal Government, and which was bound for that city. Among the "notices to passengers" framed and exhibited in the saloon was one to the following effect:—

"Gentlemen must not put their feet on the chairs, nor go into their berths with their boots on."

The "Young American" had just steamed away in the direction of Sewell's Point, in order to try the range of a Dahlgren, which she carried in her bow, by pitching shell into the Confederate battery at that place. Two shots were fired, and I distinctly heard the reports; but the Captain informed me afterwards that the balls simply performed

some ricochet movements on the water, and did not go nigh the shore! When the "Louisiana" had taken in a quantity of military stores she put off for her destination. As we passed the fleet in the Hampton Roads—which consisted of three steam frigates and five ships of war—the hands of the "Roanoake," about 700 in number, manned the rigging, even up to the very pennants, struck up "Dixie's Land," on fife and drum, and gave several hearty cheers in token of respect for their old Captain (Nicholson), who was on board our boat, and who had been deprived of his command, with a number of other senior officers, including Commodore Stringham. The sight was a very imposing one, and almost brought tears into the old sailor's eyes. Captain Nicholson appeared deeply affected at the manner in which his past services had been rewarded, and at the indignity he suffered by having his commission cancelled, and a junior officer, who had seen no service, placed over him.

"Sir," he observed, "I should not be surprised if a mutiny occurred on board my ship to-night. If the men were near New York, I am sure that twenty of them would not stay on board. Sir, I have sown, and others will reap the fruits of my labours. This removal of distinguished and able Commanders, to make room for young inexperi-

enced men, is the result of corruption and partizanship, and undue influence at head-quarters. Give it to them, sir!—give it to them!"

One of the crew of the "Roanoake" was so attached to his Captain, that he deserted from the ship, and stowed himself away on board our boat. On the following Monday, Commodore Stringham was to be supplanted in his command of the United States' squadron.

Next morning I arrived in Baltimore—"the city of monuments"—which Prince Napoleon, with good reason, compares to a beleaguered town—where I remained until the ensuing day. I was scarcely prepared for the condition in which I found political and military matters in that place. No one felt secure. Bankers, Senators, Congress men, members of the Board of Police, citizens of the first position, had been arrested without any cause being assigned for such illegal acts. General Dix—who has command of the city—ruled with a high hand, and endeavoured to suppress popular opinion by brute force, forgetting that—

> "He who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
> Against a giant cased in adamant."

Cannon had been placed on Federal Hill, commanding several leading streets. A new military police had been organized, a strict system of *espionnage* established, peaceable citizens' houses

forcibly entered, arms found therein seized, and everything possible done to suppress the Secession sentiment. Nevertheless, nine-tenths of the population sympathize with the South; so, if all the avowed enemies of the Union now in Baltimore are to be deprived of their liberties, additional prisons or fortresses will first have to be built for their incarceration. No Government ever employed a more outrageous military despotism, or so contemptible a "spy system"—and in the boasted land of liberty, under the protecting ægis of the outspread Eagle, and the "Star-spangled Banner!"

The following is a list of the leading persons who were arrested in Baltimore, and consigned to Fort M'Henry, preparatory to their being removed to Fort Lafayette:—

Hon. Geo. Wm. Brown, *Mayor of Baltimore.*
Hon. Henry May, *Member of Congress.*
S. Teackle Wallis,
Henry M. Warfield,
Ross Winans,
Dr. J. Hanson Thomas,
Charles H. Pitts,
T. Parkins Scott,
Lawrence Sangston,
Wm. G. Harrison,
} *City Delegates to the Legislature.*
Dr. A. A. Lynch,
L. G. Quinlan,
Robert M. Denison,
} *County Delegates to the Legislature.*
F. Key Howard, *Editor and Proprietor of the "Daily Exchange."*
Thomas W. Hall, jun., *Editor of the "South."*

The privations endured by the prisoners in Fort Lafayette are very great. They are crowded together in dingy and dank apartments; the only light there is glimmering through port-holes filled with 32-pounders. Iron bedsteads are packed between the guns, whereupon the prisoners stretch on loose straw. There are no tables or seats, nor indeed is there room for such luxuries. In these wretched casements, without fire, or the means of introducing warmth, the prisoners are stove up; while the strictest discipline is enforced by the German guards who are placed over them. The water supply is not only bad, but unfit for use. Those who can afford it are compelled to pay a dollar per day for putrid pork, and other stale and unwholesome edibles, which are supplied by the warder's wife. Those who are unable to comply with this regulation receive soldier's rations. Occasionally the prisoners are suffered to take exercise in the quadrangle of the Fort, attended by a guard. They are compelled to rise at six in the morning, and retire to bed at nine, P.M.; while the very lights they are afforded have to be purchased at a high price. Upon their arrival, they are searched, and deprived of whatever money they may happen to have in their possession, without so much as receiving an acknowledgment for the same. Although they are not positively for-

bidden to communicate with their friends, still they are placed under considerable restraint, as the annexed official instructions, which are posted on the walls, will demonstrate :—

"Department of State, Washington.

"Letters will be forwarded for the prisoners to the Heads of Departments of the General Government at Washington, and also to the General-in-Chief, when written in respectful language. In those letters, the prisoners, if disposed, can describe their quarters, subsistence, etc.; they may, if they deem fit, make a statement of their case, in respectful language, to the persons thus addressed. All other letters should be confined to family or domestic affairs, any wants for himself, or any instructions he may wish to communicate with regard to his private affairs at home, or familiar letters with relatives or friends. Letters containing invidious reflections on the Government or its agents, either civil or military, will not be forwarded, but will be returned to the writers. It must be understood that the publication of any letters mailed or forwarded for the prisoners in any newspaper, no matter what the contents, will be taken for granted that it is done to create ill feeling towards the General Government, and can be of no service to the writer. It is desired that in all private letters forwarded by the prisoners, the following note will be added, in a postscript, or otherwise, by the writer :—

"'P.S.—It is my express desire that the contents of this letter, or any part of it, will not be placed in such a situation as to be published in any newspaper.'

"Gentlemen with funds will pay their own postage; those without funds, their letters will be paid at Fort Hamilton.

"W. H. SEWARD."

Such prisoners as are fortunate enough to ob-

tain their release are (if American subjects), required as a condition to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, of which the following is a copy:—

"I do swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign, and that I will bear true faith, allegiance, and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding. And further, that I do this with a full determination, pledge, and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever."

On Monday, September 23rd, I arrived in Washington, and candidly confess that I was much disappointed with the Federal capital. It is not only a city of "magnificent distances," but of intolerable smells; and only for the excitement produced by the soldiers and troops passing to and fro would be the dullest of all dull places. There are few elements of social progress or advanced civilization to be found here. With the exception of the unfinished Capitol, the Treasury, Post-office, and the Department of the Interior, there is very little to arrest the eye or interest the mind of the stranger. The streets are ill-paved, the footpaths—principally of brick—are in

bad condition, so that one cannot walk with comfort or safety, especially at night, when the imperfectly illuminated streets only serve to make the darkness visible. Puddles and gutters meet the gaze in every direction, tainting the atmosphere, and assailing, by their pestiferous odours, the nostrils of the passers-by. A little to the north of the Executive mansion, on a space of about ten acres of ground, not less than one hundred dead horses were strewed about, in every stage of decomposition. The Washingtonians have always been more or less averse to amusements, except, indeed, that tea-parties and scandal can be classed under such a category. There are two small daily and one weekly newspapers here, but they are conducted in a very slovenly manner, displaying little or no ability, and having a most contemptible appearance.

Thursday, the 26th September, was the day set apart by proclamation of the President for "prayer, fasting, and humiliation." So far, however, as appearances told, the day had all the attractions of a *fête*. From morn until night the streets were thronged with well-dressed people, who came out in holiday garb, and who seemed anything but impressed or weighed down by a sense of contrition for their personal or national misdeeds. Omnibuses and carriages were in con-

stant requisition, while billiard-rooms and hôtel-bars were crowded with a succession of visitors, and evidently did a profitable trade. Every house I passed emitted savoury exhalations, which, to a dyspeptic, would have a very appetizing, and to a hungry person, a most provoking effect; from which I inferred that *fasting*, at all events, formed no part of Thursday's proceedings.

In the morning I attended service at the Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Gurley is pastor, and heard a very appropriate, and I should say, bold discourse, preached in presence of Mr. Lincoln, near whom I sat. As I had an introduction to the Doctor, after service was ended I requested the favour of his MS., which was readily complied with. I extracted a few passages from the same, which I now introduce. The Doctor took his text from Isaiah i. 2: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." The following is the exordium:—

"As a nation we are on a deep and dangerous sea of troubles. The waves thereof are very angry and fearful. They rise and roll like mountains, and threaten to destroy us. The bravest hearts are anxious for the issue. Some are hopeful that we shall outride the storm, and others are

whispering their fears that we shall go down in utter wreck and ruin, carrying with us the dearest hopes of liberty and of the world. Who shall determine the issue? Whose prerogative is it to prolong and increase the tempest till we are overwhelmed, or so to control and to calm it that we may be saved? It is not the prerogative of man to do this. State legislation cannot do it; the National Congress cannot do it; the President and his advisers cannot do it. There is only One Being in the universe that can do it. That Being is God. He only can say to the stormy ocean upon which we are tossing, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' This we are now beginning to see and to feel. Yes, I trust, we are beginning to feel that our help—the help we need in this most perilous and eventful crisis—'cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.' If He turns to us again, and causes His face to shine, we shall be saved; but if He continues to frown, and to leave us to ourselves, we shall be ruined, and that without remedy."

The following passage affords an illustration of that "boasting" for which Americans are so remarkable:—

"More than seventy years have elapsed since the solemn, I may say religious inauguration of

our first President, and we cannot doubt that in all these years the God of Washington has been with us, and his prayer that God would consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves, has been clearly and gloriously answered. Surely our liberties and our happiness have been glorious in His sight. 'He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments, we have not known them.' What wonders has He done for us—wonders that have attracted the gaze and commanded the admiration of the world! How has He enlarged our territory, increased our population, and multiplied our resources! What influence of knowledge, of virtue, of grace and salvation He has shed upon our land! To what a sublime and commanding elevation has He raised us among the nations of the earth! How various and how enriching are the blessings we have enjoyed at home! How high and unrivalled is the respect we have secured abroad! What a happy people we have been! What a mighty people we have become! In less than a hundred years we have grown so as to stand side by side on terms of equality with the mightiest empires of the world! There is nothing like it in all history. There is no other nation—the world has never seen a nation—whose life and progress and

prosperity were equally radiant with the goodness of God!"

The preacher, however, changed his topic, and proceeded to enumerate and dilate upon the national sins of the American people, viz., Sabbath desecration, profanity, winking at the crime of murder, slander, pride, boasting, and self-confidence. With regard to the first he observed that—

"The Government, many of our State Legislatures, our National Legislature again and again, our people of every class and rank, have trampled recklessly and often upon the sanctity of God's holy day. Indeed the amount of Sabbath desecration, open and high-handed, that has marked the history of this country from the beginning, has been perilous—Heaven-provoking beyond the power of language to describe."

Then with reference to blasphemy he remarked:—

"Wherever we go—in the circles of pleasure, in the marts of business, and in the thoroughfares of commerce—we are sure to hear the language of profanity. Some exceedingly well-informed people, who have sojourned in foreign countries, are wont to express the opinion that we are the profanest nation in the world; and from all I can learn I fear it is true. A chaplain to one of our

regiments recently told me that he never had anything like an adequate conception of the profanity of our people till he became connected with our volunteer army; and that the oaths he heard in camp from day to day, despite of his earnest remonstrances against them, were constantly oppressing his heart with blended sadness and terror."

Then alluding to evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, the Doctor proceeded:—

"We have spoken falsely and slanderously of one another. Especially has this been the case in times of high political excitement. How often, how notoriously, in such times, has the secular press been made the vehicle of lying and defamation, for the sole and simple purpose of defeating one political candidate and securing the election of another? The frauds, falsehoods, perjuries, and corruptions that have stained the history of politics and of political parties and struggles in this country for years together, are crimes of surpassing turpitude. Mightily, mightily, have they cried to Heaven for vengeance,—and vengeance has come at last!"

Finally, regarding the civil war now raging in America as palpable evidence of the Divine anger, he observed:—

"Believe me, God has a controversy with us.

It is evident enough that our sins have kindled his anger at last into a fierce and devouring flame. What means it that eleven States of our Confederacy are violently sundering the Federal bond? What means it that one part of the country is in battle array against the other? What means it that very brethren are in deadly conflict? What means the flow of blood among the mountains of Western Virginia and upon the fertile plains of Missouri? What mean those hostile and powerful armies now standing face to face on the banks of the Potomac, and near the very home and grave of Washington? What means the gloom that has come over all faces, the sadness that pervades all hearts, and the concern that is felt by our wisest and purest patriots about the events and destinies of the future? Politicians may say it means this or it means that; they may blame this party or that party, this measure or that measure, this section or that section, this man or that man. Whether they are right or wrong is now a question of but little practical moment. We must not pause to consider it, for we know, my brethren, that this great trouble that has come upon us has a more deep and awful significancy."

On the whole, Dr. Gurley's discourse was seasoned with temperance and prudence. He

surveyed the war from a Providential stand-point; and fully aware of the corruption of those in high places, assumed a grave responsibility in speaking with eloquent freedom of the alarming aspect that political affairs had assumed. Not a single irritating word on the subject of the "domestic institution" of the South escaped his lips. In this respect he offered a pleasing contrast to his reverend brethren in Boston, New York, and other places, who made use of that solemn occasion for arousing the foulest passions of human nature, and creating deeper enmity than what had already existed between both sections of the late Union. I append a few comments from Northern journals on what has been jocularly termed the "fast-day looseness of the pulpit." The *Baltimore Sun* remarks:—

"To what extent the pulpit as well as the press is accountable for the wild fanaticism on the subject of slavery which has agitated the Northern mind, our readers have some idea; but by way of intensifying the subject, the *New York Tribune* collates a number of extracts from 'fast-day sermons' preached in Boston and New York, by quite a number of the 'clergy,' whose wont it is to delectate their hearers with declamation on this theme. From Boston we have specimens of Johnson, Eddy, Clarke, Miner, Stone, Alger,

Webb, Manning, Ellis and Lovering; and from New York the dainties are selected from Bellows, Tyng, Vinton, Hoane and Cheever. These worthies, all Reverends and Doctors of *Divinity*, seem to delight in exhibiting the wonderful skill with which they can diverge to the remotest point from the precepts of Christianity, hoping, doubtless, to shine as distinguished lights in Heaven at last. But conceding the possibility of such a thing, Christianity and Heaven can be very little understood and appreciated outside of their particular churches. Happily these 'Divines' do not have the divinity exclusively in their own hands."

Inveighing against the pulpit clangour in Boston, the *Courier* of that city remarks :—

"Emancipation was the idea running through a variety of the sermons. Quite a number of the sermonizers declared, or else intimated, that we could not have the blessing of Heaven upon the national arms, unless we fought to put away slavery. Upon the same theory it is unaccountable how the thirteen colonies, with slavery in every one of them, achieved their independence, and how we have grown to be such a mighty and prosperous nation, under a Constitution recognizing slavery and guarding the claims of the slave-holder, where slavery exists. And it is sin-

gular that it should escape the attention of such men, that we continued growing more powerful and prosperous as a people, until the agitation of slavery, which they now urge, and which the Government and the main body of the people deprecate, became a disturbing cause of all our troubles."

The *Boston Post* follows in the wake of its contemporary, and severely denounces the style and manner of discourse propounded on the same national occasion, from the pulpits of the "American Athens." It observes:—

"A few pulpits rang out, as usual, with partisan and now disloyal anathemas on the South, on slaveholders and slavery. Such fanatic incantations to the Baal of Exeter Hall, instead of exciting a devotional turn, maddened hearers up to the hissing point. Good God! what are these clerical partisans made of? Is there not enough horror on the land? Must it also drink the cup of servile war? Must they prattle for ever about things of country, which they do not understand, like so many children? Do they reflect on what an Abolition war would be? Could they comprehend at least the situation of such States as Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri—the momentous consequences that are in the stake at issue? How can they keep up the par-

tisanship that wars on the Constitutional rights of the righteous loyal men of these States, and justify it by an appeal to the higher law? Does not patriotism in those States rise to the sublime? How can these partisans invoke fire and sword on their homes? What a perversion of duty! When State Legislature upon State Legislature, Congress, the Cabinet and the President, are giving the most solemn assurances that the war is not to subvert the social institutions of the slave-holding States, it is astonishing that even fanaticism can be so rabid as to inflame the public by urging old worn-out party appeals. God inform, correct, and convert these party men! They know not what they do, no more than did Saul when he stoned the prophets."

It is a sad truth, that the fratricidal war in America has been a source of congratulation to the Abolitionist party, a few of whom did all their official influence could effect to accelerate a crisis in the position of affairs. The party-leaders in this movement seem utterly regardless of consequences, provided their darling object be attained. Hence they could not forego their cherished antagonism to the South and her institutions, even on a day set apart for national humiliation, and in the midst of a civil war!

The declension in disinterested patriotism and

public morality of the people of the United States, especially since 1830, when the "spoils" system of rewards and punishments was introduced into the administration of the Government, has been in inverse ratio to their material progress and prosperity. Acting upon the principle, that "to the victors belong the spoils" of office, a system of party favouritism and family nepotism has marked the career of the different Administrations, getting more and more bold and audacious, until it has culminated in the most shameless venality under the present Executive and his Cabinet, and their Congressional coadjutors and advisers. Heads of Departments and Bureaus, as well as Senators and Representatives, have not hesitated to use the power and influence of office, not only to reward favourites, but to provide for the various needy members of their families and households, utterly regardless of their fitness for public office or station. They have been known even to confer upon their own kindred offices as low as messengerships, because by nature and education these parties were obviously disqualified for more elevated positions.

It is, however, in the army contract system that the most scandalous abuses prevail. For example, should an outsider of a political opponent of the Administration apply for a contract, such as the

supply of a certain number of horses or mules, he is invariably informed that "none are wanted for the present," while probably in a few days some political wire-puller gets the job at an advanced figure per head, and then sells for a consideration, which nets him quite a fortune upon the transaction. I have heard of one instance where a Democratic politician sent in a proposal to furnish horses to the Government. As usual in such cases, he was duly informed that "none were then required." A day or two afterwards one of his neighbours, who "was sound on the goose" (as they say there), obtained a contract to supply 3,000 horses, at a stipulated sum. On these horses he had a profit of 1*l.* per head, by which, without risking a cent, he netted the handsome return of 3,000*l.*! I have heard horse contractors chuckle over their good fortune, when they little suspected that "a chiel" was among them "taking notes." They boasted that while the Government allowed them 120 dollars for each animal, they bought the same for 60 or 70 dollars, sometimes for a less sum—thereby clearing a prodigious profit!

This unfortunate state of things has been recently exposed by Mr. Dawes—one of the Committee of Investigation—in the House of Congress, during the Debate on the Government Contracts. The very

first contract entered into, for the supply of 2,200 head of cattle, was entrusted to a stipendiary, who in former times made his living by buying the certificates of members for books at a discount, and then charging the full amount. This man sublet his contract for the cattle to another, who knew nothing of the price of beef, so that without any trouble he realized some 32,000 dollars upon the transaction—about 26,000 dollars in excess of the fair market price. So plentiful were these contracts, that people went about with their pockets full of them, making presents to the ministers of their parishes, and thereby healing old political sores, and wiping out past political or personal differences.

"High public functionaries," said Mr. Dawes, "have graced the love-feasts which were got up to celebrate these political reconciliations thus brought about, while the hatchet of political animosity was buried in the grave of political confidence, and the national credit crucified among malefactors."

But this is but a fractional portion of the swindling which Union patriots carried on, and high official patriots connived at. Cavalry horses have been contracted for and supplied at one hundred and twenty dollars each, which, upon examination, were sworn not to be worth twenty

dollars. In the case of a Louisville regiment alone, four hundred and fifty horses were condemned out of a thousand purchased for the troops, as unsound and unfit for service: the loss to the Government on this transaction is estimated at 58,200 dollars, in addition to 1,000 dollars for cost of transportation. So soon as the horses were found to be useless, they were either sent back to Elmira or left to perish of hunger on the highways. In Washington troops of them used to be tied to trees and left to die in this manner, until the civic authorities had to call for a legislative measure to protect the capital against a plague. An ex-Governor of one State offered the ex-Judge of another State a bribe of 5,000 dollars to get him permission to raise a Cavalry regiment; and, to quote the words of Mr. Dawes in Congress, "When the ex-Judge brought back the commission, the ex-Governor takes it to his room at the hôtel, while another plunderer sits at the key-hole watching like a mastiff, while he inside counts up 40,000 dollars profit on the horses, and calculates 20,000 dollars more upon the accoutrements and other details of furnishing these regiments." The list of frauds and fraudulent contractors is too extensive to enter upon in detail. I have, however, brought forward examples sufficient to exhibit the low moral and patriotic condition of Northern politicians, whose adherence

to the Union signifies devotion to self-interest. I strongly suspect that it is the love of the "almighty dollar" which gives gist and malignity to the civil war now raging between the North and the South. The former cannot think for a moment of giving up the rich and profitable business consequent upon a monopoly of the trade with the latter.

The manner in which the Northern troops advance into the South—burning, devastating, and destroying everything that lies in their path—is a conclusive proof that they entertain little love for the Southern people, and that it is their money and staples they covet, and not their fellowship as cöequal partners in a common Government. The existing war is therefore to be regarded more as a war of commerce than of principle—as the smallest concession on the part of the North, either during the late or the extra Sessions of Congress, would have secured peace, and eventually that Union so much talked and vaunted of by the North. South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, might have resisted the efforts to effect a compromise; but the conservative influence of the border Slave States would have neutralized all efforts on the part of the former to create a Southern Confederacy, and eventually have brought these States into the Union.

Notwithstanding the accounts to the contrary, it was generally understood—by the President and Cabinet at least—that the Potomac was blockaded from the Virginia shore, in consequence of which the Administration had determined to lay down a double track of railway between Washington city and Annapolis, a distance of about forty miles. A number of Confederate batteries, not heretofore known, had likewise been discovered at various points from Accoquan, twenty miles below Washington, to the mouth of the Potomac river. These batteries are all on the Virginia shore; but the chief defences are at Accoquan, Freestone Point, Aquia Creek, and Matthias's Point. An opinion prevailed in some quarters that the Federal war vessels then in the Potomac were totally inefficient in either resisting or silencing these batteries. One day, as the "Pawnee," a well-known Government gun-boat, headed an advance of the river fleet down the Potomac, a Confederate battery opened upon her, and with such effect as to compel her, with the other vessels, to return to Washington, some of them being so seriously damaged as to necessitate immediate repair. The second ball fired from the battery completely passed through the "Pawnee," and struck the Maryland shore, a distance of three miles, thereby showing complete command of the Potomac.

While resident in Washington, the Federal troops, 5,000 strong, with a reserve of 10,000 stationed at or near Chain Bridge, about five miles west of the city, made a *reconnaisance* of the country in the neighbourhood of Lewinsville—five or six miles distant from the bridge. On their return they were attacked by the Confederate troops, numbering about 4,000 men. The attack lasted three-quarters of an hour, when the former were driven back, with considerable loss in killed and wounded, amounting, it was stated, to 300 or 400, and six pieces of artillery. Of this serious skirmish no account was given in the Federal newspapers, since the publication of such occurrences is considered by the Government contraband of war—in corroboration of which, I can refer to no higher authority than General Scott himself, who has prohibited any movements of the army from being made public, and interdicted newspaper correspondents from communicating such disastrous intelligence, lest it may damp the courage of the troops, which is not of the most invincible description.

M'Clellan was very energetic—one day reviewing large bodies of troops, and the next reconnoitring the enemy's positions from a balloon, which is kept near Munson's Hill for his especial use. Constant movements of the army occurred

during the still hours of night, and the public mind was excited to a high degree of expectancy, and, indeed, anxiety, if the truth may be told, lest the next prominent engagement should terminate in another Bull Run affair, and the "Grand Army of the North" again prove itself merely a military rabble, after the millions of dollars laid out upon its equipment, and the expense consequent upon bringing it a second time into the field!

The volunteers, although not subjected to very rigorous discipline, yet ill brook the restraints of military life. It is not uncommon for desperate affrays to occur in and out of camp. A few days after my arrival a private, named Moran, belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment, shot his Major. For some act of insubordination the officer had him tied to the rear of a waggon, while the regiment was on the road. Moran got loose, however, and, upon the Major riding up to him, coolly observed:—

"You see I'm loose!"

"It will not take very long to tie you again," rejoined the Major, getting off his horse at the same time.

While in the act of alighting, Moran seized a loaded musket out of the waggon, and shot his officer through the lungs. The culprit, I believe,

was sentenced, by Court-martial, to be hanged. Since this occurrence, a private in the same regiment, named Martin, cousin of Moran, shot two officers out of revenge, one being very badly wounded.

Although whiskey is strictly prohibited from being brought into the encampments by the Generals in command, nevertheless it is smuggled in somehow. When it is not procured in barrels, the men bring it in their canteens, and the guards are not particular in examining them. Constant rows and perpetual drunkenness are the inevitable results. A serious and tragic affray took place at Darnestown, Maryland, where the 5th Connecticut Regiment was encamped. A number of soldiers got intoxicated, a row took place, resort was had to arms, one person was killed, several wounded, and a number of cattle and horses shot. These are far from being unusual occurrences.

Indeed, the *materiel* of which the Northern army for the most part is composed is of such a character as to render it unamenable to discipline. There is very little respect, so far as I have seen or heard, paid to superior authorities, much less to officers of low degree. Sometimes the men, upon being directed to perform some irksome duty, address their officers in a rude and vulgar manner, such as—

"You G-- d—— foreigner, who are you?" "Can you put me through my facings?" etc.

I shall relate an occurrence that came under my own cognizance. In one of the Washington cavalry encampments a soldier had taken some hay from a truss, as I afterwards learned, for the use of his Colonel's horse, when he was accosted by a Lieutenant, upon which the following dialogue and dramatic action took place:—

Lieutenant—"Who ordered you to take that hay?"

Private remained silent, but turned round contemptuously.

Lieutenant—"I say, sir, who ordered you to take that hay? I command you to inform me!"

Private—"I pray, sir, don't get so excited; don't take my nose off—it's the only ornament I've got on my face!"

Lieutenant—"Do you know who I am?"

Private—"No, nor don't care either. I don't care if you were Lord G— of the Highlands!"

Lieutenant—"I give you to understand, sir, that I am the first Lieutenant in this company. If you offer to go to that bale again and take any more hay I'll put a ball through you!"

Private—"Well, sir, I shall see if you're a man of your word"—at the same time drawing a revolver from his belt; when, approaching the bale,

he took a handful of hay therefrom, keeping his eye upon the officer meanwhile. He then exclaimed :—

"D—— you, are you man enough to fire? If you are, do so! Take your distance; and if you don't like that, I'll cross swords with you. I'll give you your choice!"

The officer, however, neither shot his subordinate nor accepted the challenge; and the men around, who heard the conversation, gave three hearty cheers for their comrade.

Stringent measures are adopted in order to promote discipline in the army. Neither privates nor even officers are suffered to leave their camps without first having obtained "passes" from their superiors in command. Sentries are posted day and night in various thoroughfares of the city, for the purpose of examining the papers of each officer and soldier with whom they come in contact, while an officer's guard continually parade the streets for the same object, as well as to pick up drunken men. Should an officer or private not have a "pass" he is at once removed to the nearest guard-house. Notwithstanding the legal provisions made to prevent drunkenness amongst the soldiers who come into Washington, yet they manage to procure drink somehow, and I constantly met with them lying helpless on doorsteps

and on the pavements, sometimes even in the gutters! This is the more astonishing, as, by an act of Congress, in force since the 5th of April last, no bar-keeper in the district of Columbia is allowed, under the penalty of twenty-five dollars, or imprisonment for thirty days, to serve spirituous drink to "any soldier or volunteer, or any one wearing the uniform of such soldier or volunteer."

The following is the text of the enactment referred to, which I copied into my note-book:—

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:—

"That it shall not be lawful for any person in the district of Columbia to sell, give, or administer to any soldier or volunteer in the service of the United States, or any person wearing the uniform of such soldier or volunteer, any spirituous liquor or intoxicating drink; and any person offending against the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, and upon conviction thereof before a magistrate, or court having criminal jurisdiction, shall be punished by a fine of twenty-five dollars, or imprisonment for ten days.

"*Approved, August* 5, 1861."

One restaurant-keeper informed me that he

was fined before he knew of the existence or the nature of this restriction; and that he had to pay the fine in gold—notes having been refused by the magistrate before whom he was summoned.

Officers, however, are not restricted from frequenting bar-rooms, although, perhaps, it might have been as well had they also been included in the provisions of the act of Congress, for I am certain that their character for sobriety is not irreproachable. I have seen a Colonel in a leading hôtel so inebriated, and making himself so ridiculous at the supper-table, as to afford ample merriment to the negroes in attendance. That matters are still worse in New York, I judge from the following *feuilleton* in the *New York Herald* of October 12th, headed "Bar-room Braves":—

"While so many of our loyal citizens are engaged in the service of their country on the frontier of the rebel states, and hundreds of thousands of lives are voluntarily exposed to the vicissitudes of war, for the sake of preserving the integrity of the Union, it is pitiable to behold the conduct of many of their uniform caricaturists who remain at home. Epauletted individuals, affecting the rank of Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants of the Federal Army, are to be found day and night, week in and week out, in the bar-

rooms and places of public resort of this city, with no apparent occupation *but loafing, swearing, and drinking*, and who cast bad odour upon the honourable profession they represent by their equivocal demeanour and practices. Some action ought to be taken on this subject. Those who belong to the forces of the United States ought to be more actively engaged than in idling and boasting, or else be forbidden to flaunt the buttons and stripes out of which they are endeavouring to make social capital."

When I reflect npon the class and condition of many men who contrive to "raise a regiment," and therefore get the command, I am not at all surprised to find them frequenting bar-rooms, and even flaunting about with notorious courtezans at mid-day in the streets of Washington, displaying alike their uniform and their unblushing impropriety.

The officers of the Provost-Marshal were actively employed in arresting persons suspected of Secession "proclivities." During my sojourn in Washington several ladies were placed under arrest, some of whom were incarcerated in their own houses. Among the rest was Madame Tochman, a Polish lady of high birth, and the wife of General Tochman, who raised the Polish Brigade in New Orleans. This lady complained to me of

the gross indignities she had received while a prisoner in her own house. Two men guarded the room in the upper part of her dwelling wherein she was imprisoned; and she had great difficulty in getting them to remain outside the door of her chamber, which was not permitted to be closed day or night, Here she was shut up and closely watched during a fortnight, while a sentinel or two were placed at the street-door. Her house was ransacked and her correspondence and papers seized. After having repeatedly remonstrated by letter with the military authorities, she was released; but no apology was offered to her for the hostile and ignominious treatment to which she had been subjected.

The Washington journals, of course, endeavoured to gloze over the outrages perpetrated upon innocent women, having the fear of the Provost-Marshal before their eyes. Accordingly, after Madame Tochman's release from custody, the *National Republican*, of September 25th, came out with the following announcement:—

"RELEASE OF MADAME TOCHMAN.—This lady was released from confinement as a political prisoner on Monday last. In a brief interview yesterday, she assured us, that although her husband was a Brigadier-General in the rebel army, she had no sympathy with the cause of Secession,

and did not desire to see it triumph. She furthermore stated that she did not blame the Government for arresting her; that it was natural she should be suspected, and right that she should be arrested; but now, being satisfied of her loyalty, she had been honourably discharged. The following paragraph, from the New York *Express* she fully endorses:—

"'It is due to Mrs. Tochman to say, that she is, and ever has been, decidedly Union; that nothing has been done, and no line penned by her, favourable to Secession, and that she has constantly deprecated her husband's heresy, and his being in the Secession cause. As a loyal, loving wife, however, she did say that she wanted to get to Richmond to see her husband, and General Scott appreciating her, gave her a pass to accomplish it.'"

This pass had been taken from her previous to her arrest, and, consequently, she was restrained from going South.

In another column of the same journal, under the head, "Treatment of Female Prisoners at Washington," the editor observes, in reply to charges brought against the military officials—

"Madame Tochman, who called upon us yesterday to announce her release, speaks in the highest terms of the treatment she received at

the hands of the Government officials, and it cannot be that the other lady prisoners, who were treated with equal respect and courtesy, authorized the fabulous statements of our correspondent."

All I can say is, that the representations made by Madame Tochman to myself entirely negative the above statements. She had been deprived of her liberty without any allegation being offered as to the nature of her presumed offence, and during her incarceration was indignantly treated, and very inefficiently and improperly supplied with the means of subsistence. I have therefore reason to suspect that her fellow-sufferers received no better attention.

The first intelligence Madame Tochman had received of her husband during several months, was from a newspaper—the *Baltimore Clipper*—forwarded to her anonymously. The paragraph conveying the information, and reproduced from the *Louisville Journal*, was to the following effect:—

"Major Tochman, the 'Polish exile,' is raising troops to serve under Jeff. Davis. Major Tochman, 'the Polish exile,' is a humbug—and always was. He used to try hard to get his articles published in the *Louisville Journal*, but he was too great an ass."

Opposite this notice—a very fair specimen, by the way, of "Yankee" journalism—on the margin of the paper, was written, in red ink, some very insulting remarks, which I transcribe :—

"Poor widow! Princess in Clouds! there your swindler of husband not dead yet—don't cry. Consolable wife go now and spy what is going here, it would make a crown for your mock royal head! . . . wife of apostate! renegade! atheist! neophite! perjurer!—poor woman after all!"

While in Washington I passed a few hours at the residence of an ex-Minister of the United States. During the evening one of his daughters sang the annexed parody on "Dixie's Land," which she accompanied on a guitar :—

"The Yankees think it very hard
They should be 'whipped' by Beauregard.
Look away, look away,
Look away to Dixie land!

"In 'double quick' they left Bull Run,
And in 'double quick' 'proach'd Washington!
Look away, look away,
Look away to Dixie land!

"We need not fear their armies and navies,
When we're led on by Jefferson Davis.
Look away, look away,
Look away to Dixie land!
Oh! I wish I was in Dixie,
Away, away, etc."

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO MUNSON'S HILL—FROM WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK.

General Scott — A Confederate Rusé — A Supposed Enemy — Federal Vandalism — Conduct in Camp—An Unwelcome Visitor—My Arrest—Office of the Provost-Marshal—"Secession Proclivities"—American Passports —"Dry-Goods Brigadiers"—Philadelphia—The Mint—Complaints of Contractors — Coming Events — "Dishonoured and Disgraced"—Threat to England—New York—Treatment of Negroes North and South.

SHORTLY after my arrival in Washington, I went over to Munson's Hill, then occupied by the Federal troops, the Confederates having evacuated the same, as they merely intended to occupy it temporarily for a strategic purpose. Previously, however, I called upon General Scott, to whom I presented an introduction, when I received a "pass" couched in the following manner :—

"Head-quarters of the Army, Washington,
"1st October, 1861.

"Mr. Phillips Day will be permitted to pass the United States lines to visit camps on the Va. side of the Potomac, and is commended to the courtesy of the troops.

"WINFIELD SCOTT.

"By command, "E. D. TOWNSEND,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

I crossed the Potomac by way of the Viaduct Bridge, situated between the Long and Chain Bridges, upon which sentries were posted at either side to prevent unauthorized persons from passing or re-passing. Near the river, on the Virginia shore, I noticed three blockhouses, about thirty feet high and twelve feet square, designed for defences. They are formed of huge logs, and the roofs are iron-sheeted. The ascent to each is by means of a step-ladder, placed at a short distance from the erection, while a door forms a kind of bridge which communicates with the top of the ladder, and can be drawn up at pleasure like a portcullis. These blockhouses are loop-holed at every side, forming two tiers several feet apart. Trap-doors on the first floor conduct to the lower or ground floor, where infantry can also be protected and use their rifles with effect.

These blockhouses are built without a single nail or iron-spike—the numerous thick logs being dove-tailed into each other. The Indians were the first to employ this mode of defence.

Half-a-mile distant were a few encampments, and a comfortable cottage occupied as head-quarters by General Porter, the Provost-Marshal, who commands the army here. I called upon the General, but he had gone on to the advanced position early that morning. I had, however, a short conversation with one of his Staff, an Irishman, by the way, and one of the ardent kind, who observed:—

"I came out here to light up the blaze of civil war!"

The image was doubtless poetical; but that he had done much to increase the conflagration I had and still have my doubts. I ascertained that more than three-fourths of the army of the Potomac is composed of Irish and German mercenaries; in fact, I only met with one American soldier for the two days I stayed in that quarter. Several extensive batteries, well mounted with heavy guns, were scattered about, and the neighbouring woods were cut down to form an *abatis*.

I journeyed on a distance of three miles, when I arrived at Munson's Hill, a considerable eleva-

tion, from which, on a clear day, a picturesque and distinct view can be obtained of Washington and the surrounding country. On the summit of the hill was a circular rifle pit erected by the Confederates, and near to it the stump of a tree which Beauregard had pointed on a mound in the direction of Washington, in order to convey the impression that he had fortified the place — which of course he was too much of an engineer to attempt. In the rifle pit I found Captain Maguire, "bearded like a pard," and a number of his men—the 37th Irish Rifles. I accompanied the Captain to the neighbouring school-house, the head-quarters of Colonel Burke, to whom I was introduced. He was lying upon straw near to a drunken soldier—the butcher of the regiment—whose garrulity could with difficulty be restrained.

"Arrah, thin, hould your tongue, now," said the Colonel to him, "or I'll make you!"

But the admonition and the threat were alike unheeded. The fellow would break out with some ridiculous observation now and again, and paid no more attention to his Colonel than he would to one of his comrades. Colonel Burke is only twenty-nine years old, has been Commanding Officer in the New York State Militia, appears to be a dashing soldier, and is much liked by his com-

mand. The regiment had orders to "advance and take the hill," late on the previous Saturday night. They did so, but found no opposition, as the Confederates had quietly evacuated it a few hours earlier. The only mishap occurred to the Federal troops, in consequence of their usual blundering.

The advance of General Smith on Falls Church, from the Chain Bridge, was accompanied by a series of disasters. Having passed Vandernerkin's and Vanderberg's houses on their way to the former place, and when about half-a-mile from it, by some unaccountable circumstance, Colonel Owen's Irish regiment, (of Philadelphia,) in the darkness of the night, mistaking for "rebels" Captain Mott's battery, which was in the advance—sustained by Colonel Baker's California regiment, Baxter's Philadelphia Zouaves, and Colonel Freedman's cavalry—fired a full volley into the troops last mentioned, killing and wounding a large number. The California regiment, not knowing from whom the firing came, returned it with marked effect. The horses attached to Mott's Battery became unmanageable, and the tongues of the caissons were broken, owing to the narrowness of the road. Lieutenant Bryant, having command of the first section, ordered the guns to be loaded with grape and canister, and soon had

them in range to rake the supposed enemy, when word was sent to him that he was in the company of friends. All was excitement, and a long time elapsed before the actual condition of affairs was ascertained, and confidence re-established. Many confused stories prevailed as to the parties on whom the blame should rest, but General Smith immediately ordered Colonel Owen's regiment back to camp.

The inscriptions on the wall of the school-house are really amusing, as both belligerent armies had occupied it successively; the Confederates from the 21st July to the 28th September, and the Federalists since that period. In one place was written—

"The Stars and Stripes—long may they wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Underneath this inscription was—

"The Gardes Lafayette from Mobile, the terror of the Yankees, and their tyrant, Abe Lincoln!"

Again, those whom it may concern were informed that "the Irish blood-hounds can find a tiger for them in the 3d Louisiana Lafayette Volunteers!" while upon another side of the wall was chalked in large letters, "BULL RUN YANKEE RACE COURSE!" On the portals of the school-house

I observed on one side—"The skin of Jeff. Davis will be turned into parchment, and the history of the Union written thereon!"—"G— damn a Yankee!"—and on the other, "Southern dogs!"

Upon the Northern troops taking possession of Munson's Hill and the neighbourhood, they exhibited the most atrocious Vandalism. I visited several dwellings, which had been torn or burnt down, or else seriously dilapidated. In other houses the paper was torn from off the walls, and the windows and window-frames destroyed. Some elegant dwellings had been entirely demolished, the furniture carried away or broken, and the feathers and horse-hair of the beds, chairs, and sofas, scattered about the roads. In one locality over twenty houses were thus rifled and razed to the ground; and I was informed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, that these dwellings belonged to Union men, and were respected by the Southern army. In some buildings not utterly laid waste, guards were placed to prevent further demolition. Property to the value of forty thousand dollars was thus wantonly destroyed.

In consequence of the numerous outrages on private property in the neighbourhood of Munson's Hill, the Commander-in-Chief issued the following "military order" to the troops:—

"Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
Washington, October 1, 1861.

"*General Orders, No.* 19.

"The attention of the General Commanding has recently been directed to depredations of an atrocious character that have been committed upon the persons and property of citizens in Virginia, by the troops under his command. The property of inoffensive people has been lawlessly and violently taken from them, their houses broken open, and, in some instances, burnt to the ground.

"The General is perfectly aware of the fact, that these outrages are perpetrated by a few bad men, and do not receive the sanction of the mass of the army. He feels confident, therefore, that all officers and soldiers, who have the interest of the service at heart, will cordially unite their efforts with his, in endeavouring to suppress practices which disgrace the name of a soldier.

"The General Commanding directs, that in future all persons connected with this army, who are detected in depredating upon the property of citizens, shall be arrested and brought to trial; and he assures all concerned, that crimes of such enormity will admit of no remission of the death-penalty which the military law attaches to offences of this nature.

"When depredations are committed on pro-

perty in charge of a guard, the Commander, as well as the other members of the guard, will be held responsible for the same as principals, and punished accordingly.

"By command of Major-General M'Clellan.

"S. Williams,

"Assistant Adjutant-General.

"Official. Richard B. Irvin, Aide-de-Camp."

Notwithstanding this exceedingly stringent order, and the summary punishment thereby threatened to be inflicted on the vile perpetrators of such diabolical misdeeds, the troops were not withheld from acts of Vandalism, that disgrace civilized warfare. I heard complaints made at General Scott's head-quarters the very next day after the proclamation was issued, of similar acts having been perpetrated during the previous night.

The regiments were under half an hour's notice to march. Some earthworks had been thrown up in the neighbourhood, upon which guns were mounted to command the main road. I slept in Mr. Munson's house, in the corner of a room occupied by Colonel Burke, who was out on picket duty during the night, and in an apartment with Colonel Terry, (5th Michigan Regiment,) who slept so soundly, and snored so loudly, that I much doubt whether he would have been aroused from his

slumbers had the walls been battered down by the enemy's guns. I was necessitated to lie upon the floor between blankets. As the windows were all broken, pieces of wood had been nailed to the lower portion of the frame-work to keep out the night air and dew.

Next morning I had not convenience for an ablution, which to me was more of a privation than absence of food. The fact is, that the wells had run dry, and scarcely any water could be procured. The officers suffered considerable privations, as they could not purchase necessaries, so that the men had to share their rations with them. I had some difficulty in procuring breakfast, but at length received invitations from the Commandants of two regiments to take my morning's meal in their quarters. An engagement had been daily expected, so that no tents were put up, and the men had to contrive the best shelter they could.

I cannot speak favourably as to the discipline of the troops. During my short sojourn at Munson's Hill they evinced repeated insubordination. At night when the picket guards were about moving to the outposts, they came to the Colonel and demanded a further supply of rations and whiskey. Upon their request being declined, they coolly informed their Commanding Officer

that they *should* have the same, and that they "would not go without." On another occasion, when orders arrived to have some hundreds of the men drafted off into parties, in order to cut down the neighbouring trees, so as to command a view of the adjacent roads, many of the soldiers positively refused compliance, while most of them began to grumble, and appeared exceedingly unwilling to undertake the task.

In fact, the troops acted as though they were released from all manner of restraint. They addressed their officers—with whom they appeared on an equal footing, and on terms of the closest intimacy—in the most off-hand way, in which respect for their position was entirely ignored. Their language in camp, too, was very bad; nor did the presence of their superiors curb them in the slightest degree. One rough-looking soldier addressed another thus:—

"You damned black-legged fellow, shut up!" Then, in almost the same breath, turning towards a comrade, observed:—"Lend us your *prayer-book*, Jack!"—the "prayer-book" in question signifying a pack of playing-cards!

While standing next the rifle-pit thrown up by the Confederates, in company with an officer, taking a view of Washington—which city stretched

out like a panorama before us—a private came up and addressed his Captain thus:—

"I say, Misther Maguire—"

"You should not dare address me as Mister Maguire," said that officer, interrupting him. "You should know your duty better. Mind, now, that you don't call me *Mister* ever again!"

"But, Capt'in, shure thin, 'tis your blessed self that knows I haven't been long in the sarvice. I haven't been used to soldieren', or that kind o' thing; and I'm but a mighty raw recruit, and" (laughing comically) "'pon my own sowl, you know that better nor meself!"

"Raw recruit or not, sir," rejoined the Captain indignantly, "you should know how to *rispict* your officers. Now, Teddy," (winding up in a milder tone,) "be sure and don't you *spake* to me in that sort of a way again, or 'twill be the worse for you—that I tell you, once for all!"

I know not what might have been the effect of this particular admonition, but this I do know—that for the troops to become instructed in the proprieties of life, would take a longer time, and be a more formidable task, than the process of drilling them into soldiers, although in either case it strikes me they would not make very apt scholars. The insubordination of which I speak is doubtless in part attributable to the *status* and

bearing of the officers themselves. As it is, their command only confirm the proverb, "*Tel mâitre, tel valet.*"

Upton Hill, the head-quarters of General M'Dowell, is one mile distant higher up the Potomac. Here portions of the 25th New York, 21st, 24th, and 30th Regiments, were encamped. In the course of the day I returned to Washington, by way of the "Long Bridge," visiting some encampments and fortifications that lay in my route. I noticed, also, several houses, together with the Union Mills, gutted or destroyed. Young Mr. Bailey informed me that his family (among whom are some ladies) kept possession of their residence near Bailey's Cross-roads—but, for security, had to occupy an underground apartment. The wall at the rear of the house was dotted over with bullet-marks.

The morning after my return from Munson's Hill, and before I was out of bed, I had a visit of an unexpected and unpleasant nature from Captain Dennis, of whose person and occupation I was previously in blissful ignorance. When the servant had announced the strange visitor (who I was informed had called several times during the previous day), thinking at first he was an acquaintance I had known in London, and that his business was important, I directed that he

should be shown up stairs. In a few moments a tall, stout, unprepossessing looking man, bearded and moustached, and dressed in the garb of a civilian, entered my chamber, at the same time observing,

"I am Captain Dennis."

I politely requested him to be seated, meanwhile wondering what could be the purport of his early and unceremonious visit. He took a chair near to my bed, when I opened the conversation by remarking:—

"Sir, will you have the goodness to inform me what is your pleasure?"

"I am come," he replied, "from General Porter, the Provost-Marshal, with orders to obtain the 'pass' which you received the other day from General Scott."

"A very strange demand," I rejoined, with some surprise. "Pray, have you any written authority to the effect you state?"

"No, I have not," he answered, "but I am the officer who acts for the Provost-Marshal. I frequently perform the same duty, and get passes given up to me without hesitation on the part of the holders."

"Sir," I continued, "this seems a strange piece of business, and I am sorry to inform you that I

do not feel justified in yielding up the document in so summary a manner."

"I have instructions, sir, to obtain it," he curtly replied.

"Captain Dennis," I gravely rejoined, "you are a perfect stranger to me—a spy from the Confederate camp, for all I know to the contrary. I should consider it very improper to hand you a paper of such importance, upon your simple and unsupported testimony. But I'll tell you what I will do. During the course of the morning I shall call at General Scott's office, and should he desire it, will readily return the 'pass' I obtained from him. This, I think, is the most desirable course to pursue."

"That will not do," Captain Dennis drily said.

"Well, then," I answered warmly, "I am determined not to give up the document, even had you an order from the Provost-Marshal. Sir, I have had an introduction to the Commander-in-Chief, from whom I obtained the document, and I do not conceive I should be acting respectfully towards General Scott were I to return the pass upon the application of an inferior officer."

"Then you persevere in your determination?"

"Most certainly I do," was the retort.

"In that case, sir," he observed, with the air of a man having authority, "I am commanded to

take you before the Provost-Marshal immediately."

"To let you see that I offer no opposition to the military authorities," I remarked, "I shall not object to go with you; so, if you will be good enough to take a seat in the parlour, I shall get ready as soon as possible."

In less than half an hour I rejoined Captain Dennis below stairs, in whose custody I of course considered myself as a political prisoner *pro tem.* We left the house, and had only gone a few yards' distant when we encountered a carriage.

"This carriage," observed the Captain, "belongs to the office; step in, and I shall drive you there."

So, having seated myself, he turned the handle of the door, and took up a position outside with some other official. The drive was rather a long one, made doubtlessly more so by the feeling of insecurity which suddenly came over me. Then began an examination of conscience—not as to what commandments of the Decalogue I had broken, but as to whether I had violated any of the military edicts of the Federal States! My conscience accused me of no wilful dereliction; nevertheless, I did not feel exactly comfortable, for I had heard of Lafayette, and other prisons nearer hand, and of even English subjects having been incarcerated therein, merely on suspicion

—which reflections did not serve to remove my anxiety, the reader may be assured.

At length the carriage drove up to a large bleak-looking house, situated at the corner of Seventeenth-street, when Captain Dennis alighted, and I followed him into a little back office in the building, which seemed to possess a considerable share of prison gloom. Outside the hall door stood a long file of men, two deep, extending into the street. All eyes were turned upon me whilst passing in, and their owners evidently considered that the authorities had caught a Tartar! "Sit down here for a few moments," said Captain Dennis to me; so I took a chair in the centre of the apartment. Meanwhile my custodian seated himself by a table next the door, and having taken a sheet of folio paper, commenced writing upon it. Two clerks were occupied in the same apartment. Some eight or ten minutes elapsed, and yet my custodian continued writing. My feeling of security grew less and less. In fact, I thought I was fairly trapped, and that demanding the "pass" was only a *rusé* to get me to the Provost-Marshal's office, where perhaps some formal charge was being made out against me.

Not brooking my position, and being anxious to hasten the climax, I rose from the chair I occupied, and proceeded to the spot where Dennis

was engaged. I glanced hastily upon the document he had before him, and distinctly read my name in full running along the first line. This confirmed me the more in the apprehensions I had formed; so in order to see what ulterior designs might possibly lurk underneath the demand of the "pass," I quietly took the document out of my pocket, and indignantly flung it down on the table, observing, "I shall let General Scott know of this." I then walked out without any opposition, to my great relief; got into a conveyance, and drove to the British Embassy, where I conferred with the Hon. E. Monson, Lord Lyons' private secretary. Under the circumstances, I considered the most dignified course for me to pursue was to quit Washington and take passage for England, although a few friends were greatly averse to my acting in so impetuous a manner.

Since my return to England, I find that the Special Correspondent of the *Times* alludes to this circumstance in his published correspondence, observing:—

"I hope I am not doing the gentleman in question any injustice in saying, I fear he was conscious of having done something which could not be justified by a strict neutrality; and I certainly heard before I saw him, from an English gentleman stopping at the same hôtel, that he

made himself conspicuous by the boldness with which he spoke in favour of Secession."

In justice to myself, I must affirm that the allegation is inaccurate. I held little conversation, at table or elsewhere, with actual strangers. Once, indeed, at supper, politics happened to be discussed between two parties who were mutually acquainted, the "English gentleman" alluded to having taken a leading and decidedly Southern part. Only four persons were present. I simply raised a few objections, for the purpose of ascertaining what arguments could be adduced in favour of Northern policy. Neither was I the least conscious of having done aught irregular, or in any way abused the privilege accorded to me by General Scott.

The chief cause of the undignified and scurvy treatment I received, is more properly attributable to a statement respecting my political partialities, in the *New York Herald*, of September 27th. After the announcement, in prominent type, "The Correspondent of the London *Herald*, and his Secession Proclivities," etc. etc., that journal makes the following comments :—

"Mr. S. Phillips Day, the correspondent of the London *Herald*, also came down with the prisoners, and was a fellow-passenger with our correspondent from Fortress Monroe to Baltimore.

Mr. Day has travelled through a great portion of the Southern States, particularly in the scenes of the immediate hostilities, and is well prepared to judge of the relative prospects of success of the opposing armies, all of which will be made known to our transatlantic friends in advance of our readers. Mr. Day travelled without any seeming difficulty, and was the bearer of important official dispatches from the British Consul at Norfolk, and Mr. Bunch, at Charleston, to Lord Lyons, under which he claimed protection. Our correspondent remarked that—with all due respect to the gentlemanly deportment of our namesake of the *Herald*—he is rather inclined to think that his 'secesh' proclivities are of rather too strong a character to be permitted all the courtesies or liberties that he is now enjoying. He sees no consistency in allowing such parties to overlook our whole grounds and fortifications, and travelling all over the South, to return here to accept our civilities, and, like Russell, turn round and abuse us. If our correspondent had his way, he says, with all due deference to these gentlemen's social qualities, he would put them under a surveillance entirely different from that they are now receiving. Like Mr. Muir, friend of the Charleston British Consul, he fears they might,

by some outside influence, be induced to convey altogether too much information.

"Mr. Day arrived in Baltimore on Thursday morning with our correspondent, and was allowed to go wherever he pleased, while all others on board the steamer from Old Point were either guarded or watched by the Provost-Marshals. Not that our correspondent would attribute to Mr. Day anything suspicious or otherwise, for the gentleman professed the utmost respect for our Northern associations, and frankness for the kindness and attention he had received from us."

It will at once be perceived from the tenour of the above, that the insinuations and assertions contained therein were calculated to prejudice me in the minds of the military and State officials of Washington.

From some cause or another—but I apprehend in consequence of its having been affirmed that I possessed "Secession proclivities"—my presence in Washington was manifestly objectionable to the military authorities. In taking away the "pass" I received to visit the camps on the Virginia side of the Potomac, they, of course, so far as they could, tied my hands and interfered with my duties and the privileges generally accorded to the foreign correspondents of respectable papers. I considered such treatment not only

in the light of a personal insult, but also as derogatory to the important journal and the English interests I represented. Hence my decision to stay no longer in a country where the liberty of the press is virtually ignored, and free thought and free opinion, and the publication of facts, are regarded as hostile to the interests of a nation which has vaunted so long and so loudly of its free institutions! The American Republic now truly illustrates

> "How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
> When vengeance listens to the fool's request!"

Having understood that, although an English subject, I could not leave the American States without having my passport *viséd* by the authorities, I lost no time in calling at the State Office, which occupies part of an imposing marble building, still unfinished, at the top of Pennsylvania Avenue. I was detained but a few minutes, when my passport was handed to me, with the following addition in writing:—

"It is expected that the bearer will *not* enter any insurrectionary State.

"Department of State, Washington, Oct. 5, 1861.

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

I thought, upon perusing the above, that it was a singular kind of countersign to receive when

about to *quit* America. I said nothing, however, but quietly folded the document, and wished the party who handed it to me a "good morning." And here, *en passant*, it will not be inadvertent to make a few observations on the subject of passports.

I know, for a fact, that numerous parties, foreigners as well as American citizens, are subjected to the trouble and expense of procuring passports; and yet such persons are not subsequently demanded to exhibit them. A swarm of "passport agents," as they call themselves, have sprung up at New York and other places, who are doing a thriving business by practising upon the ignorance and credulity of travellers. The charge is four dollars for each passport they procure, which merely costs them a few cents postage for the application, as such papers are issued gratuitously by the authorities. I met with a sharp New Englander who had discovered the "dodge," and having resolved not to be "done," wrote to Washington for a passport, and obtained the same by return of post. Perhaps the hint would be suggestive to English travellers in the Northern States. Indeed, to such an extent has this extortionate practice been carried that the authorities found it necessary to issue the following notice:—

"Department of State, Washington,
October 3, 1861.

"It having been represented to this Department that agents who are employed by individuals to procure passports are in the habit of exacting a fee from those for whom the passports are requested, alleging as a reason therefor that a fee is charged by the Department, notice is hereby given, that no fee has ever been charged by this Department for a passport; that such a charge is expressly prohibited by the act of Congress of the 18th of July, 1856, in regard to all passports except those issued by the agents of the United States in a foreign country, and in the latter case the fee is limited to the sum of one dollar."

During my sojourn in the Federal capital I saw quite sufficient of the Northern army to enable me to form a pretty correct opinion of its character and efficiency. I must candidly confess that it presents a striking contrast to that of the South, which appears to me immeasurably superior in every respect. The former is principally composed of hirelings, many of them the scum of large cities, who enter the army in order to *live*, and not to die glorious deaths on the battle-field. They possess little enthusiasm, and still less patriotism; and are often ignorant of what they are fighting for, apart from the pay of eleven dollars per month. For the most part the officers are self-made Commanders, often utterly ignorant of their duties, and incapable of directing an army in the field; "dry goods Brigadiers and *nisi prius*

Colonels," whose ambition is as extensive as their acquaintance with military science is limited. Truly, the Federal army wofully lacks men qualified to command.

I must, however, do General M'Clellan the justice to observe, that since he has been appointed Commander-in-Chief an improvement has been perceptible. The army—so far as the officers are concerned—has undergone a partial weeding. A Board has been instituted to examine into the qualifications of those in command of regiments, and wholesale clearances have been effected. In the Report of the Military Commission may be observed in numerous cases, opposite the objectionable names, "struck from roll," "discharged dishonourably," etc., etc. Nevertheless, still the difficulty remains—how the Northern army is to be efficiently officered. I presume that, in most cases, men have been, and will continue to be, promoted from the ranks.

A few days after the battle of Manassas I said to some prisoners of war—

"How is it that you ran away so shamefully during the late engagement?"

The reply was, "Sir, *we* did not want to run; 'twas our officers ran first, and showed us the way. We only followed their example."

I subsequently heard a private of marines, who

had lost two fingers in the action of the 21st of July, observe aloud in a railway car—

"Our regiment was led into action at Bull Run by a sergeant and a corporal. We had not seen our Major. As we were about to retreat he, however, made his appearance, and came up to us and said, 'Don't run away, boys—surrender first.' His command replied,

"'You may surrender if you like, but we won't.'

"'Then go to hell!' was the rejoinder, upon which he put spurs to his horse and drove off rapidly, and we saw no more of him."

To my own knowledge, three officers armed with revolvers and swords were taken prisoners at Bull Run by an *unarmed* "aide" of General Wheat's, by simply commanding them to "surrender." The "aide" was Major Atkins, formerly an officer in the British service.

I have observed several of the newly-formed regiments of cavalry, as they appeared at General M'Clellan's reviews, and I must say that I never saw worse in my life. So far from being able to ride, I was informed that many of them do not know even how to saddle their horses! Thirty British cavalry could, without difficulty, cut their way through a regiment of them. Then, as for the infantry—which embraces the lame, the halt, and

the blind—in marching through the streets, they looked so fearfully dispirited and dejected, that one would almost fancy they were following a funeral. But how are old and middle-aged men, worn out by years of previous labour for their daily bread, to possess the spirit and energy necessary for a soldier's life?—or how are weak and delicate striplings, on whose shoulders a musket sits as heavily as the world on the back of Atlas, to be metamorphosed into fighting men?

Philadelphia is an interesting and beautiful city, and contains a number of handsome public edifices and stores, the fronts of which are of white marble. Not quite two centuries ago, the site was a wilderness, and a favourite hunting-ground of the Indians. The population has increased from 285,000 in 1840, to 700,000 in 1860. The style of the houses, which are built to the height of three stories, is mostly uniform. The locality is salubrious; the streets are well laid out, being wide and airy, and intersecting each other at right angles. The city extends twenty miles from its northern to its southern boundary, and eight miles in an easterly and westerly direction—altogether embracing an area of one hundred and twenty-five square miles. It is situated in a plain, on the east side of which is the River Delaware. A few relics of

Colonial times still remain to attract the eye and excite the interest of the traveller—viz., the State House, in the hall of which are hung a collection of national portraits; the Penn Cottage, and the Slate-Roof House, which William Penn once occupied, and in which John Penn, "the American," was born. Franklin's residence is still standing, in Market Street. The remains of the remarkable individual who once occupied it repose in the churchyard of Christ Church, over which is erected a simple marble slab.

While in Philadelphia, I was presented to the Master of the United States' Mint, who had me conducted over the building. This national establishment is located in Chestnut Street. In 1792 the act of Congress for the establishment and regulation of a Mint was passed; and in 1829 additional provisions were made for the enlargement of its operations. The same year the corner-stone of the present building was laid. Its frontage is one hundred and twenty-two feet in extent, divided into a portico of sixty-two feet long, and two wings of thirty feet each. The structure is of the Ionic order, taken from a Grecian temple at Athens. The portico is supported by six elegant pillars, twenty-five feet high, and three feet in diameter. The edifice is of brick, faced with marble ashlar. The interior arrange-

ments are not very extensive, but the machinery is of a superior character. The mechanical contrivances used in the milling and stamping are improvements upon the French model. Great activity prevailed, and two-and-a-half dollar gold pieces, and silver money, were being turned out very rapidly. Up-stairs is a numismatic museum, containing a very rare but not extensive collection, from the "widow's mite" up to the largest modern gold coinage.

After having passed the Southern lines, I took for granted that I was done with the "rebels," and that I had come amongst a people unanimous in their attachment to the Union, and in the confidence with which they regarded the Government. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I fell in with scores of Secessionists and Unionists opposed to the Administration, not alone in Washington, but in Philadelphia and New York. The parties to whom I allude are men of the first standing, some of them being members of Congress. Of course, they are obliged to be very chary in giving expression to their sentiments, having the fear of Lincoln before their eyes; but there are times and seasons when they feel themselves relieved from all restraint, and utter their thoughts freely and intelligently upon political and social topics. Disaffection in the North is much more

rife than is generally supposed, or than the Government would wish to acknowledge. It increases every day, and many who refrain from avowing their predilections, only cherish them the more fervently in their hearts.

At the commencement of hostilities it was generally supposed in the North that nothing was easier than to crush out "rebellion," simply because it was erroneously imagined that the South would not, or could not, raise an army of any magnitude to oppose the forces of the Federal Government. Indeed, when Lincoln issued his first proclamation for 70,000 men for three months' service, it was thought that such a step would have awed the insurrectionary States into subjection, and that the "rebellion" would have been extinguished without the firing of a shot. But the Southerners, impressed with the justness, and even sacredness of their cause, were not thus easily coerced. Every man fled to arms—not to maintain the institution of slavery, but to protect their hearths and homes from being polluted by the footsteps of the invader. They conceived that they were privileged to interpret the Constitution as well as their enemies, and to maintain the right of self-government. The opposition thus offered by the South, and its determination to hold its own, together with the repeated victories it has achieved over its Northern

antagonist, have given rise to a deep feeling of insecurity in some quarters—so that merchants, traders, as well as religionists and philanthropists, begin to mourn over the evils that afflict the nation, and even denounce in no measured terms the political clique who inaugurated an unnecessary war.

One circumstance strikes me very forcibly. Down South I found the utmost enthusiasm prevailing amongst the people. Every man was anxious to take up arms, and the youth of many Southern families who had been in Europe travelled at great expense and personal risk to their various States, in order to defend their soil. The leading families of the country had occasionally all their sons even in the ranks, and deemed the same an honour. In the Northern States the people are more anxious to let foreigners do the fighting business than to undertake it themselves, while several households are journeying to Europe, in order to be away from the scene of commotion. There is not the same spirit or patriotism in the North, although there is no lack of bluster; and I am confident that the battle-field possesses fewer attractions for the youth of the country than those offered by the numerous and well-thronged billiard-rooms of Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. These will prove disagreeable statements to some, but they are nevertheless true.

They throw some light upon the Bull Run rout, which it is not clear to me will not again be repeated, if a better *materiel* than the Northern army now possesses is not obtained from amongst its own people, and a more martial and higher spirit infused into it.

From the efforts put forward to obtain recruits, both at Washington and New York, it did not appear as if there was much willingness on the part of the public to enlist. Some recruiting offices had immense flags attached to cords and suspended in the centre of the streets, with the names of the regiments emblazoned thereupon. Placards in German and others in English were posted about the thoroughfares and upon the lamp-posts, offering tempting bounties and other advantages to whatever patriotic individuals would be willing to come forward to save the Union for fourteen dollars a month! Of the general character of the "wants," however, the following notice may be taken as an example:—

"NEW YORK MOUNTED RIFLES.

30 RECRUITS WANTED!

FOR THE NEW YORK MOUNTED RIFLES.

UNIFORMS, HORSES, AND EQUIPMENTS FURNISHED IMMEDIATELY.

Pay, 14 dollars a month.

Recruiting Office * * * * * *

COL. DICKLE."

However extensive the system of plunder carried on by contractors in the North, it would appear as if amid the reckless outflow from the Treasury—which has finally drained it of specie, and necessitated a resort to paper money—some trusting but speculating individuals have been mulcted of their claims. In the *New York Herald* of September 22nd, I observed the following communication:—

"WHO PAYS FOR BEDS AND BEDDING?

"*To the Editor of the Herald.*

"Is there no redress? Is there no responsibility? If so, where are the unfortunate hundreds in this city to look who have supplied the different regiments with the first necessaries to assist in raising them during the first great excitement, such as beds and bed covers? They look in vain to Quartermasters of regiments, Quartermaster of State, Quartermaster of United States, and are turned away, saying, 'We have no authority to pay such bills.' The Union Defence Committee, while their funds held out, paid all such bills, and acknowledged them just. Is there not justice to be obtained anywhere now!

"A RESIDENT OF OVER FORTY YEARS.

"New York, Sept. 20, 1861."

Surely this communication tells its own tale.

With such extravagant prodigality as has come to light on the one hand, and such obvious fraud on the other, military affairs must have been fearfully managed indeed.

But what is to be the upshot of this civil commotion? Each belligerent party seems at present determined, at all hazards and at any cost, to carry on the conflict—the North until the insurrectionary States are subjugated, and the South until it is—let alone. It altogether rests with the Northern Executive and his Cabinet whether this civil war is to be of short or of long duration; that is, provided foreign Governments do not interfere in adjusting the quarrel. Should England and France, however, continue to maintain a neutral position—which is very doubtful, owing to the complications that are daily arising—it will be altogether a question of dollars and cents with Mr. Lincoln and his Republican advisers. So long as the sinews of war in the form of money can be squeezed out of the pockets of the people by taxation, and capitalists be cajoled into lending millions of dollars, without any provision being made either for the repayment of the principal or interest, will this iniquitous crusade be carried on. My opinion is, that Northern resources will fail in the end, and that Lincoln and his Cabinet will have to yield; and I believe

this view of the case is shared in by at least some intelligent Unionists in Washington and elsewhere. The Federal Government is confessedly at an expense of 2,000,000 dollars a day—with a floating debt of 100,000,000 dollars—in maintaining a large army; but the loss accruing to the country can scarcely be computed, when the abstraction of human labour is taken into account. Here are nearly the entire working population of a country constantly consuming but producing nothing, while the habits they are now contracting will obviously tend to disqualify them for the steady, laborious duties of their previous avocations. Besides, when the war terminates, all the rowdyism, ruffianism, as well as the surplus labour of the free States, will be suddenly thrown into the large cities, proving more dangerous to the Union than even the foe against whom it had previously but unsuccessfully contended.

With a paralysed trade, and no Poor Law to avert starvation, how are hundreds of thousands of labourers and their families to be fed? Is it to be expected that unemployed and hungry men, hitherto reckless and dissipated, will all at once display the virtue of Stoics? If it be necessary even now, while under military discipline, for the Commander-in-Chief to issue "orders of the day" to the army, rendering it a death penalty for

soldiers to be convicted of destroying property, how must it be when these men are free from military restraint? And if the terrible penalty thus instituted be not capable of restraining the evil passions of the army, what force, when it is disbanded, can make those who compose it amenable to the laws and regardful of the rights of property? These are evils looming in the distance, which but few have the sagacity to perceive.

The *New York Herald*, indeed, has calculated upon such an emergency; and with the view of terrifying European Governments—more especially England—into a state of quiescence in American affairs, has the daring boldness to observe:—

"AFTER THE WAR.—At the conclusion of this war we shall have in the field over three hundred thousand veteran soldiers; and our navy will comprise over five hundred ships of war, and we shall have a naval brigade of about fifty thousand men. Let European Governments be careful, then, how they treat us during the continuance of this war, for when we have settled our domestic troubles the slightest word of insult or provocation may let loose upon Canada or Cuba this terrible force, and sweep the last vestige of monarchal rule from this continent."

This view, however, is not an isolated one, but

is shared in by a large and growing party of Northern politicians, of whom the *Herald* may be regarded as the mouth-piece. Nor are such principles and purposes and anticipations hidden under a bushel, but are set on a hill, so that all civilized nations may be cognizant of their existence. At the Congressional Session at Washington, on the 13th of January, Mr. Lovejoy, the Republican representative of Illinois, volunteered to be their exponent. When opposing the bill for an appropriation to the "London World's Fair," he indulged in language so antagonistic to this country, that it is worth re-producing, if only to know how deeply and enduringly hellish hate can rankle in human breasts:—

Mr. Lovejoy.—"I think it is enough for us, in all conscience, to have been humbugged, and dishonoured, and disgraced by the British nation, without now appropriating 35,000 dollars for the purpose of an American Exhibition there.

"Mr. Kellogg inquired if it had been through the action of the British Government, or of our own Government, that we have been thus dishonoured and disgraced?

Mr. Lovejoy.—"I understand how it was done. That disgrace was all that the nation could bear. We marched up to it sweating great drops of blood. We came to it as Christ went to the

cross, saying, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from us;' and yet we are required to say that we did it cheerfully—that we did it gladly—and that we now appropriate thankfully 35,000 dollars to fit out Commissioners to appear at the Court of St. James's. Inasmuch as we have submitted to that disgrace, as we have submitted to be thus dishonoured by Great Britain, I think the least we can do is to acknowledge it, and to stay at home, till the time comes when we can whip that nation. Then I will be willing to go and appear at their World's Exhibition. Every time I think of that surrender, the words come instinctively to me which Æneas used, when requested by Queen Dido to rehearse the sufferings which had befallen the Trojans during the siege and capture of Troy—'Oh, Queen, you require me to renew the intolerable grief of that siege by reacting it!' Every time the Trent affair comes up, every time that an allusion is made to it, every time that I have to think of it, that expression of the tortured and agonized Trojan exile comes to my lips —I am made to renew the horrors which I suffered when the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell reached us. I acknowledge it, I literally wept tears of vexation. I hate it, and I hate the British Government. I here now publicly avow and record that hate, and declare that

it shall be unextinguishable. I mean to cherish it while I live, and to bequeath it to my children when I die; and if I am alive when war with England comes, and if I can carry a musket in that war, I will carry it. I have three sons, and I mean to charge them, and do now charge them, that if they shall have at that time reached the years of manhood and strength, they shall enter into that war. I believe that there was no need for that surrender, and I believe that the nation would rather have gone to war with Great Britain, than have suffered the disgrace of being insulted, and being thus unavenged. I have not reached the sublimation of Christianity—that exaltation of Christianity, which allows me to be insulted, abused, and dishonoured. I can bear all that as a Christian, but to say that I do it cheerfully is more than I can bring myself to. I trust in God that the time is not far distant when we shall have suppressed this rebellion, and be prepared to avenge and wipe out this insult that we have received. We will then stir up Ireland; we will appeal to the Chartists of England; we will go to the old French *habitans* of Canada; we will join hands with France and Russia to take away the Eastern possessions of that proud empire, and will take away the crown from that

Government before we cease. I trust in God that time will come."

In no other State Assembly in the civilized world would such intemperate language be uttered or tolerated. It is not only a violation of courtesy, delicacy, and good manners, but is tinctured with profanity, if not rank blasphemy!—one allusion, in particular, being excessively painful to a Christian ear! The *honourable* representative of Illinois is a worthy type of the Republican party—without moderation, and incapable of self-controul, whose rabid political principles and sectional partizanship have overthrown the Union; and in the sheer rage of bitter disappointment at the shattered condition of their Idol and the abortiveness of their schemes, would fain still further gratify their malignity and lust of conquest.

Disguise it as they may, there is a lingering, hankering, permeating feeling of hostility in the North against this country. And when some interested parties deny the fact, and would feign make us believe that we are regarded with a modified degree of fraternal relationship, I am inclined to entertain for their sentiments much the same opinion that Falstaff did of honour:—"What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? Air. What is that honour? A trim

reckoning! Who hath it? He who died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But it will not live with the living—therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

Complaints respecting the prostration of trade met my ears in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. Still the people of the last two cities seemed as bent upon amusement as ever. The theatres were nightly filled, and only the galleries empty, where the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of the various purlieus were wont to congregate before they were compelled from necessity to become soldiers. New York wore a gloomy aspect enough, and the once gay locality of the Fifth-Avenue looked as sombre as the grave. "This Store to Let" I observed on every hand; and only for the forbearance of the landlords, who demanded no rent, the same sign would have been multiplied a hundredfold. The leading hôtels were almost empty, and people were hoping against hope. Their spirits, however, were kept up by the promise of "better times," which, so far as I can opine, are unfortunately a long way off, and loom very darkly in the future. Like drowning men catching at straws, defeated politicians and ruined traders were trusting to General

M'Clellan and his *corps d'armée*, to old gun-boats and "secret expeditions," of the destinations of which everybody seemed to be aware.

The arrest of Englishmen continued. Mr. Archibald, the British Consul at New York, informed me of a case peculiarly atrocious in its nature. It appears that Mr. Forwood, jun., partner in the well-known firm of Messrs. Harrison and Forwood, of Liverpool, was suddenly accosted in that city by a stranger, as he was about to enter a cabriolet, who requested to be allowed to ride part of the way with him. Mr. Forwood consented, not imagining that he was in the unceremonious hands of a detective or spy. Judge of his surprise, therefore, when he found the vehicle in which he rode stop outside the Metropolitan Police Office, where he was conveyed, without any charge being alleged against him. Here he was detained for several hours, his person rudely searched, and his papers rifled. Just as he was about to lie down he was released, without, so far as I can learn, the least apology being offered for his illegal arrest and detention. The British Consul informed me that both Lord Lyons and himself had considerable trouble in procuring liberty for several English subjects sent by the Federal authorities to Fort Lafayette. I only fear that Her Majesty's Representative has

been too quiescent under the circumstances. Surely such gross outrages upon British subjects, who have not violated the laws of the United States, should not be suffered to pass quietly over; and I rejoice to find that the subject has been brought by the Earl of Carnarvon before the notice of the Upper House. Mr. Forwood, and others similarly and even worse situated, have no redress. Surely it is full time that Earl Russell should forward definite instructions to Lord Lyons upon this matter. If stringent measures be not adopted, and stern representations made to the Federal Government, cases of a like nature will multiply rather than diminish.

I was strongly impressed with one startling anomaly painfully and constantly observable in the Northern States, viz., that notwithstanding the philanthropic regard alleged to be entertained for the negro in that portion of America, he is infinitely worse and more indignantly used than in the South. The black man is loathed in the North, and treated much after the same manner as the ancient Jews were accustomed to treat people affected with leprosy. No white servant would remain or take service in a hôtel where a negro was employed; nor is the dark-skinned object of contempt permitted to occupy a seat in an ordinary omnibus. Even the lowest class of

day labourers detest the "nêgar," and but reluctantly carry a hod or lift a shovel with such a "mate". In the theatres, and even the churches, the "nigger" is a taboed object, and invariably gets the uppermost place—next the ceiling—where neither his presence nor his essence can offend the eye nor assail the nose of the privileged race.

While entering a church in New York, I observed an ill-attired negro come in such close contact with a gentleman as to touch the elbow of his coat, when the party grew indignant at the insult, and addressed the poor shrinking negro thus—

"You infarnal black nigger—I guess as how you had better not do that kind of thing again, but take yourself off in a pretty, particularly, considerable damned hurry!"

Down South the slaves, so far as my experience serves, are treated with the utmost humanity and kindness. They receive the same degree of consideration that we extend to our domestics at home; but greater familiarity is used towards, and far more confidence reposed in them, than social etiquette would permit us to bestow in the old country on our servants and dependants. Old black servants are invariably addressed as "Uncle," and the negroes even continue to call

their young mistresses, after they get married, by the familiar cognomens of Miss Addie, Miss Maggie, or the like. The most elegant, popular, and accomplished lady in Richmond assured me that her old negro housekeeper *ruled* her; and that whatever directions she may give would not be obeyed if such did not meet the views of the coloured domestic's notions of expediency.

When sick the negroes are carefully attended to by the family physician; and I have known the grand-daughter of a President to administer, under such circumstances, medicine with her own hand; and, while all her family took up their periodical sojourn in another locality, to remain on an unhealthy plantation, in order to fulfil the gracious offices of charity. When aged and infirm, the negroes are maintained, while they are exempted from labour. The law makes obligatory duties which the master's conscience and humanity are generally but too ready to dictate.

The negro children are initiated in the doctrines of the Christian religion so soon as they reach the years of understanding. One Sunday afternoon I sat next a distinguished young lady in an Episcopal Church at Richmond, while she was instructing a class of this description. Such a circumstance is alone indicative of the feeling with which the African race is regarded in the South.

Nor does the negro groan under the weight of his chains. I never met with human beings so perfectly happy and contented; or so thoroughly unacquainted with the carking cares and anxieties of life. Freedom! it is but a name to them. What do beings of that class care for freedom, which would only have the effect of destroying their present happiness, by bringing their labour into competition with that of the white man? I have met with a planter who offered some of his negroes their liberty and means of support for six months, but the generous offer was declined. One day Colonel Le Mat, of New Orleans, Prince Polignac, and myself, were conversing outside the Spotswood House, at Richmond, on the subject of slavery. During the conversation a slave of the Colonel's passed by, a good-looking young man, and the smartest and most intelligent negro I have seen.

"Come here, Thomas," said the Colonel.

"Yes, Master."

"Now, Thomas, I want you to tell these gentlemen if you would like to be free."

"I'm free enough, master!"

"Have you not everything you require—good food, lodging, clothes, and pocket-money?"

"Yes, master, plenty of food, lodging, good clothes, but I've now only half-dollar in money."

This acknowledgment caused a general laugh; but the sharpness of the negro was immediately and substantially rewarded by his master.

As to what part England should take in the American quarrel, there are divers opinions. Some imagine that Northern insolence, and the haughty tone and temper she has assumed towards this country, coupled with the imprisonment of British subjects, form a *casus belli* in themselves. The general impression is, even among the British Consuls in America, that the United States' Government would not be so patient if England was the aggressor. But a great and powerful nation like Great Britain can afford to be patient. There is a dignity in her forbearance, created by a proud consciousness of power. Still patience has its limits; and I am inclined to believe that the British Lion is shaking himself in his lair, just preparing for action, in case of receiving a little more provocation. The recent indignity offered to the British flag on the high seas may have still further aroused his sensitiveness. Still, I think this country should not appeal to arms so long as it was consistent with its honour to refrain! At the same time, there is no denying that that honour has been tampered with, and touched in sensitive places.

CHAPTER X.

"HOME RETURNING."

Under Weigh—View of Fort Lafayette—A Storm—Feeling at Sea—Off Cowes—"Young America"—Arrival at Southampton.

AT eleven o'clock, A.M., on Saturday, October 12, I bade adieu to the bustling, rustling city of New York, and embarked on board the steamship "Fulton," for England. For fully an hour afterwards all was excitement and commotion on board; everybody seemed in everybody's way, and an incessant scene of pushing and rushing was carried on, of which, looking after the baggage—that the porters had thrown anywhere—and securing state-rooms, formed a conspicuous part. When the preliminary arrangements were got over, there followed the incidents of embracing and leave-taking

between the passengers and their friends, which were uninterruptedly kept up until the signal-bell was rung, and the vessel was on the point of leaving the wharf. These demonstrations of friendship and affection produced in me a painful feeling of solitariness, such as I had not previously experienced. I truly felt alone in the world; but I endeavoured to solace myself by the thoughts of home and the friends I should shortly meet again. After all, one has good reason to bless Heaven for the possession of those deep human sympathies and ties, which console the traveller in his weary wanderings; and for that wondrous mental organization, which can instantly annihilate the greatest distances, and people with greeting friends, warm hearts, and merry faces, the dreariest solitudes.

Our gallant ship was speedily under weigh, and steaming leisurely down the beautiful bay of New York. A few guns were fired, by way of salute, the sound of which reverberated on the opposite shore. The morning was clear and cheering, and the water assumed the placidity of a lake —circumstances which were generally regarded as indicative of a fine passage across the Atlantic. As we passed Fort Lafayette—a dismal circular stone edifice, surrounded by water—all my fellow-*voyageurs* rushed on deck to view the modern

Bastille, of which national institution some of them appeared to be excessively proud.

Nearly fifty passengers were on board, mostly Northerners—some of whom designed making a tour through Europe with their families, until the war was over. With two exceptions, they were all exceedingly cold and reserved in their manners; and these disagreeable traits did not serve to increase the comfort or pleasure of the voyage.

At Cape Race a boat, belonging to the Associated Press of New York, came alongside, and some newspapers were exchanged, and the latest intelligence conveyed to the anxious groups of listeners.

For four days the sea was as smooth as glass —scarcely a ripple being perceptible on the water, so that the passengers could eat, drink, smoke, and walk the deck, with the greatest comfort and composure. The weather, also, was wonderfully fine for the season of the year; and even the banks of Newfoundland were divested of their usual veil of dense fog. But, as

> "All that's bright must fade—
> The brightest, still the fleetest!"—

so we did not enjoy exemption from rain and storm much longer. On the fifth day the wind freshened, the sea began to look angry, and the ship would now and again give an uneasy roll, which had the

effect of upsetting a few of the passengers, who considered they had got their "sea legs" securely under them. The usual arrangements made by the stewards to keep the dishes and plates on the dining-tables, by fastening thereon long slips of wood, attached by pieces of broad web, gave rather an unpleasant foreboding of a coming storm, and, in some instances, seemed to induce premonitory symptoms of sea-sickness. And truly the storm did come on apace. In three or four hours the sea had risen to an alarming height, and the wind blew with such violence, as to tear into shreds the reefed top-sails—so that the yards to which they had been fixed had to be lowered. The vessel rolled excessively, and laboured heavily—now and again receiving the slap of a sea, which seemed to make every timber in her creak and shiver. I confess I entered my state-room with some feeling of trepidation; and after I had succeeded in ensconcing myself in my berth, held on as well as I could, although the task was not easy of accomplishment. All that lingering night I could not rest, owing to the ceaseless rolling of the ship and the furious beating of the waves against her sides. I thought of the agile but fragile piece of mechanism that was struggling so bravely with the stormy element, and of the human ingenuity which rendered a tiny vessel able to contend successfully

against the awful and combined powers of Nature. Meanwhile, I realized the feelings which Moore so aptly and admirably expressed under a similar influence:—

"Oh! there's a holy calm profound,
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.

"'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumb'ring with the dead to-morrow,
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb, or tears of sorrow,
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep."

For fully four days we encountered rough, "dirty," and squally weather, which did not in any wise appear confirmatory of a theory recently put forward respecting the laws that regulate storms. The monotony on board ship was perfectly distressing—only sky and water, water and sky continually in view, until they palled upon the vision. Once or twice a ship appeared in sight, but so indistinctly as to look more like a phantom than a reality. Sometimes the dolphins and porpoises—the horrid creatures!—would disport themselves in the waves; and once a huge whale made its appearance, and sent up a column of water

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